Collier's

15c

May 20, 1950

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TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

My Story of Baseball—By ED BARROW, The Man Who Built the Yankees

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950

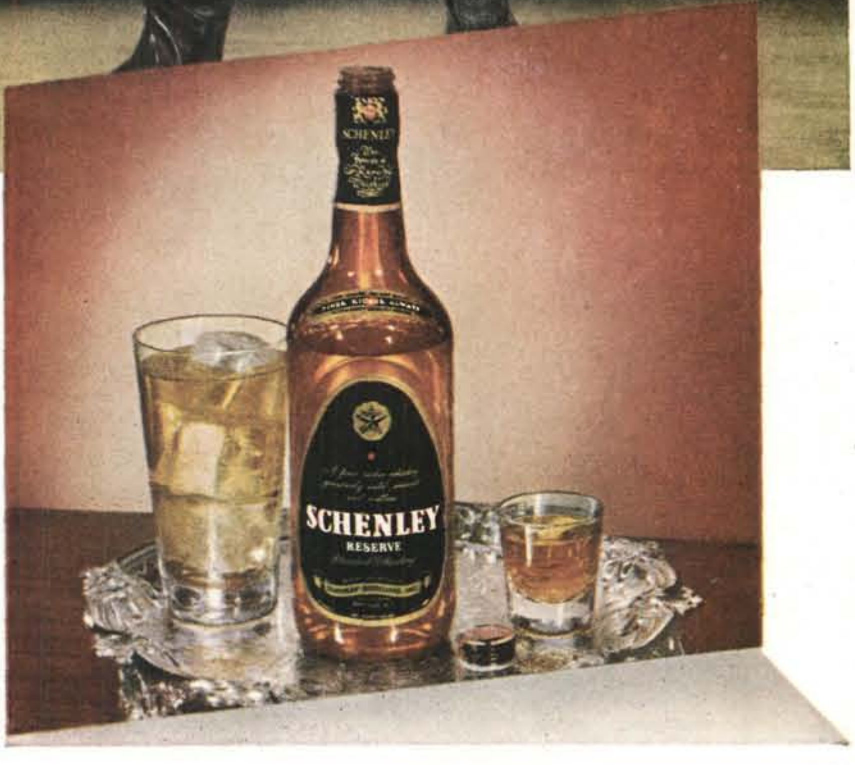
THE CA
By DC

Cesar Romero discovers a treasure of finer enjoyment

"I'VE PLAYED MANY ROLES," says Cesar Romero, romantic screen hero, "but my favorite is Cortes, the man who sought the treasures of ancient Mexico." And, like many a man today who seeks a whiskey that's a treasure of richness, Cesar Romero chooses Schenley.

CESAR ROMERO, AS HIMSELF, stops off at his favorite dining place after a hard day at the studio. And, because a fine drink goes with fine food, Cesar specifies Schenley at the bar. "Smooth, sociable Schenley is a favorite with many stars," declares the bartender.

TO MAKE HIS PARTIES PERFECT, Cesar Romero always serves Schenley. "*This* is a real treasure," says Cesar, pouring rare, finer tasting Schenley for his guests. For when the mood is mellow, nothing compares with the enjoyment of smooth, sociable Schenley.



You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

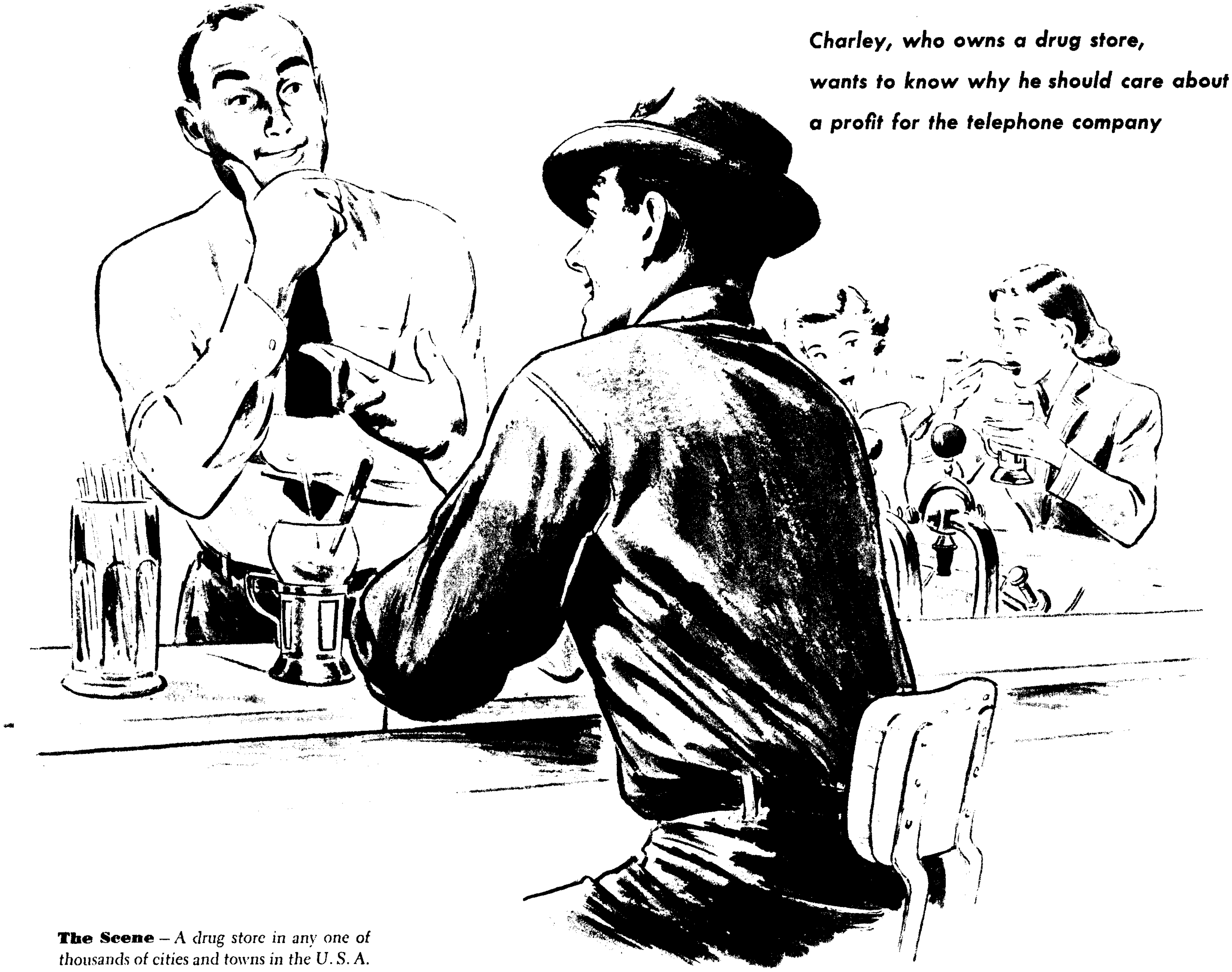
SCHENLEY

A Schenley Mark of Merit whiskey
by the distillers of Bottled in Bond
OLD SCHENLEY, 8 years old.

OLD SCHENLEY, 100 PROOF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. SCHENLEY RESERVE RARE BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY.

"What Makes It Good for Me?"

Charley, who owns a drug store, wants to know why he should care about a profit for the telephone company



The Scene – *A drug store in any one of thousands of cities and towns in the U. S. A.*

The Time – *Lunch time. A man from the telephone company has dropped in. He's been chatting with his friend Charley, who owns the store – and the conversation is beginning to take on the tones of a friendly argument.*

CHARLEY: "What d'ya mean — it's good for me when the telephone company makes a profit? You give me good service and all that but why should I care whether you make money or not? Besides, I'm having my own troubles here, trying to put in a bigger soda fountain."

AL: "What d'ya mean, 'trying'? Can't you just up and do it?"

CHARLEY: "I've got to find me a partner with some capital. These things cost money."

AL: "Sure they do! It's the same with us at the telephone company. To keep on giving you good service, and put in telephones for people who want them, we must have a lot more central office equipment and cable and other things. And to buy it, we have to get money from our partners — the stockholders. They expect a profit — just like your partner would."

CHARLEY: "I guess you're right. Nobody would invest his money here unless I could earn him a profit."

AL: "And here's something else, Charley. Those girls there at the end of the fountain. They're telephone girls. They're spending a part of their wages with you — putting money into your till to help you make a profit. Thousands of dollars of telephone payroll money are spent locally, right in this town, every week."

ADEQUATE RATES AND EARNINGS for the telephone company have a far-reaching effect. For only a strong and healthy telephone company can pay good wages, contribute to the prosperity of the community and provide an improving service for telephone users.

Only through adequate rates and earnings can the telephone company — like Al's friend Charley in the drug store — attract the new capital that is needed to carry on the business.

It's the dollars from investors — from hundreds of thousands of everyday people in every section of the country — that build, improve and expand the best telephone service in the world for you to use at small cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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FEEL the difference in your scalp! What a wonderful wake-up glow — when you use Vitalis *"Live-Action"* care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

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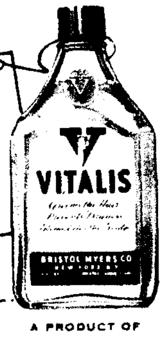
● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. Vitalis *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.



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*VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

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May 20, 1950

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan, is being celebrated this year from May 17th through the 20th by the area's 30,000 inhabitants and some 500,000 visitors. Artist Charlotte Sternberg gives us a preview of this unique festival, which began officially in 1929 and has been held annually since with the exception of the war years. Millions of tulips line more than eight miles of parade route and, at the height of the celebration, brightly costumed Hollanders march along the blossoming lanes accompanied by a gold-trimmed organ direct from the Netherlands.

Week's Mail

The Unwanted

EDITOR: Let me take this opportunity to compliment you on the enlightening article The Americans Nobody Wants (April 1st).

Although I am not too surprised to know that such conditions exist in this land of plenty, I was shocked by the attitude of local welfare officials. In my opinion, it is a disgrace to any self-respecting American to enjoy all the comforts of our rich country and still remain indifferent to the poverty of those less fortunate than ourselves.

I hope Collier's *will* continue the fight against these appalling conditions until they are corrected.

HOWARD JONES, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . I read The Americans Nobody Wants with a rising indignation. Ninety million pounds of surplus butter, surplus potatoes, and still people going hungry in America. Thank God a magazine like yours is presenting our own people's economic problems in a light that demands action.

R. L. RAYMOND, Manhattan Beach, Cal.

. . . The description of Corcoran from the air as "a main street completely surrounded by slums" I find outrageous! Photographer Florea had better come down to earth and have a closer look.

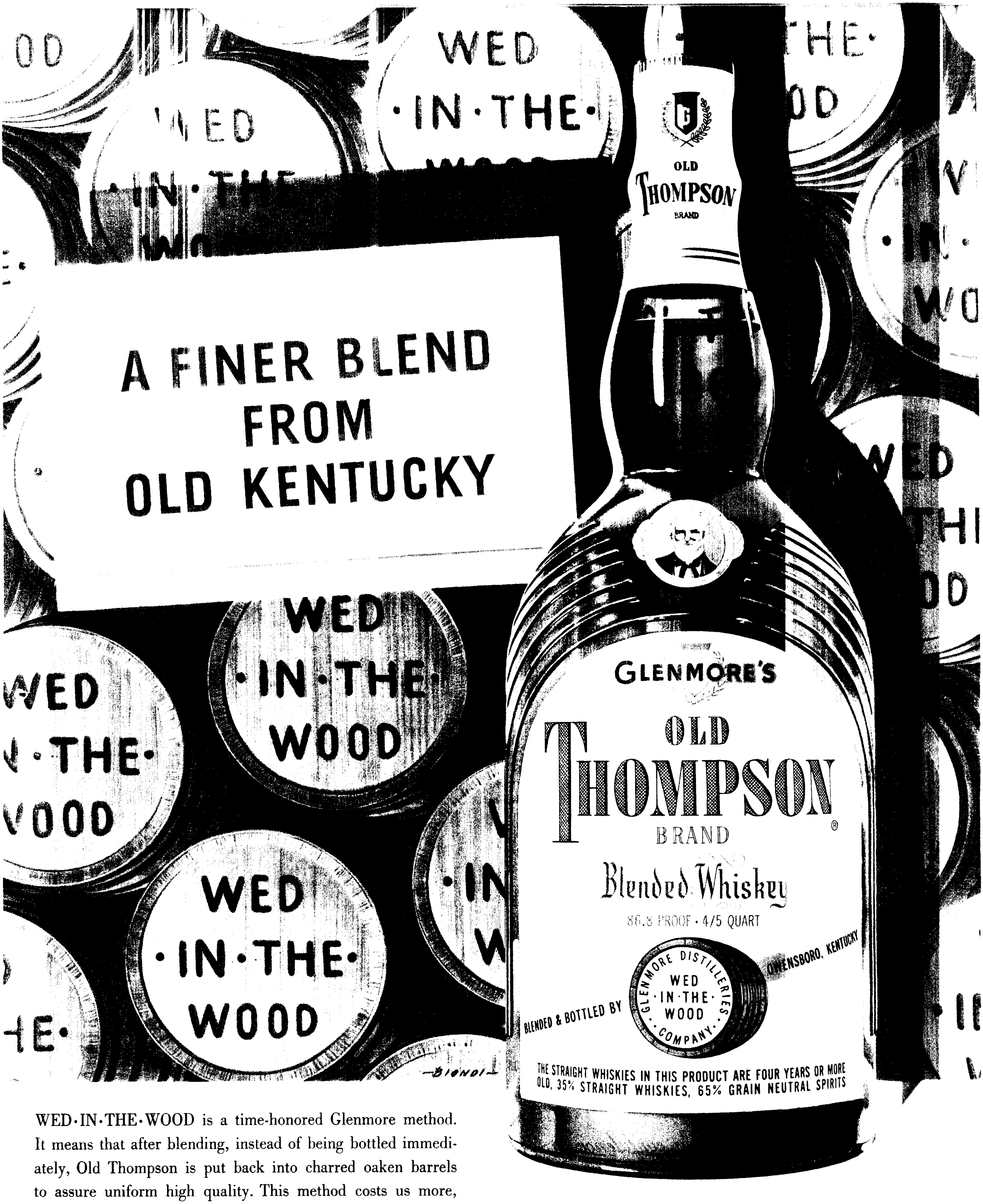
HILL JOHNSON, Corcoran, Cal.

Home Missions Council worker leads hymn sing in cotton pickers' camp

. . . I should like to congratulate Collier's and Mr. Velie for the very comprehensive write-up of the agricultural migrant situation in California.

We in the Home Missions Council of North America have been close to this problem for 30 years. As we have operated child care centers for migrant children, counseled their parents, developed wholesome recreational activities and a religious ministry, without discrimination as to race or creed, we have been very close to the problems of the migrant people in 23 states.

We have seen many communities and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employers take constructive steps to meet the emergencies that these families face; but the problem is far more complex than employer-worker relationships and requires a federal commission that can work co-operatively with the states to bring to this group of workers the privileges and opportunities that we consider essential for resident workers.

EDITH E. LOWRY, New York, N. Y.

. . . The tragic story of The Americans Nobody Wants contains a remark to the effect that the Sacramento Health Department ordered the shacks razed.

I am sure that this statement is not made with any malicious intent but is merely based on misinformation. However, a progressive health department is in urgent need of public support, and information of this sort can hardly be considered beneficial. Neither the city nor the county health department of Sacramento had any part in initiating "the razing of the shacks." So far as I am concerned, the first that I knew about it was when I read it in the local paper after it had happened.

HERBERT BAUER, M.D., M.P.H.,
Acting Health Officer, Sacramento, Cal.

. . . Throughout every recent school year government surplus foods have poured into our New York State schools, supposedly to aid the school-lunch program. As a teacher I have seen pupils using the raisins, prunes and nutmeats in beanshooters and the kitchen workers deliberately leaving potatoes and powdered eggs to spoil.

As a friend of a principal in a school without a cafeteria, I have repeatedly received several gallons of canned fruit, vegetables, bushels of apples, gallons of peanut butter, five-pound bricks of cheese, and pound after pound of fresh butter. I understand the situation in any number of states is the same.

Regardless of the need for more funds for schools and teachers' salaries, we could still survive adequately without these unrequested gifts of so-called surplus foods. The migrant farm workers are only one of numberless groups in our own country which could perhaps use this surplus to their own and their neighbors' advantage.

Sorry, but I haven't the courage to sign this. I need my job—so do my children.

J. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

. . . I'm surprised at Collier's featuring a story on the plight of California's migrant workers. Supposing the story is sent to Russia? What if Eva Perón sends Argentine relief money to the unfortunates? Won't we be ashamed! R. SPERRY, Denver, Colo.

Subsidized Medicine?

EDITOR: Ellen Frazier wrote that socialized medicine has not bankrupted England (Week's Mail, April 1st). That may be true, but the record shows that the English medical system has cost hundreds of millions of dollars more than the original general estimates. One wonders if socialized medicine might not have bankrupted England if we were not pouring billions of good American dollars into Britain.

GEORGE H. MOORE, Portland, Ore.

An Expert Objects

EDITOR: Erle Stanley Gardner is one of my favorite authors. I've read everything he has published for years, and hope to read a million more of his entertaining words. However, the next time a yarn involves maritime detail (The Case of the Smuggler's Bell, March 25th *et seq.*) he ought to consult an expert, preferably me, who made a living as a seaman for some 20 years.

You simply don't walk off a ship with an imported dog, put him in the back seat of a borrowed car, which arrived on the same ship, and tootle blithely away with said car bearing a suspicious bulge which conceals a million dollars' worth of dope.

First, there is an animal quarantine which is a long, troublesome and expensive affair.

Second, I just doubt like hell that a guy who had been subjected to a dope shakedown on a tip could get into a car and drive it away without having the car looked over.

P. F. CHRISTOPHER, Torrance, Cal.

They Want Ike

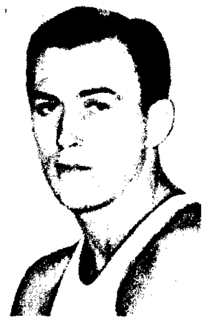
EDITOR: Your editorial of April 1st (It Ain't No Sin) should win a prize.

The best thing this country could hope for is Mr. Eisenhower in the White House. Maybe no "second Abe Lincoln," for such humble, God-loving men seem to be very scarce, but certainly an honest man, and one —also scarce nowadays—with the courage of his convictions. I'm so pleased to discover my favorite magazine has the same characteristics.

PATRICIA ANN KENDALL, Pontiac, Mich.

. . . Count me among those who would be glad to see Eisenhower run for President in 1952. M. C. MCLAY, Death Valley, Cal.

Added Starters


Paul Arizin

EDITOR: After reading your All-America basketball selections (The All-America . . . in College Basketball, March 25th), we were shocked not to see the name Paul Arizin on your first team. The players that were selected are outstanding, and we cannot knock them in any respect. But Paul Arizin, in our opinion, is in a class by himself. He belongs on everyone's All-America team.

PETER STELLA, RALPH RATCLIFFE,
Bristol, Pa.

. . . Your All-America probably left out one of the most outstanding forwards in District 5, and maybe in the nation. He is John Diefendorf of the University of South Dakota. He has broken nearly all North Central Conference and university records.

DEANE WILLIAMS, Volin, S. D.

. . . Why don't you wait until all the returns are in before you go off half-cocked in selecting your so-called All-Americans. Sensational CCNY, virtually ignored in the selections, upset the basketball elite in the N.I.T., and, to prove it was no fluke, did it again in the N.C.A.A. tournament.

MURRAY GREEN, Washington, D. C.

If Mr. Green will read Stanley Frank's article on Coach Nat Holman (Easy Doesn't Do It) in the Feb. 18th Collier's, he'll find that we came close to calling the shot on sensational CCNY.

Orientation Course

EDITOR: I see by your April 1st issue of Collier's that Manhattan has been moved over to the Jersey shore! (Page 36.)

When and how was this done?

W. J. CORE, M.D., Nashville, Tenn.

No trick at all, Doctor. Jersey, Manhattan and Brooklyn are right where they were when last you looked. Manhattan Island is flanked by two rivers—remember?—and the carrier in the picture is in the East River, not the North. The photographer was facing southwest, with his back to the Borough of Brooklyn.

Publicity Hounds

EDITOR: Why do you print letters from these people who are always finding fault with your cartoons? It is the absurdity of a cartoon which makes it humorous, especially one without a caption.

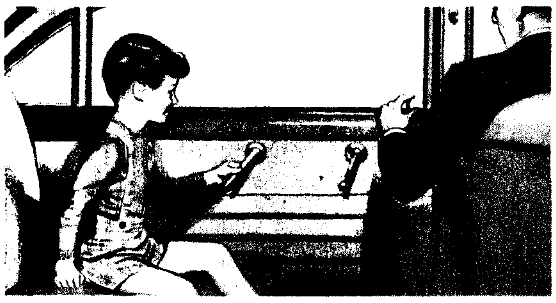
Maybe they just like to see their names in print. ROBERT A. GAULDIN, Enid, Okla.
P. S. Please spell my name correctly!

Well-guarded rest

DON'T try to tell him how many, many man-hours of keen engineering thought went into creating the comfort in these couch-like cushions. Don't bother him with tales of the sturdy Turret Top overhead, or walls braced and welded for his security, or doors sealed to keep noises and discomforts out.

The young man is at peace with the world—and so are his parents. In a car with Body by Fisher they have given him well-guarded rest—as stout protection against the hazards of travel as skilful engineering and expert execution can provide.

You can do as much for your youngster simply by choosing a General Motors car—the only cars anywhere with the extra value of Body by Fisher.



HOW SAFE CAN YOU BE IN A CAR? *Careful driving is essential, of course—but the body you ride in is vitally important too. That's why Fisher Body is buttressed with box girders—windowed with safety plate glass—provided with rear-door handles little tots can't open by mistake!*

Body by Fisher —*BETTER THAN EVER!*

Only on General Motors cars: **CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC**

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"JEEPERS, imagine meeting a guy like Bob on a cruise. But how much more attractive he'd be if he'd do something about that Dry Scalp! Dull, dry hair that won't stay put . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll have clear sailing when I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT'S SOUND ADVICE for you, too! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day keep your hair and scalp in fine condition. Checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Makes a grand difference in the good looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care for scalp and hair, and it's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

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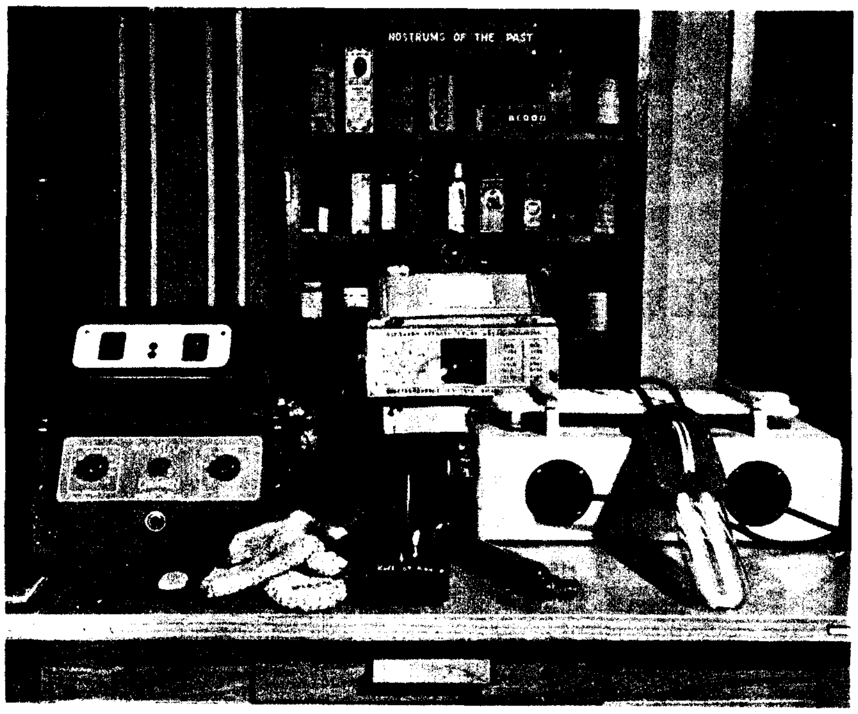
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Americans still pay fabulous amounts every year for fancy but worthless medical gadgets guaranteed to cure all ills

Since the war, many smart Americans have been convinced of the curative value of new worthless medical machines because the junk was, for the purpose, made impressive in appearance, given a high price and was accompanied by extravagant claims. These phony devices have included, for instance, a vapor bath that was guaranteed to relieve 18 ailments and cost $2,200; and an electric apparatus that was claimed would cure 96 diseases and sold for $6,500.

* * * * * * * * *

A star called "the dark companion of Procyon," whose existence had been suspected for 29 years, was "discovered" in 1873 by Otto Wilhelm von Struve, the famous astronomer then in charge of the Pulkovo Observatory at Leningrad, Russia. After Struve had published his frequent observations of it for nearly a decade, he learned one day that the star was an optical illusion caused by a flaw in the object lens of his telescope.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the most serious interdicts ever laid upon a country to punish its monarch or its people was that imposed by Pope Innocent III on England after he had quarreled with its King John over the appointment of a bishop in the year 1209. Under the decree, all public religious ceremonies were forbidden, all churches were closed and all bells were silenced for four years.

* * * * * * * * *

In the early 1930s in Indiana, three bandits—Al Brady, Clarence Shaffer and James Dalhover—became partners and started out to terrorize the Midwest. By the end of 1936, they had held up a score of establishments, killed two clerks and three police officers, had been captured but escaped from jail, and were the most hunted men in the U.S. Nine months later in Bangor, Maine, the trio walked into a sporting-goods store to buy two revolvers of a certain make and, being recognized, was told that none would be in stock for a week; and the criminals said they would come back at that time. So on October 12, 1937, they returned and, upon identifying them again, an employee pulled a hidden cord and caused a suspended show card to drop in the window. At the signal, four F.B.I. men leaped from under the counter and so surprised the unsuspecting gangsters that they ran out the door—and into a barrage of bullets fired from 16 other F.B.I. men who had been waiting in shops across the street for the window signal. Brady and Shaffer were killed instantly, while Dalhover was taken alive and duly executed.

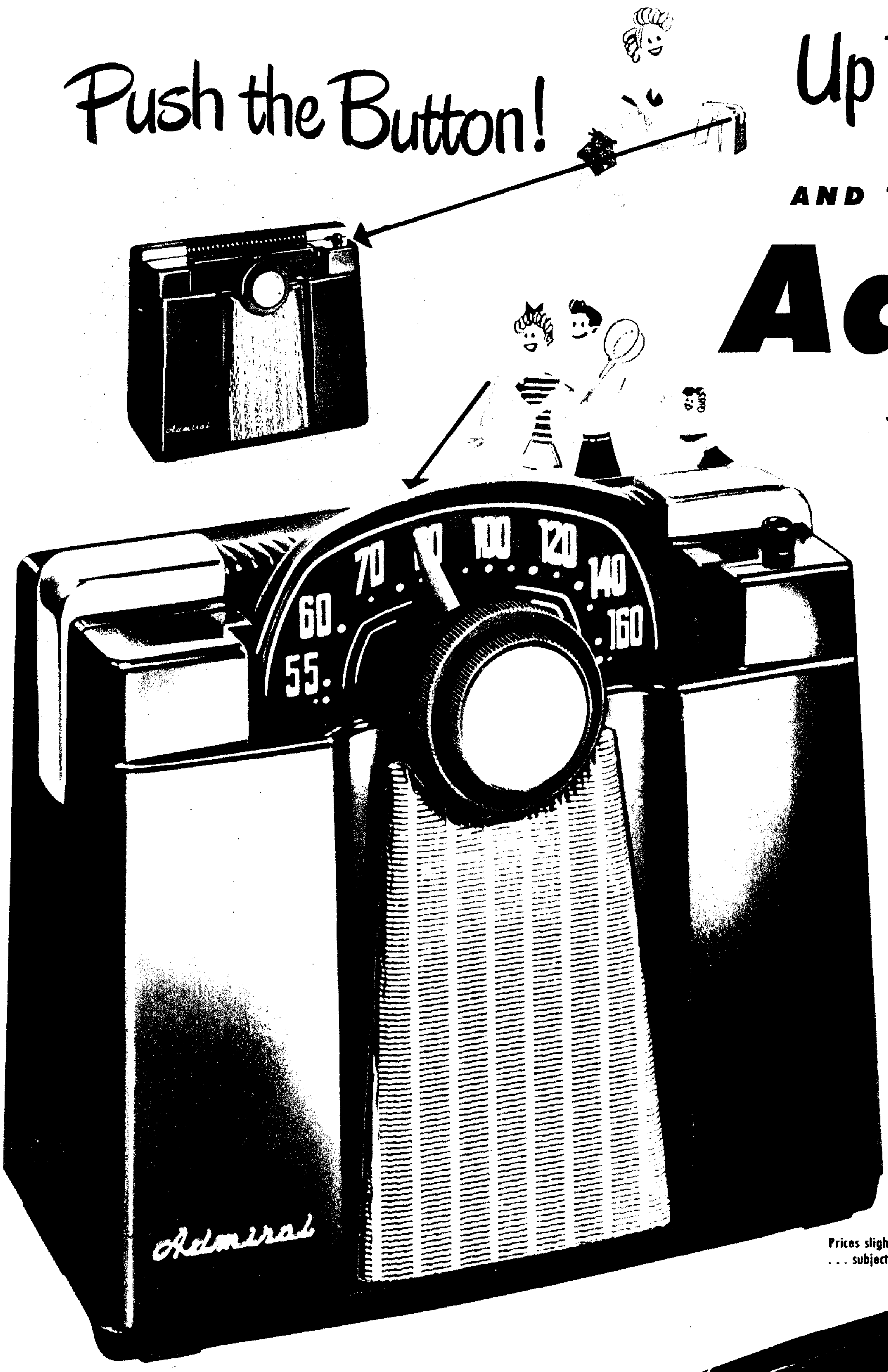
* * * * * * * * *

No song ever became more closely associated with a sport than Take Me Out to the Ball Game, which was composed in 1906 by Jack Norworth who later married Nora Bayes and became her vaudeville partner. Although twenty-seven years old when he wrote the famous hit, Norworth had never seen a real baseball game and, incidentally, never did see a big-league game until 1940.

* * * * * * * * *

For over 3,000 years, all Jewish temples have been lighted by one or more Menorahs, the holy candelabrum of the Jews which has seven branches to symbolize the seven days of creation and is mentioned in Exodus 37:17-24. The only Christian church in the world that has ever owned a Menorah is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Many years ago, it was presented with two of these great gold candlesticks which have since stood on each side of the altar.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.



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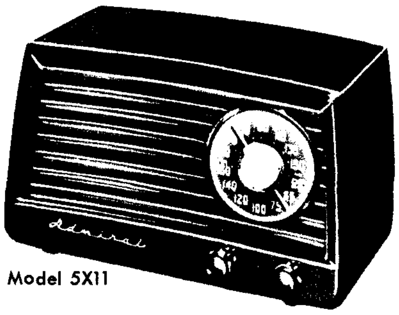
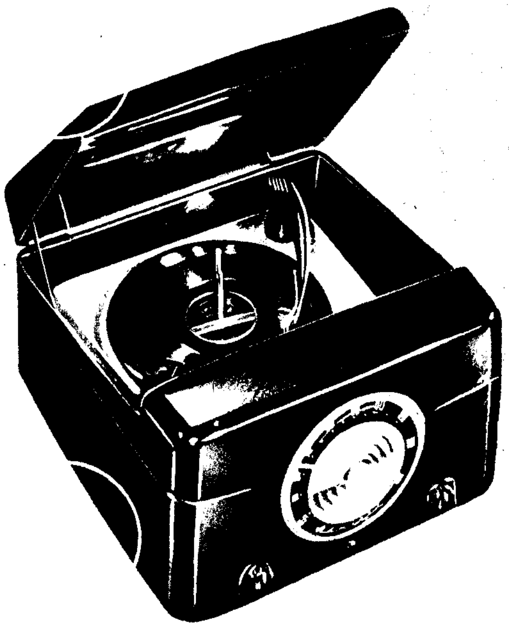
Two-tone maroon and gold case slightly higher.

Prices slightly higher South and West . . . subject to change without notice.



Model 5X11



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Sensational Admiral TABLE RADIO $14.95

The ideal "extra" radio for kitchen, bedroom, porch, or den. Plays anywhere on AC or DC. High fidelity Alnico speaker for full, rich tone . . . better than many console radios. Easy-to-read dial, built-in antenna. Smartly-styled ebony case.

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"Stop the Music"—Thurs., ABC, 8 PM, EDT

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2 Years' Research at Five Leading Universities Proves That Using Colgate's Right After Eating Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

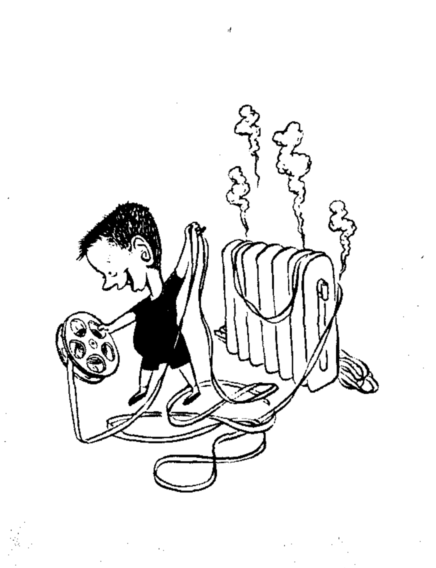
THE MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF IN ALL DENTIFRICE HISTORY ON TOOTH DECAY! Proof based on more than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories! Modern research shows that tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

YES, THE SAME TOOTHPASTE YOU USE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's famous flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH - AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

LOOK HERE, SON...

By GURNEY WILLIAMS



A hundred feet of film was ruined

A MECHANICAL-MINDED boy of nine can be a great pride and joy to his parents (and possibly a source of security, come 1966) but at this writing, as the father of the boy in question, I have to keep telling myself.

The first definite signs of genius appeared one day in the winter of 1945, when I found our future breadwinner, then three, in the living room unwinding the last of a 100-foot roll of unexposed color movie film. Some of this then hard-to-get luxury had slithered down behind a hot radiator and was smelling.

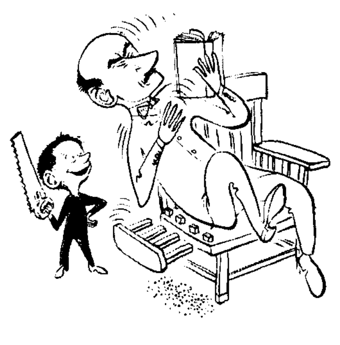
"Why, you little dickens!" I should have cried exultantly. "Imagine your having the ability to pry open the can and expose the whole ten-dollar roll!"

Instead, I trussed him up with some old string and was slipping off my belt when my wife appeared and gently pointed out that our son's natural bent shouldn't be nipped in the bud.

Sometimes I wonder, because the day came, a year later, when our enlarged bundle from heaven greeted me at the door holding in his chubby hands the larger parts of a twin-reflex camera I had acquired at great cost. "Make something out of this, Daddy," he said.

I'd have made a lot out of it except that his mother thought it was remarkable that he had managed to disassemble such a precision instrument without directions and using only my mustache scissors. "And he didn't lose a single part," I was told in a voice bubbling with maternal instinct. "He put all the little pieces in your collar-button box and hid it. He'll probably remember where, if you'll just be patient."

While my nimble-fingered namesake generally directs his own projects (such as sawing the arms off my easy chair and making them into a boat), he often pleads with me to share in his construction experiences. I am not unhandy with tools, but these challenges baffle me.



He wanted the arm rest for a boat

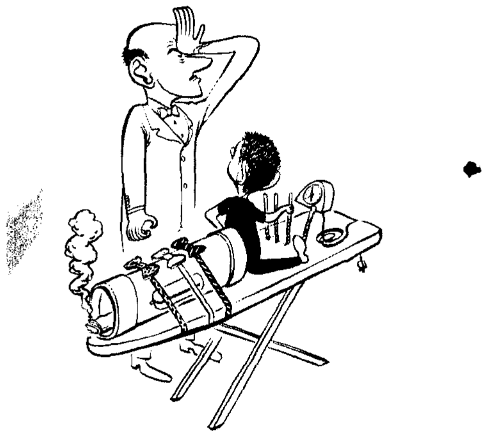
When he dismantled the automatic record changer I was woefully unable to reassemble it into the tree house he wanted, and I confessed my bumbling inability to transform into a puppet theater the more delicate parts of the power lawn mower. I trust the time will come, however, when I'll be able to keep faith with the little shaver, who stoutly maintains I could make a four-place helicopter out of a frozen orange juice can if I would just put down the newspaper for a minute.

"I made a jet plane today," Buster greeted me recently. "Want to come into the kitchen and look?"

It was an arresting job. Hammered into the middle of the ironing board were the "controls" (four of my metal drills). Firmly glued to one end was the instrument panel (my electric alarm clock). Bound to the other end (with several of my neckties) was the jet engine (my golf bag) in which a smoldering newspaper so added to the realism that I stood mouth agape for some moments before I strode to the sink for a pitcher of water.

The little guy was hurt. "Don't you like it, Daddy?" he asked tearfully.

"Look here, son," I began. Then . . .



VIRGIL PARTCH

***Pull yourself together,* I thought**

Here I go again, I thought. *Killing his creative instinct. Pull yourself together, you slob, before your wife does it for you.* It took a bit of doing, but after extinguishing the fire and rearranging my expression, I gave the lad an extra week's allowance and told him he was a neat aeronautical engineer. This cheered him up immensely; and later he generously returned the money—to repay me, he explained, for the lenses from my extra pair of glasses he had utilized the day before to construct a telescope.

One thing I've finally learned. Never ask a youthful inventor what his latest contraption will do. You'll find out. Yesterday I was confronted with an odd assembly comprising pieces of my portable typewriter and the oil burner which was described as "a hydroman bomb." Whereupon the %, ½, z, and @ typewriter bars fell under the piano and a length of insulated wire, reeking of No. 2 fuel oil, uncoiled rapidly and left history on a $400 rug.

It's like I said. A mechanical-minded boy can be a great pride and joy, but I have to keep telling myself, because nobody has found that collar-button box *yet.* THE END

"YOU LIVED AT A HOTEL WITH HIM!"
"YOU MARRIED HIM!"
"YOU MURDERED HIM!"
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fury . . . and a woman's
frantic struggle to save her
sanity . . . and her love!

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in

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Screen Play by LIONEL HOUSER

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301 NAILS...NO AIR LOSS!

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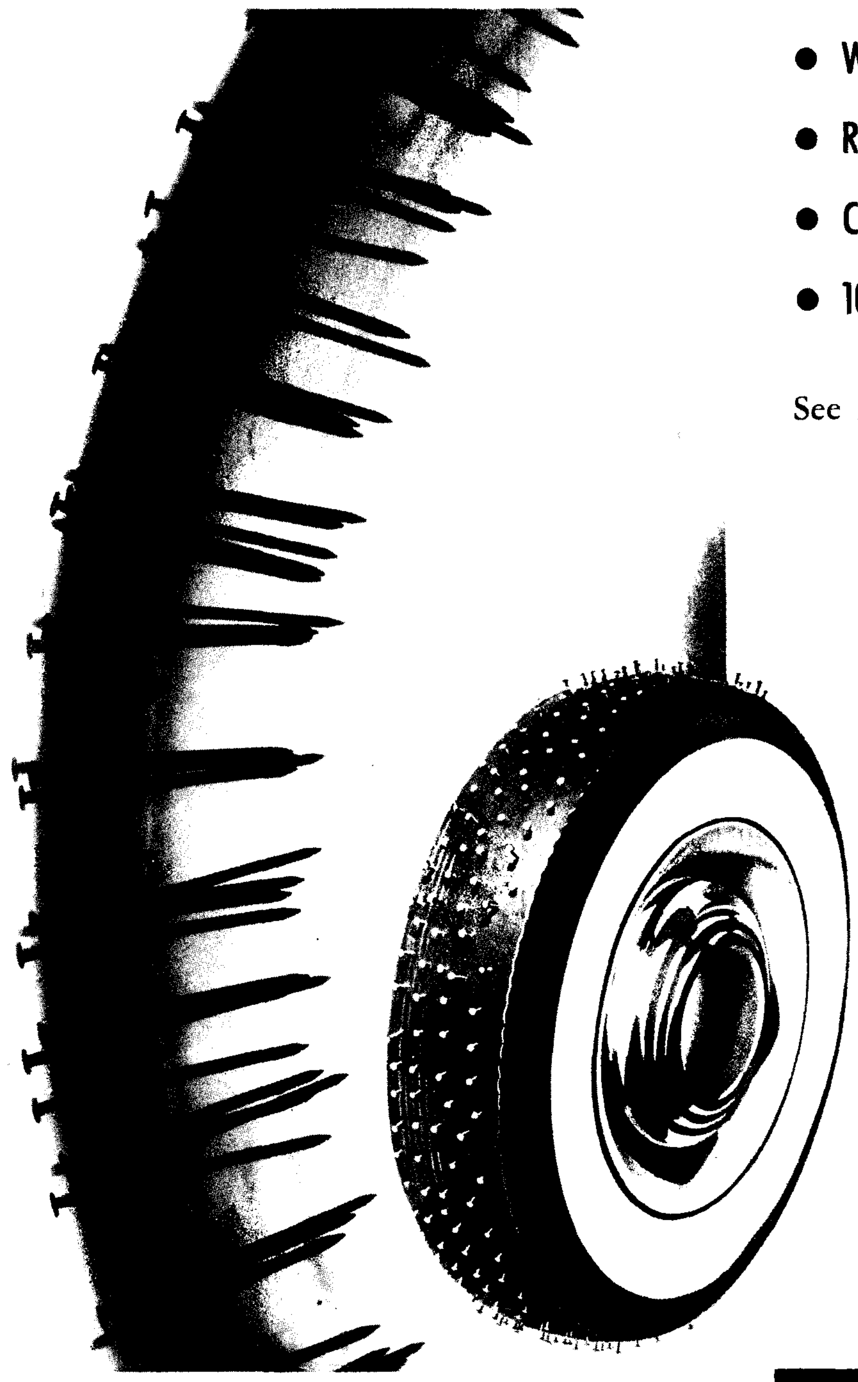
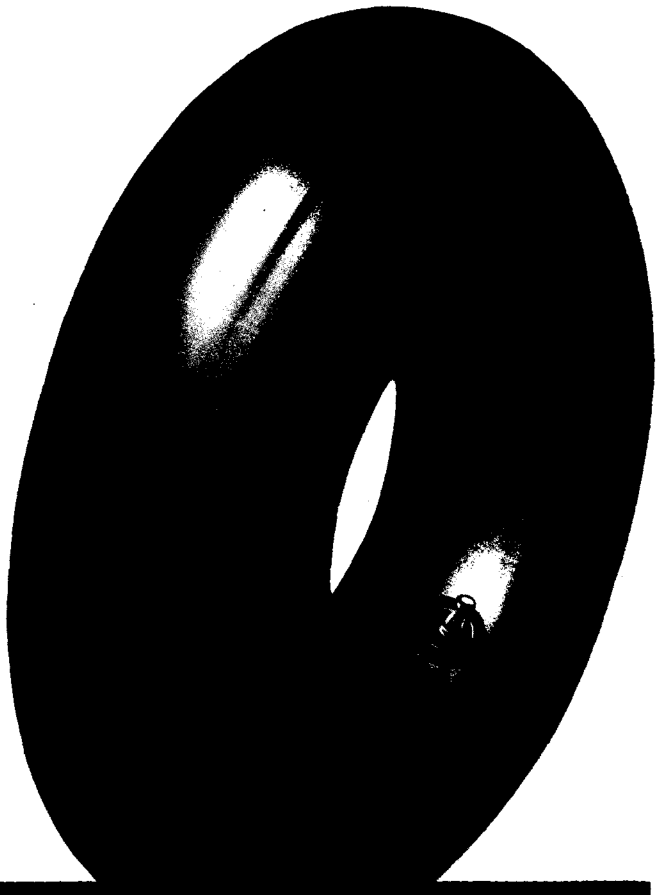
See it demonstrated at your General Tire Dealer's.



X-RAY PROOF! Hundreds of nails—301 by actual count—were hammered into the well-worn tire at the right, above. Then, this actual X-Ray photo was taken. Thirty days later, the amazing General Puncture-Sealing Safety Tube still retained full air pressure!



THE GENERAL TIRE

PUNCTURE-SEALING SAFETY TUBE

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MY BASEBALL STORY

By EDWARD G. BARROW *The Man Who Built the Yankees*

With JAMES M. KAHN

OVER half a century in baseball I have been called a number of things—at least, to my face. Babe Ruth called me Eddie, the only man in my life who ever did. Harry Frazee, when I managed the Boston Red Sox for him, called me Simon, as in Simon Legree.

When I came to the New York Yankees as business manager, Cap Huston, who owned the club jointly with Colonel Jacob Ruppert, thought this name was highly amusing and likewise addressed me as the infamous slave driver of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Ruppert, who in all the years I knew him never addressed anyone by his first name, always called me Barrows, adding an "s" where none belonged. The late W. O. McGeehan, one of the greatest of sports writers and one of my closest friends, dubbed me Cousin Egbert, which caught on with other sports writers. That, and Cousin Ed, have been used probably more frequently than any other title by those who have written about me over the last quarter of a century.

This Is the First of a Series of Six Articles

Also, during the years from December, 1920, when I became their business manager, until 1945, when I retired as their president, I was often called the Man Behind the Yankees.

Now, as I set my own story down for the first time, I want to make it clear that I was always happy and satisfied in being just that—the man *behind* the Yankees. Because that is where I belonged, and where I believe all baseball executives belong:

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

The Baseball Story Everybody Was After

Ed Barrow's own story is more than the enthralling record of a man unique in baseball. It is baseball history set down by one who made it. As minor-league manager, club owner, league president, manager of a world championship team, and finally as builder of the great Yankee empire, there was no phase of baseball he did not encounter, or fail to embellish. He developed the immortal Honus Wagner. Almost singlehanded he fought the "outlaw" Federal League in baseball's most devastating war—and won it. He could have been Commissioner of Baseball, but declined the post because of his health. And when he changed Babe Ruth from a left-handed pitcher into an outfielder, and thus launched the King of Swat on his unmatched career, he changed the whole course of the game.

He has been paid every honor baseball has to offer. This year the Yankees selected him to open their season by throwing out the first ball. And they set aside Ed Barrow Day at the Yankee Stadium so the fans could honor him. In the opinion of many, his place is fixed as the greatest executive baseball has ever known.

Ed Barrow was reluctant to set down his own story. He said he didn't want to "blow his own horn." But when he was implored on all sides to do so because he owed it to baseball, he agreed. No history of the pastime could ever be complete without it.

In selecting James M. Kahn as his collaborator, Mr. Barrow chose not only an old friend, but a man who lived through much of Yankee history with him. As one of the country's top baseball writers for 25 years, Jim Kahn traveled with the great Yankee teams of the Ruth-Gehrig-Huggins era and on through the period of Joe McCarthy, Joe DiMaggio, Lefty Gomez and Tommy Henrich, his daily accounts appearing in the sports pages of the New York Sun. When the Sun ceased publication on January 4th of this year, Kahn joined Collier's staff.

THE EDITOR

behind their teams. The spotlight should be reserved for the players and the players alone.

I had my own box on the mezzanine tier of the Yankee Stadium and I watched the games from there. I never put my foot on the playing field of the Stadium until 1939, and I would not have done so then, except for my great affection for Lou Gehrig. I was there, as were others—officials and players and former teammates of Lou's—out of devotion to this grand fellow on that Fourth of July we had set aside as Gehrig Appreciation Day, less than a year before his sad death. I have been on the Yankee Stadium field since, to honor the team's old-timers and to pay homage to Babe Ruth, but I have never felt at ease there.

I rarely went into the Yankee clubhouse, and then only at the request of the manager. I demanded that the manager be allowed to run his ball club in the clubhouse, on the bench and in the field with no interference from the front office. That was my policy during more than 50 years in baseball as manager, general manager, league president and club president. It is still my policy, because it is the only fair one, and the only one that will bring consistent success.

I think baseball today is better than it ever was. The good old days—and at eighty-two, I can look back over a lot of them—were full of wonderful players and wonderful teams, full of thrilling feuds and rivalries and strong personalities. They should not be laughed off facetiously, or brushed away lightly with a wave of the hand, for some of the most stirring chapters of baseball history still are its early ones. But baseball today is better—better for the fans, better for the players and better for the club owners, even if I don't agree with many of the things that are being done in baseball today.

Baseball doesn't need a carnival or a side show to make it more attractive, even though I am going to have to break down and confess that I was guilty of this sort of stuff more than half a century ago. But today baseball doesn't need it.

I don't like night baseball now and I never did, and there were no lights in the Yankee Stadium until after I left, even if, once again, I have to admit that I helped promote the first night ball game ever played between professional teams. (That took place in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1896. But more about it later.) When playing night ball games in the big leagues was proposed 10 years ago I was opposed to it, even on a limited basis. I was fearful then, as I am now, of what it would do to our daylight game, and I was afraid it would get out of control.

My worst fears are being realized now as I see teams scheduling a majority of their homes games at night and even, as in the case of the St. Louis Cardinals, playing the opening game of the season under lights.

If this trend isn't reversed, and quickly, baseball as we have known it will cease to exist and become something else.

I don't favor the elaborate farm systems, the so-called chain-store baseball, as a means of building winning teams, though I have had success with both the farm system and the opposite free enterprise system of buying the player you need when you need him, in the open market. You can't win pennants with a farm system alone. The Yankees have won 16 pennants and 12 world championships—14 of those pennants and 10 World Series while I was actively their head—and we didn't do that on a farm system.

In setting down my opinions and in telling my experiences going back to 1895, when I won my first pennant, I hope no one will say I am blowing my own horn, or that I am old-fashioned and a reactionary. At least, not within my hearing! I don't think the Yankees were behind the times when I was their president—certainly their record doesn't show it—and I never passed up anything that I thought would help the game or the fans' enjoyment of it, even in the smaller things.

I was the first to put numbers on the players' uniforms—the first to mark the distance from home plate to the outfield stands so spectators could judge for themselves how far a ball had been hit. Also, I was the first to let the fans keep foul balls hit into the stands. This was back in 1918, in Boston. I guess I just got sick and tired of watching the ushers wrestling with the customers and building up a thousand dollars' worth of bad will over a baseball worth less than two dollars.

In guiding my teams and my leagues through three military wars and a baseball war, I made use of methods and devices I never would have used under ordinary conditions. Showmanship was needed a good deal more to survive in the early days of our game than it is today. I did things back in the nineties I would never permit if I were running the Yankees today.

I used heavyweight champions to umpire ball games. I brought out the first woman pitcher. Our first night game was purely a stunt. But that was all artificial respiration and, no matter how necessary at the time, of no lasting benefit to the game. In baseball there is no substitute for hard, clean, honest play, popular diamond heroes whom the public can follow—and a winning team!

After a lifetime spent in baseball I have only one regret now: that is, that I am not still in it. I was not gaited for idleness and I miss my active association with the game. It is possible that I could have been elected Baseball Commissioner in 1945, the office now filled by Albert B. Chandler. There was a move on among the club owners to draft me and I actually had been assured by Ford Frick, president of the National League, that the commissionership was mine if I would agree to take it. I must emphasize here that Ford was speaking for himself and not for the National League.

But my health was not good at the time—and I was seventy-seven years old. My wife, whose affection and companionship have supported and encouraged me over 40 years of happy married life, would not let me consider it, and thus I said I would not be a candidate. Could I have foreseen that my health would be what it is, my decision would have been different.

Also, Dan Topping, Del Webb and Larry MacPhail urged me to stay on after they had bought the Yankees. They created a title for me—Chairman of the Board—and fitted up an office in their magnificent new headquarters on Fifth Avenue. I visited my new office several times, but the periods between visits became longer. After the new owners were well embarked on their new program I just stopped going. No ship can have two captains, and no baseball organization a divided authority. I wasn't happy about leaving the work of a lifetime, but I left.

Such feelings as I have about holding on to our basic game, and my views on life in general, well may be my natural heritage, because I spring from pioneers—plain, but sturdy folk who fought for the right as they saw it, and for the things in which they believed.

My father, John William Barrow, was born of Irish-English parentage in Chillicothe, Ohio, and was a farmer when he went off in 1863, with his younger brother Charles, to fight with the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. They came home in '66.

My mother was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, and was of French-Dutch origin. Her name was Effie Ann Vinson-Heller, and my father met her on a visit to Hillsboro after the war. They were married on July 25, 1867.

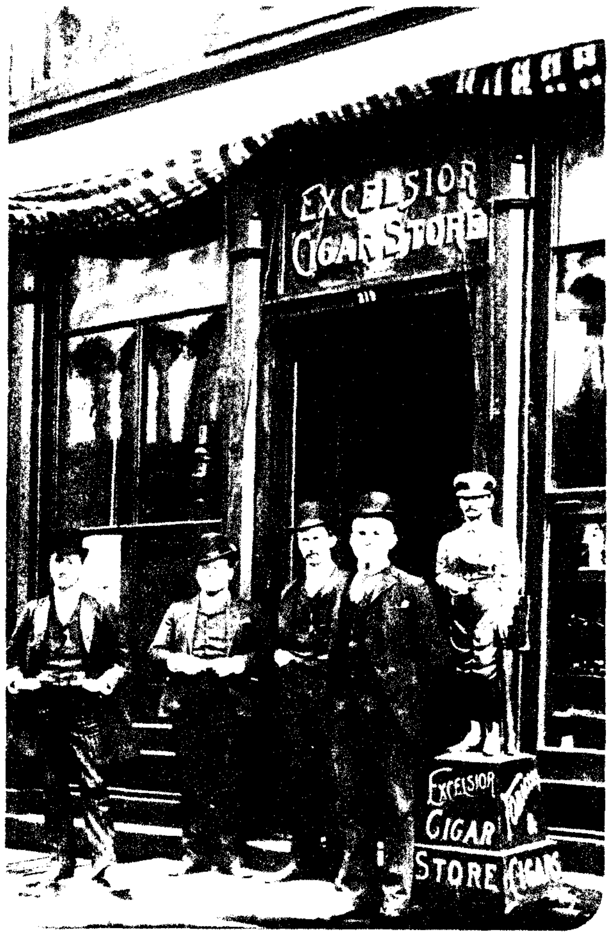
Father planned to go on being a farmer, but not in Ohio. The war had uprooted him, and the young West beckoned. As soldiers who had fought for the Union, my father and his brother were eligible for land grants in Nebraska of 160 acres each, and they decided to go out and work them. Soon after he married my mother they set off.

They traveled West in four covered wagons—my father, two of his sisters, his brother, my mother and her mother. The horses pulled the wagons and the cattle followed behind. It was a journey that lasted almost two years, the small wagon train moving slowly across country in the summer and laying up in the winter.

It has been said that I was born in a covered wagon. This isn't quite true, but I almost was, because it was just before the little wagon train set out again after its first winter's stopover, on May 10, 1868, that I was born on a hemp farm belonging to relatives in Springfield, Illinois. I was christened Edward Grant.

The next winter we laid over in Holden, Johnson County, Missouri, where a brother, William Franklin, was born, and late that spring we started out again, this time landing in Nebraska, where my father and his brother took title to their grants and began to farm. They settled near Nebraska City, close to the Weeping Water Creek that flows into the Missouri, and not too far in from the Iowa boundary. It was desolate country.

We stayed there six years. It is an indication of the character and courage of my father that we stayed that long, for I *(Continued on page 81)*


EXCELSIOR
CIGAR STORE
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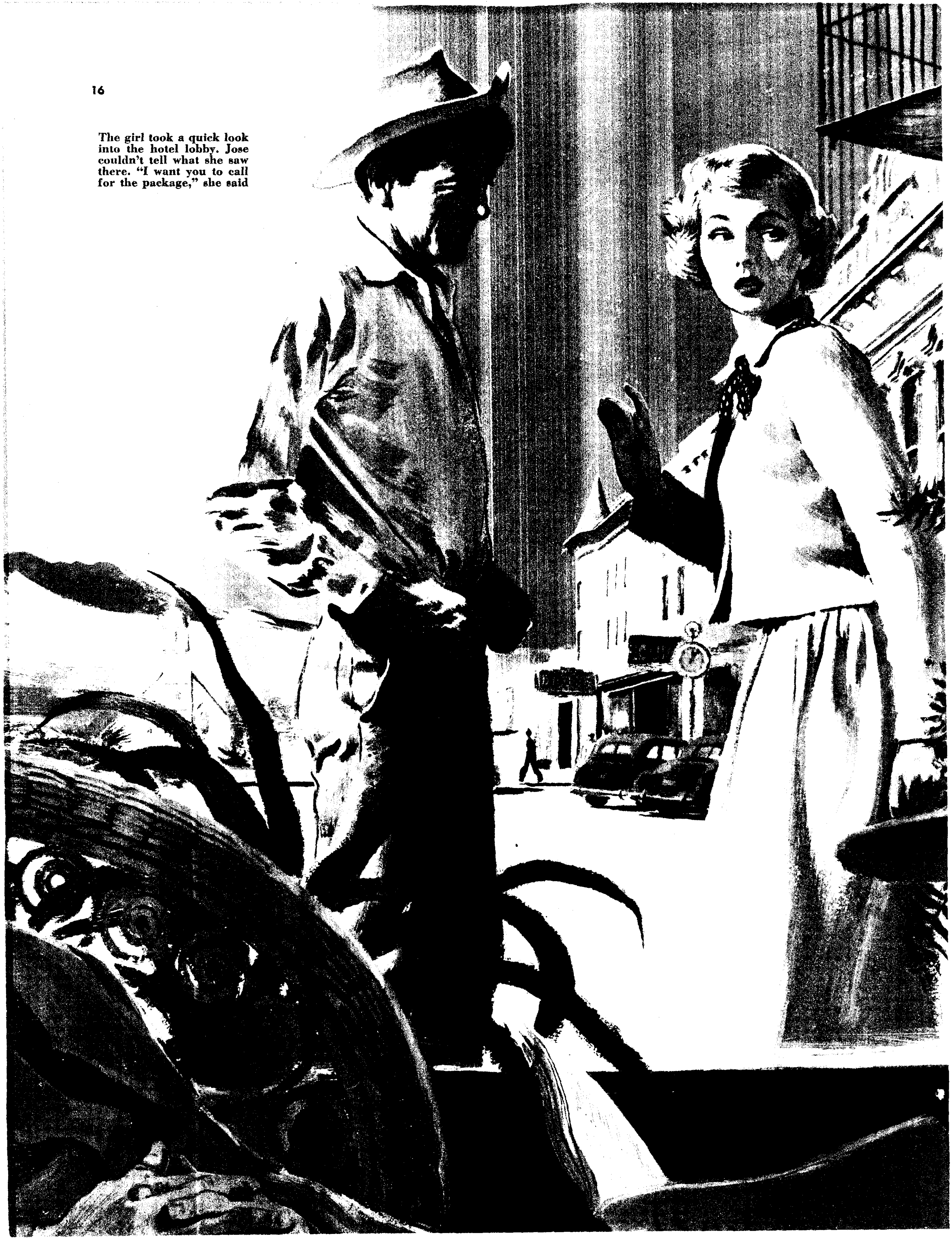
PATERSON



The girl took a quick look into the hotel lobby. Jose couldn't tell what she saw there. "I want you to call for the package," she said

The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

Aragon was eager for an adventure, especially if it would keep him close to a girl as exciting as Dulcinda Farrar. It all looked like innocent fun until he saw where she had sent him—an evil street in the underworld of a border town

PART ONE OF SIX PARTS

HE WAS leaning against the front of the Chenoweth Hotel waiting for Beach when the girl came by. He smelled as if he'd been out herding steers for two weeks, which was a fact. He didn't look as if his yellow shirt and faded dungarees had been clean this morning, which was also a fact. He was sweaty and he looked it; he could feel the little trickles running down behind his ears to his neck. A hot morning in El Paso didn't do much for a man's appearance, and chaperoning stock didn't exactly perfume a guy. He pushed his battered brown hat farther back on his head for coolness. The shade of the hotel was almost as insufferable as the sun of the streets. He wished that his cousin Beach would hurry and get over here. If they were going to stay all night he'd have a shower before lunch, if they could get a room.

He wasn't having much luck rolling a cigarette—his hands were too sweaty. Just as he was thinking that he'd better go in and buy a pack, and wait for Beach in the air-cooled coffeeshop, the girl came around the corner. She was tall, and had a superb figure in a neat white checkered suit; her shoes were blue-and-white spectators. She wasn't wearing a hat, and her blond-and-brown hair, cut short, was like a cap on her head. She didn't look like Texas, not even like Dallas. She looked like turista from the East—New York or Philadelphia; or turista from the West, not Hollywood Boulevard but Wilshire or Beverly Hills. She was upper-level stuff.

She glanced at him, the way a girl does at a man standing around doing nothing, and he saw she had a clean-cut, sun-browned face, with eyes that matched her hair, gold and brown.

He let the cigarette dribble to the pavement. It hadn't been much good anyway. And he let his eyes rest on the girl with pure pleasure. It wasn't often, no matter what street corner you were standing on, that you got a look at something this good. Of course it had to be then, at that very moment, that the Fernandez brothers rattled by in their old truck.

Ignacio, who was at the wheel, leaned out of the cab to yell, *"Qué hay, Santa Fe?* How's tricks, kid?" It was pure exuberance on Ignacio's part to celebrate being released from the bondage of herding cattle for a day and night in the border town. He and Jose had parted not more than thirty minutes ago at the yards.

But during the diversion, the girl's tall heels tapped on into the hotel; when the truck had gone by, so had the girl. Jose decided to go on into the Chenoweth and wait for Beach. He needed a cigarette, and if he just happened to run into the girl again, that was pure luck. Nothing angled for.

He started toward the hotel door but hadn't taken more than a stride when the door revolved and deposited the same girl outside again. She headed directly toward him. He wasn't dreaming. He knew she would have been heading in this direction to pass him and go on about her business. But she'd bump into him in a minute, if she didn't stop.

She stopped cold just before she bumped. "Señor?" she began.

"Sí?" If she was going in for Spanish he'd play along. Some of the turistas couldn't resist going native in a big way.

But he wanted to laugh when she continued, "You want to make a little money, maybe? *Un pequeño dinero?* A little job, a little money, *sí?"* She'd taken him for a bum, a border Mexican living off odd jobs for the turistas, the one hundred per cent Anglo-Saxon, gringo tourists. Well, he looked like a bum. And smelled like one. The hail from the Fernandez boys and their dirty truck had helped out the disguise.

Because it was funny, he played along. He could do the pidgin Mex better than she. "What you want, ma'am?"

SHE studied his face, and then her eyes slanted through the windows into the hotel lobby. What she saw there he didn't know. All he could see was a scattering of the kind of old codgers who sit around in hotel lobbies. He also saw that Lou Chenoweth was at the desk—which meant he and Beach could stay all night even if the hotel was sleeping guests in the boiler room. Lou had often shared her own apartment with the Aragon boys.

The girl faced him again. "It's very simple. It won't take much of your time. A little job. *Por favor."* She seemed to find her kindergarten Spanish amusing. *"Por dinero,"* she corrected herself.

Jose thought it was a laugh too. *"No más dinero,"* he said firmly. "Dol-lars, American dol-lars."

"Sí," the girl said quickly. "I'll pay in dollars. Dollars, not pesos."

He pretended to think it over. "O-kay," he agreed without much interest. "What you want me to do?"

She took another quick glimmer at the lobby and said, "It's a package. I want you to get it for me."

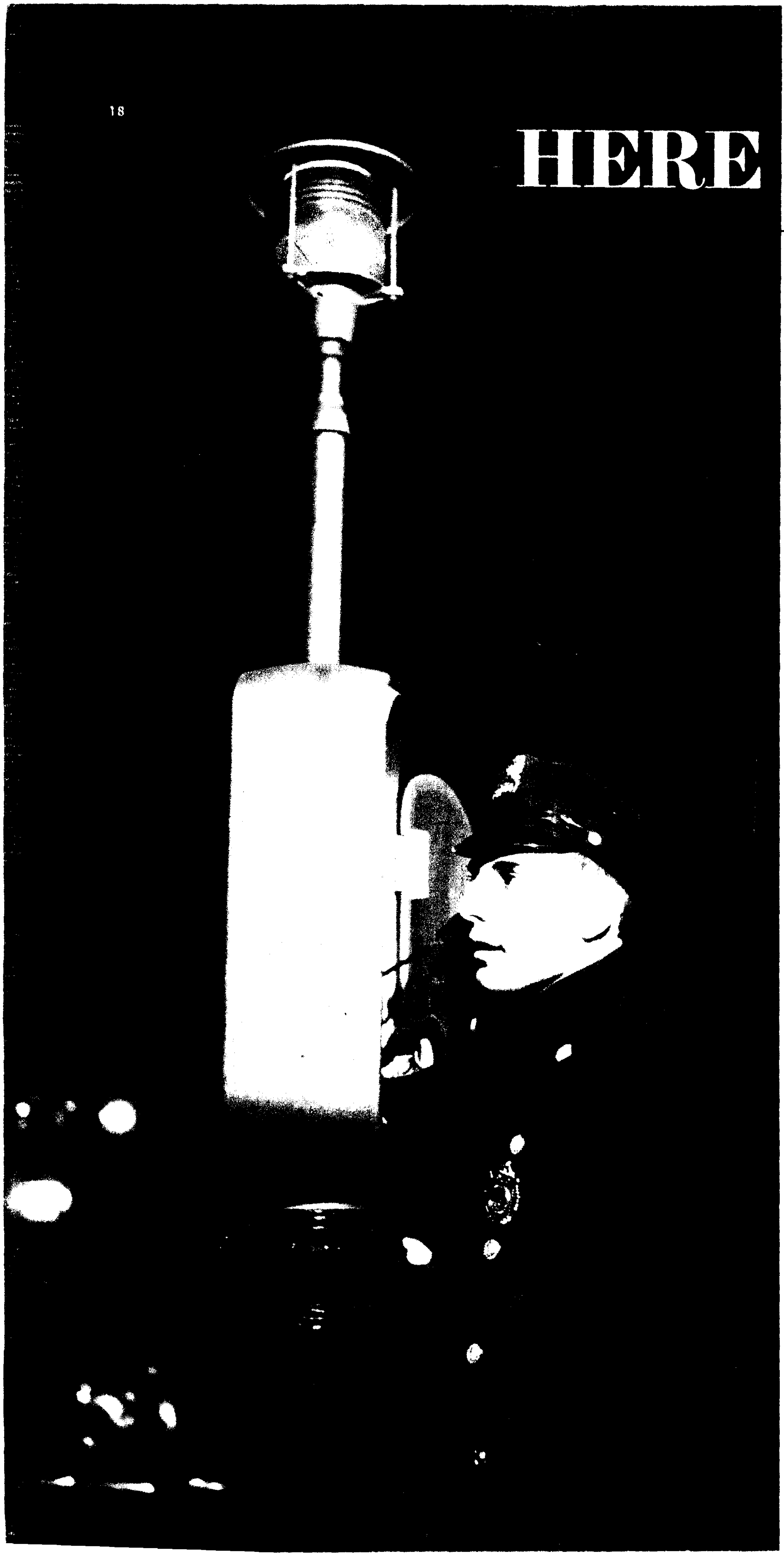
"O-kay," he agreed. "I get the package for you. Where is it?"

"I don't want you to get it now." She was talking rapidly. "I want you to come to the desk here at six o'clock. There'll be an envelope for you at the desk. The address where you're to go will be in it. You'll give that envelope to—to the man whose name will be on the paper and he'll give you a package. Then you bring it back to the desk and you'll get another envelope. In it will be ten dollars, American. For your trouble. Do *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

HERE COMES A

Policemen *walk* their beats in th



OSTON, the cradle of many American freedoms, is today becoming the cradle of a new freedom—freedom from the mugger, the rapist, the cutthroat, the molester and the rest of the street criminals who give life in many another metropolis a taint of terror.

Boston, where an earlier generation dumped the famous Tea, where townsmen fell in a Massacre, and patriots hatched a Revolution to preserve the basic rights of man, is today girded to preserve an equally basic right—the right to remain in one piece. It fiercely holds this truth to be self-evident and this right to be unalienable: that the innocent citizen shall have neither a bashed-in skull, a terrorized wife, a plundered home, nor a child molested or profaned.

As a result of its determination (and Boston is a determined town) 776,000 men, women and children live in relative peace and security. Its crooked streets, still tracing the cowpaths of '76, are not the stamping ground of marauders and rapists. Its rust-red brick houses, its tight lines of wide-eaved buildings nestling cheek by jowl, its parks and Common are not haunted by the hoodlum. Beneath a meandering sky line of cupolas and spires, Bostonians live, work and sleep with a minimum of fear.

Boston has no secret weapon in its war upon crime. Its police have no gadgets, no inventions, no systems or devices unknown to other cities. Quite the contrary. The city has made haste slowly—with Yankee soundness and canniness.

Boston keeps its head level and its feet on the ground. *It keeps its cops' feet on the ground.* Its police are on the streets, walking the beat picking 'em up and laying 'em down—because Boston knows that you've got to get close to the enemy to draw a bead on him.

Colonel Thomas F. Sullivan, police commissioner of Boston, stated the city's strategy simply and succinctly in his latest report to Massachusetts Governor Paul A. Dever. He wrote:

"Every effort has been exerted to cover the various foot-patrol routes throughout the city at all times, and this practice has reflected favorably in our crime index for the past year (1949). Practical police experience has shown that the degree of protection offered to the public is directly in proportion to the number of officers detailed to foot-patrol duty.

"Some large cities have forsaken the 'old-fashioned foot beat' in the belief that this fundamental police service could be performed more economically by radio cruising cars. It has been found that this theory has seriously impaired their police structure as proved by the great increase of serious crimes in these communities. Although this department is equipped with every device provided for the police by modern science, including our two-way radio cruising cars, these are but mere augmentations to the efforts of the uniformed foot patrolman who has always been the first line of defense in the unceasing fight against crime."

Boston has 2,496 policemen, from top brass to

Summoned by light atop signal box, Officer Francis X. MacPherson gets orders from headquarters. All boxes in city have lights. Citizens can pull them, too, bringing cops fast

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

COP: *Boston Puts Down Street Crime*

ub. Result: Citizens feel and *are* safer than those of other large cities

By HOWARD WHITMAN

rookie. On a given day—allowing for days off, illness and vacations—the effective force is about 1,980. Of these, the city is able to get 761 men out on foot beats, or "routes" as Bostonians call them. This is better than 38 per cent. What with modern police departments being chewed up with traffic divisions, detective divisions, special squads, radio fleets, ambulance and wagon fleets, command officers, station details, administrative and inside staffs, many observers consider it a miracle to get 38 per cent of the force out on foot beat. In other cities it is not uncommon to find only 15 per cent or 10 per cent—or less—of the cops actually on the beat.

Readers of this series will recall the spot checks made in each city covered so far, and the frequent disheartening reports of huge, highly populated districts covered by only two or three beat men, or sometimes stripped entirely bare. Boston has 16 police divisions. A spot check revealed 21 cops walking beats in the South End, 13 in the Dudley Street section of Roxbury, 17 in East Boston, 18 in South Boston, 12 in the Adams Street section of Dorchester, 12 in Brighton, 18 in Charlestown, and nine in Mattapan.

Every square foot in these divisions was covered by a foot policeman, with the sole exception of two routes in South Boston which are privately policed property and are covered only by radio car. The entire city is blocked out into "square" or "area beats," so that 24 hours a day some cop is responsible for the safety of *everybody's* neighborhood.

Boston, a good-sized city with 46 packed square miles, hub of a metropolitan area that swells the city's daytime population to well over a million, just refuses to believe the old eyewash about beat men being obsolete. It has heard a thousand times the bleat of less discerning cities, "Beat coverage is impossible. It can't be done!" Boston simply raises an eyebrow. It does it!

Any canny New Englander knows what the proof of a pudding is. So what about Boston's crime rate? How safe is the city?

The F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports for 1949 show that Boston had 16 murders, 290 robberies, 213 aggravated assaults and 1,372 burglaries. Let's set those figures down, and under them let's put the corresponding 1949 figures for three American cities of comparable size:

	Murder	*Robbery*	*Aggravated Assault*	*Burglary*
Boston	16	290	213	1,372
City A	72	952	2,329	4,085
City B	23	587	322	2,528
City C	78	688	4,314	4,151

The figures tell their own story. But more important (because a great juggling act can be done, and frequently *is* done, with police figures) is the aura and the atmosphere of the city itself.

There are occasional ugly crimes in Boston, to be sure. Crime, like disease, is always with us in some degree. Boston had an ugly case while I was there—a South End widow slugged outside the door of her house and robbed of $800. It had a worse case in December—a five-year-old girl kidnaped with bribes of ice cream, raped, and burned with lighted cigarettes in an East Boston apartment. It has shared, too, in the nation-wide epidemic of apartment lootings and stick-ups of liquor stores and shops. In January it had the granddaddy of all stick-ups—the $1,500,000 Brink's robbery.

But in the long pull—in the daily life of Mr. Citizen and his family—Boston is a safe town. It has terror pretty well tacked down. Boston citizens are not afraid. Women are not terrified to get off a bus after dark.

The schools are not sullied with incidents of molestation. Muggings are rare and mugging-murders rarer still (I had to go back two and a half years to find one).

As one Boston businessman put it, "The reason we feel safe here is that we *see* a policeman once in a while. They haven't all disappeared into prowl cars." (Boston operates 46 radio patrol cars, from two to four in a division. But there are about three men on foot to every man on wheels.)

"We not only *see* a policeman—the chances are we *know* him," the businessman continued. "In fact, we've probably known him since we were kids—and he knew our mothers and fathers before us!"

This close contact with the neighborhood is exactly what Police Superintendent Edward W. Fallon is shooting for. He (*Continued on page* 40)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Boston cops get to know the people living on the beat. Here's Officer Thomas Meagher talking to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic di Georgia

Killer Fish

By CHET SCHWARZKOPF

He had strength for one more maneuver in the battle for survival. If it failed, he would die. And even if it succeeded, another enemy might be lying in wait to destroy him

SEVERAL springs rose in the twilight of thousand-year-old redwood glades and united in a somber northern California bog to form Mill Creek. Cold and deep, the creek flowed under thickets and banks overgrown with wild berry bushes, across a mile of meadow, cut through a willow covert, and emptied into Mad River. Toward the last, it widened to a dark, tree-shadowed pool, the summer lair of big Rex, the greatest of the cutthroat trout in Mill Creek.

A soft cheeping and twittering sounded in the reeds near the edge of the pool. A mother teal was taking her buff-specked young for their first swim. She cocked a wary eye in all directions. Then, with a reassuring "eck," she walked into an inch of water. Her six broodlings followed in single file.

One of the broodlings, more adventurous than the others, left the family and paddled out toward the far edge of the reeds. At a call from his mother, he turned back; and as he did, the surface of the pool about him seemed to bulge. One terrified peep, and he vanished in a swirl of water. The mother and survivors rushed ashore yammering, and fled.

In the cool murk of the pool, big Rex, the cutthroat, swung back toward his den under a willow bank. His salmonlike jaws opened and closed. A bulge fluttered below his throat from the doomed duckling's last reflexes. He gave another gulp and, with a twitch of his spotted square tail, shot ahead, scattering a group of medium-sized trout.

The murderer cruised deep into the dark tarn. He was fully two feet long, and thick in the midriff like a salmon. His cheeks were reddish, and a purple-pink stripe ran down his heavily speckled flanks. On each side of his throat, below the gills, was a bright red line almost like a slash—that characteristic mark which gives the cutthroat trout its name.

At the entrance to his lair, he settled upon gold-and-spotted undersides to watch the dimness of the water with cold eyes. His jaws moved in slow rhythm as he breathed. Good hunting was his right, his heritage. He owned the pool.

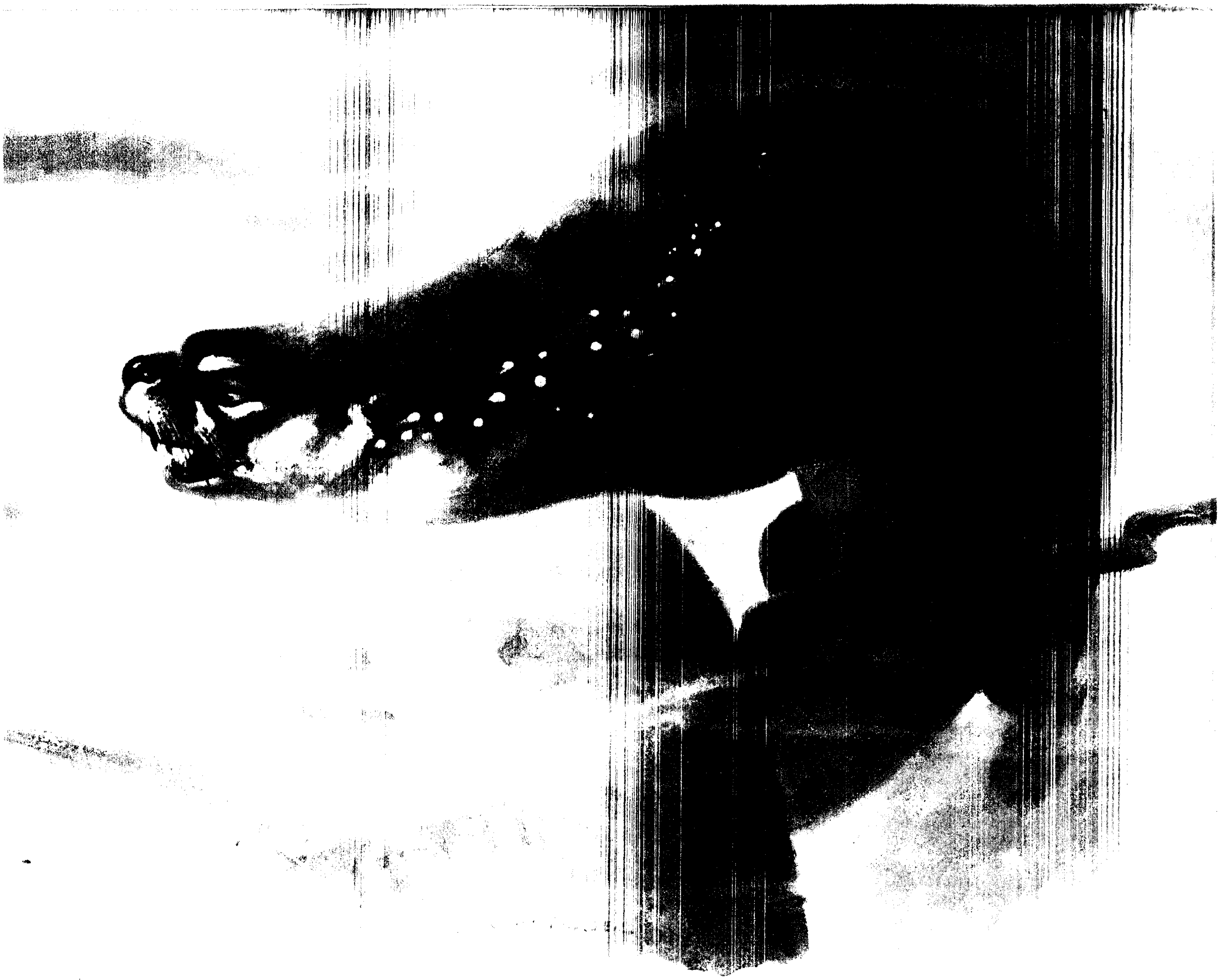
Rex was a trout of methodical habits. Late each spring, when Mad River began to warm, he would leave the larger stream and return to the cold brook of his birth. Here, in the shaded depths of Mill Creek Pool, he would spend the summer and early fall.

When October rains first freshened the stream, a restlessness would come upon Rex, and he would return to Mad River and go down to the sea for a change of diet. He did not care to stay long in salt water; nor would he ascend to mountain gorges on his spawning run, as his steelhead-rainbow cousins did. He preferred to live within a few miles of tidewater, where the fog from the sea darkened the sun and where he could catch young salmon trout on their migration to the sea or feed in the river's lagoon when the surf fish and shrimp were running.

Rex did not know it, but his seasonal returns to Mill Creek Pool were causing numbers of false flies and dangerous salmon eggs to concentrate there, as well as various wriggling, shiny things that roused him to killing rage. Hard experience had taught him caution; on several occasions, only his bulk and power had saved him from the enemy on shore. And he had had unpleasant experiences getting rid of the hooks afterward; gaping and rubbing his jaws against submerged roots.

So when a chunk of salmon roe descended through the water, leaving a milky wake and coming to rest not ten feet from his den, Rex looked at it in contempt, though his orange-and-white underfins twitched with desire when the oily essence was wafted toward him. A few fingerling trout had followed the roe part way down, but they gave up and returned to the safety of shallow water. They would have torn this tempting morsel apart, but they were afraid to go too near the killer's lair. He might have sired them on the spawning riffles near the bog, where he himself had been born some eight years before, but now they were only his natural prey.

A pair of medium-sized cutthroat trout came along, handsome specimens nearly a foot in length. They glanced toward Rex's lair, and paused to inspect the salmon roe. The giant shot out of his den



With the single-minded urge of self-preservation, Rex shot downstream between rocks and under logs

and they fled. He turned back, with never a glance at the bait.

A larger trout arrived. He, too, kept an eye on Rex's lair. He circled the bait and nipped off an egg that was loosely attached.

In his shelter, the big trout watched but made no move. The other trout opened his mouth wide, picked up the entire chunk, and scurried off with it. He had gone perhaps five feet when a pull brought him about. Instantly he went berserk. He shot up to the surface and flung himself into the air. Ripples ran the length of the pool as the battle began. He sounded to the bottom, flashed past Rex's lair and away.

Before long he was back, striving with waning vitality to get to the bottom. But the line that had hold of him was taking him steadily upward. After a time, his slapping sounded on the surface, and he was seen no more. Other trout darted to and fro in confusion, and throughout the pool there was unrest.

In a few minutes, another chunk of salmon roe settled upon the bottom, emitting an oily milk. But the denizens of the pool, except for a couple of stupid bullheads, wanted nothing to do with it.

Rex watched the bullheads, now in sole possession of the area in front of his den. Only their sharp, painful spines kept them out of his stomach—and not always, for he relished bullhead meat, especially if it was young. They nipped and haggled at the roe until one of them left abruptly for the surface, struggling in surprise.

Not long afterward, a piece of white flesh settled upon the bottom of the pool. Rex quickened to attention. That was fresh bullhead! He slipped out of his den to investigate. There it lay—no spines, no head—and still vibrating faintly with life. He saw the almost transparent shred that seemed to be attached to it, and paused. Land animals occasionally spilled fresh pieces of fish and frogs into the water, he knew. His jaws quivered as the delectable essence reached him.

Cautiously he picked up the piece of flesh and backed toward his lair. He had gone but a couple of feet when he felt it begin to resist. He dropped it instantly, and, in the same second, the bait jerked and raced upward. Rex returned to his shelter. When the morsel returned, he ignored it and drove other fish away.

DUSK was upon the pool. Down by Rex's lair, the water was turning black. The bullhead bait lay untouched. But now there was a feeling of excitement in the water. Insect nymphs were rising to the surface. That meant a fly hatch. A feeding period—when anglers experience sudden surprise—was coming on.

Rex was getting restless. So when a large gray moth rippled the surface sheen, he rose at once and seized it with a swirl. The moment his jaws closed upon it, he realized it was false and tried to spit it out. In the same flash of time, the moth jerked and took hold of his jaw with that pulling sting he knew so well.

He leaped wildly into the air and landed with a blow that sent wavelets running the length of the pool. With a great surge, he turned and raced away, fighting the drag of the moth. At the upper end of the pool he swung about, churning up foam, and dashed back. At once the moth's resistance weakened, and Rex headed for his refuge.

The big cutthroat trout was not terrified at being hooked. He was infuriated, and drove deep into his hide-out under the willow bank to rid himself of this humbug that was no moth. He pushed into a jungle of roots lashing his head back and forth. In a matter of seconds, the light leader snapped.

Rex lay quietly and watched the line pulling at the tangle he had worked it into, until finally it went limp. For some time after that he stayed in his den, rubbing his jaws against protuberances until the moth came loose and fell away.

That night the big trout left the pool and cruised upstream, where the hunting might be better. He was passing a cattail bed when a movement attracted his attention. A water vole, looking like a half-grown, short-tailed *(Continued on page* 60*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER

SALVAGE

New Hope for the Insane

●

By HARRY HENDERSON

SHE is a pretty, clean-cut girl who laughs easily, loves tweed skirts, works hard and likes a boy who works for the gas company in her suburban New York home town. Yet only a few months ago, classified as a schizophrenic, she was alternately moping in the wardroom of a mental hospital or screaming invitations to her funeral. And her experience, a horror tale until recently, points to significant and hopeful psychiatric advances: the development of physiological treatments for severe mental disorders.

Her recovery, for instance, was brought about by the use of histamine, which until now has been considered of little therapeutic value. The development of histamine therapy and other recent experiments have stirred the hope that insanity can be prevented, perhaps cured by drugs and chemicals.

What makes her story particularly significant is that she suffered from schizophrenia, the most dreaded and most baffling of all mental illness. Schizophrenia's victims, who occupy more than one half the beds in our mental institutions, in most cases progressively become worse, living more and more in the unreal fantasies of their disturbed minds and less and less in the real world. This process of psychotic deterioration is one which medical science has been virtually unable to arrest. Aside from surgery, only two forms of therapy—electric convulsive shock and insulin subcoma shock—are widely used in checking this disturbance of brain function. They have, however, proved effective only part of the time. Moreover, many cases are unsuited for shock treatment so other measures must be sought.

Therefore a world-wide effort is being made to discover the physical causes of mental disease and to find new, helpful drugs. One of the greatest fields of study centers about the relationship of the endocrine glands, such as adrenal, thyroid, gonadal, to mental illness. Surprisingly, it was Freud, the pioneer detector of the psychic causes of mental disturbances, who indicated that work in the endocrine glands would reveal the physical causes of some forms of mental disease. In the summer of 1927, Freud told Dr. Johan H. W. van Ophuijsen, the well-known psychoanalyst, "I am sure that within the near future *all* those disorders which we treat with psychoanalysis will be cured by endocrine treatment."

While various groups of doctors have been trying to unravel the relationship of each of the numerous endocrine glands to mental disease, some of the most recent and extensive research efforts point to histamine as a promising worker in the psychoses. Histamine is not a drug but an easily synthesized body substance derived from the amino acid, histidine. It is found in every tissue in the body, with concentrations in the lungs and white blood cells, and is one of the protein-building blocks of the body.

Sporadic efforts to use histamine have been going on for years. The first attempts failed. But in 1938, Dr. Wallace Marshall and Dr. J. S. Tarwater, working at the University of Alabama Medical College in Tuscaloosa, found histamine injections improved the 35 psychotic patients on whom they tried it. That same year, in England, Dr. Horace Hill, medical superintendent of a British mental home, reported that combined histamine and insulin injections improved over half the schizophrenics he treated. In 1940, Drs. Robert W. Robb, Benjamin Kovitz and David Rapaport injected a group of long-hospitalized schizophrenics with histamine and noted slight improvements. Last year Dr. E. O. Niver of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, found histamine helpful in relaxing patients.

A group of doctors working at the Creedmoor State Hospital at Queens Village, New York, recently announced the results of the longest, most extensive experiments with histamine ever made. In five years they developed a histamine treatment which doubled the number of patients who could be released. It particularly benefited schizophrenics, and in treating neurotics with histamine, they found that in states of acute anxiety and tension, it gave immediate relief.

In the Journal of Clinical Psychopathology they advanced the controversial theory that some forms of insanity are physical diseases resulting from the unbalanced output of the tiny endocrine glands. In their medical language it is caused by a "disruption of the cerebral metabolism due possibly to a disturbed pituitary-adrenal-gonadal relationship."

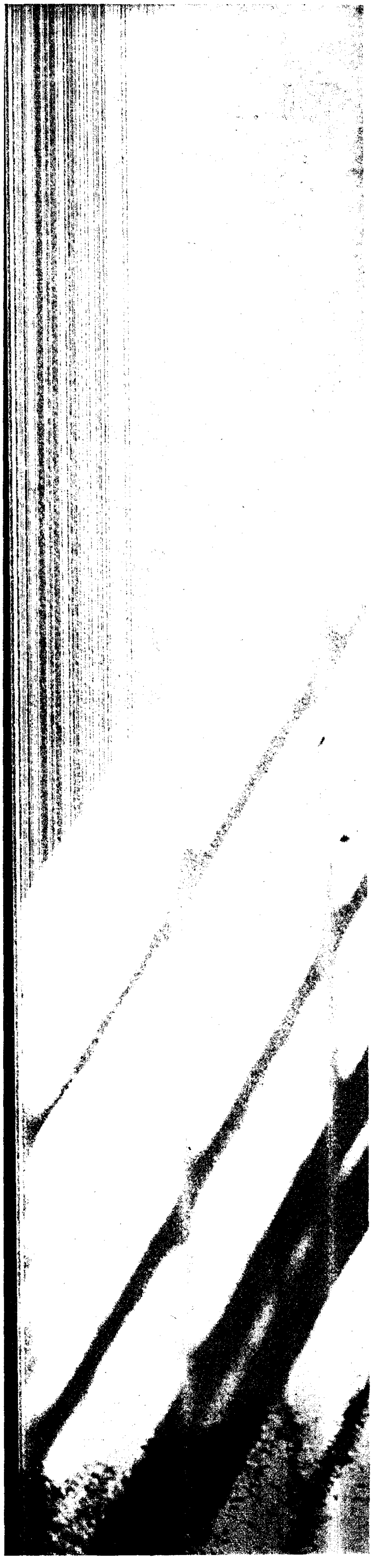
Histamine for Schizophrenic Cases

They use histamine and other agents, such as the sex hormones, to achieve a balance in the relationship of the output of the endocrine glands. In another series of papers in the Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease they described how they had used histamine to arrest the relentless psychotic processes which cause the brain of the schizophrenic to deteriorate.

These doctors—three of whom are brothers—are Drs. Arthur, Mortimer and Raymond Sackler, and the psychiatrist, Dr. van Ophuijsen. Working with them were Dr. Co Tui, renowned for his work on peptic ulcers, and Dr. Harry A. LaBurt, senior director of the Creedmoor Hospital.

However controversial the Sackler-Van Ophuijsen theory of insanity, there is little question that they have opened up a broad avenue leading toward more successful rehabilitation of the mentally disturbed. In addition to many neurotics, more than 300 schizophrenics have undergone their histamine therapy. Not all improved, but the percentage who did reveals that histamine is a valuable addition to what psychiatrists call their "armentarium"—their arsenal of weapons against mental disease.

Histamine is no cure-all. *(Continued on page 78)*



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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Operation Reach

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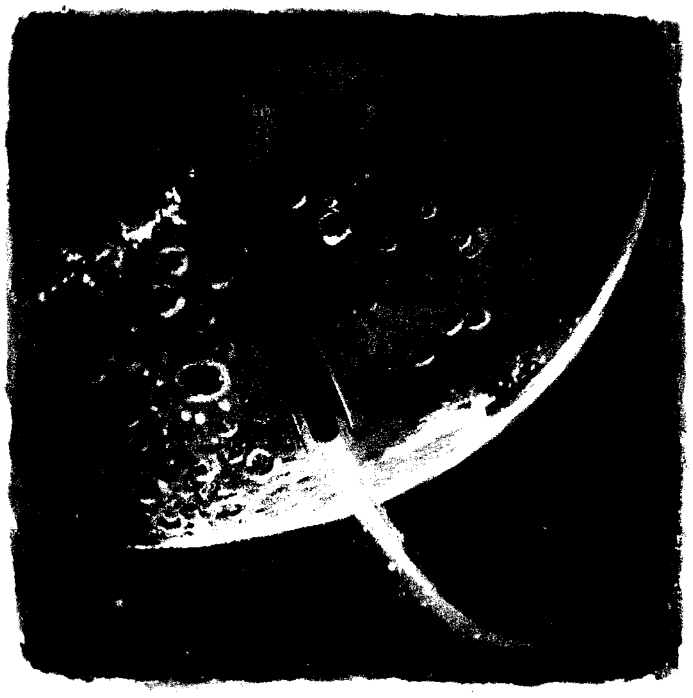


IF THE guard read cigarette ads or watched newsreels he must have recognized Major Tony Lane. But he took the major's pass, and then stepped back into the gatehouse to confirm everything by telephone. Regulations.

Tony waited, gazing at the huge air base beyond the steel fence, and at the big New Mexico sky. Cooler and more comfortable here than it had been back in Muroc—but somehow all this clear, turquoise air had the unreal quality of a dream.

He started a cigarette, seeing his image in the plate-glass window of the gatehouse. Good pose. Feet slightly spread, trench coat over one arm, jaw outthrust to tilt his cigarette, and his fifty-mission crush cap at just the right angle. Dashing fellow; stocky, and quick and blunt in his movements. Caption: *Major Tony Lane takes final smoke before latest assault on sonic barrier.*

Then he remembered that there were no photographers around and he stopped posing.

The guard came out again. "General Sawyer and Dr. Borgstedt are waiting for you over at Y Area, sir. I'll get you a jeep and a driver and make out a base pass for the other guards."

Tony shifted the trench coat and said, "Aren't we overdoing this security business just a little, Sergeant?" When he saw the guard take a breath for a reply, he waved his fingers. "I know—you're just carrying out your orders. Okay. Let's go."

Minutes later he was in a jeep speeding down a splendid concrete road built through the middle of a sagebrush desert. He relaxed. He slouched in the seat and pulled his cap visor over his eyes and leaned back to enjoy the feel of the sun. Tony liked the sun and meant one day to have a fine patio on the edge of a swimming pool where he could enjoy it nice and privately. Not on a major's pay, either.

The driver said, "Gettin' there."

Tony straightened in the seat, lifted his cap visor. He saw a huge hangar larger than the dirigible shed at Lakehurst. He whistled. The driver looked at him and grinned. The jeep stopped and Tony went through another pass-showing routine at the hangar door. Then he was shown to a small office in the front of the hangar. He faced, and halfheartedly saluted Brigadier General Lansing J. Sawyer, Administrative Director of Special Device Unit 13, United States Air Force.

The general was hearty. "Well, how are you, Major? Glad to see you. Heard a lot about you, of course. And you're just the man we need around here. You'll know what I mean when you see *her.*"

"Her?" said Tony. He regarded the general. Tall, handsome, well-tailored. Clipped white mustache with even lip-spaces top and bottom. Smelling of a manly after-shave lotion. Tony remembered one of Lanse Sawyer's articles in a reservist magazine: COMBAT KEEPS YOU ON THE BALL!

Oh, brother.

"I mean," said the general, "the ship you're going to fly." He was enjoying a mysterious smile. "It'll make 'em sit up and take notice—I can promise you that. You know, Major, they criticize us a lot because we're defense-minded, which is our job, after all. But wait until this operation goes through. They'll change their tune."

Sawyer stepped to the chart. "This is your target," he said, and Tony stared. He moved his lips and they were dry. "What's next?" Tony said

Tony felt that he had walked in on the middle of somebody's conversation, but he didn't ask for clarification. It would come, no doubt. Only if they expected him this time to risk his neck in some streamlined tin thing a long-haired designer said would fly—well, they had the wrong idea. Tony didn't have to ride Niagara in a barrel to keep in the headlines any more. Those days were over. He'd taken the calculated risk in the beginning and volunteered for everything in sight, and made sure the press was on hand. He'd flown the XS-1 at more than twice the speed of sound and its successors even faster.

His three-year EAD with the Air Force would be up in a month, and there were fat offers on the outside. Plums to be picked. More than one company had a spot for the man the newspapers called Mr. Speed. Tony was hard put for a choice between that new air line to South America or the West Coast oil company whose president he'd met at a Beverly Hills party. Fifteen thousand a year had been mentioned—casually.

"Now then," the general was saying, "there's a slight formality."

Tony wasn't really listening.

Sawyer passed a legal-size sheet across the desk and said, "That's a release. Better read it carefully. It says frankly the duty's extremely dangerous, and we feel we'd better have this to offset public criticism if something happens. What the public thinks, of course, is doubly important these days. I'm sure you understand that."

Tony said he did and read the release. Not much about the assignment itself; it said mainly that he was volunteering for Operation Reach, and that there might be as little as a fifty-fifty chance for survival. He frowned and read it again.

"You can, of course, back out whenever you want to," Sawyer pointed out. "You'll see that in Section D. Be no prejudice, no questions asked if you do."

Tony was curious, that was all. And he was pretty certain that he wasn't going to go through with this business if it really did turn out to be so dangerous. He signed the release and the general beamed and said, "Good boy!"

Sawyer then led the way to the side door of the office, which opened into the main part of the hangar. He opened the door, stepped aside. Tony looked. He gaped.

"Yes," said Sawyer, "she's a superb weapon, isn't she?"

The general would call her a weapon, of course. She was a good fifty yards long, her flanks glistened like a curved mirror, and even dormant there in the hangar, she had the look of speed—unimaginable speed. Men were working on her; some polishing her metal sides.

"She's designed to fly out of the atmosphere," said the general. "No wings, you notice. A true rocket craft. But then I'm just an old pilot, not a scientist, so you'd better get the word from Dr. Borgstedt."

They found Dr. Ernst Borgstedt at a drawing board in the rear of the hangar. He was a tall, gloomy man of forty, or so, with a hatchet nose, a deeply adult air, and a faint accent. Tony knew his background roughly: a guiding light of the German Rocket Society before the war, forced to work in Goering's pet project at Trauen during it, and "liberated" to White Sands, New Mexico, afterward.

Dr. Borgstedt looked down at Tony with eyes as black and shiny as wet coffee grounds and said, "So this is our sacrificial lamb!"

Tony's eyebrows went up, but he didn't speak.

"You flew in Europe, Major?" Borgstedt was looking at his ribbons. "What group, may I ask?"

Tony told him.

Abruptly and disconcertingly Borgstedt began to laugh. "Well, then—you could have attacked Trauen! You might say we have met before, eh?"

Tony shrugged.

Borgstedt then turned to Sawyer and said, "He knows the destination?"

"Not yet." Sawyer made his mysterious smile again.

"So." Borgstedt took Tony's arm and swung him slightly, so that they both faced the tail of the rocket. He pointed to the big exhaust nozzle. "You see that? It is only because we have achieved tremendous exhaust velocity that we are permitted a propulsor of reasonable diameter. The V-2—the Nazi vengeance weapon—used oxygen and alcohol and achieved an exhaust velocity of two kilometers per second. But now we have an exhaust velocity of over twenty kilometers per second."

"Is that so?" said Tony, coldly and politely. He was trying to follow.

Borgstedt looked triumphant. "Not liquid fuel at all, you see. Nuclear."

"You mean atomic energy?" asked Tony.

"Of course. To simplify: water containing uranium salts is jetted into a fissionable chamber at constant, critical mass. The weight is negligible. The V-2, fueled, weighed *(Continued on page 51)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

Byron and his wife Catherine with their sons, Christopher, 5, and Kevin, going on one. Byron was an Army major, Mrs. Byron a WAC lieutenant

RADIO'S D.A.—*And How He*

Ed Byron dresses like a bum and pub-crawls in run-down bars to get plot ideas for Mr. District Attorney

"RUSH some policemen here at once, please," quavered a frightened feminine voice over the telephone to New York Police Headquarters. "I'm in a Third Avenue restaurant, and there are two dreadful men at the next table who seem to be planning a murder!"

In a few minutes Detective John Hoolihan of the Vice Squad entered the small bar. The woman who had summoned him pointed to a table. There Hoolihan saw two dirty and battered derelicts huddled together. The short, stocky man did most of the talking; his smaller companion listened. Moving closer, Hoolihan eavesdropped.

". . . The Cincinnati fix will give him the tip-off. Probably heisting," he heard. "Inna meantime, we'll have the convincer take the New Yawk boob for the blowoff . . ."

To the watching woman's astonishment, Hoolihan's solemn face suddenly broke into a cheerful grin. He waved in recognition to the two schemers, then explained to the woman: These "crooks" were two of radio's most successful crime dramatists, in costume while they went on their weekly prowl to pick up ideas from the underworld characters they met in shady dives. The smaller man was writer Robert J. Shaw. The vigorous talker was the producer of the crime show Mr. District Attorney, which has been one of radio's top-rating crime programs for 11 years. This was Ed Byron. He is also director and cowriter of the show.

"Ed's an old pal of mine—and this is part of the way he earns his ten grand a week," Hoolihan told the woman. Then he sat down with Byron, to listen to the plotting of a coming script. Like many another policeman, he had long been a respectful fan of the "Mr. D.A." program.

It is surprising that so few attempts to arrest Byron have been made. For the past 10 years, he has dressed in shabby clothes one evening a week and haunted run-down bars. Thanks to his ability to talk crime slang, to take a drink or two and to make quick acquaintances, he has picked up as many ideas for radio plots in bars as he has from his other plot-sources—which include a 5,000-volume criminal library, all the New York newspapers, and many friends among lawyers, doctors, psychoanalysts and crime enforcement officers.

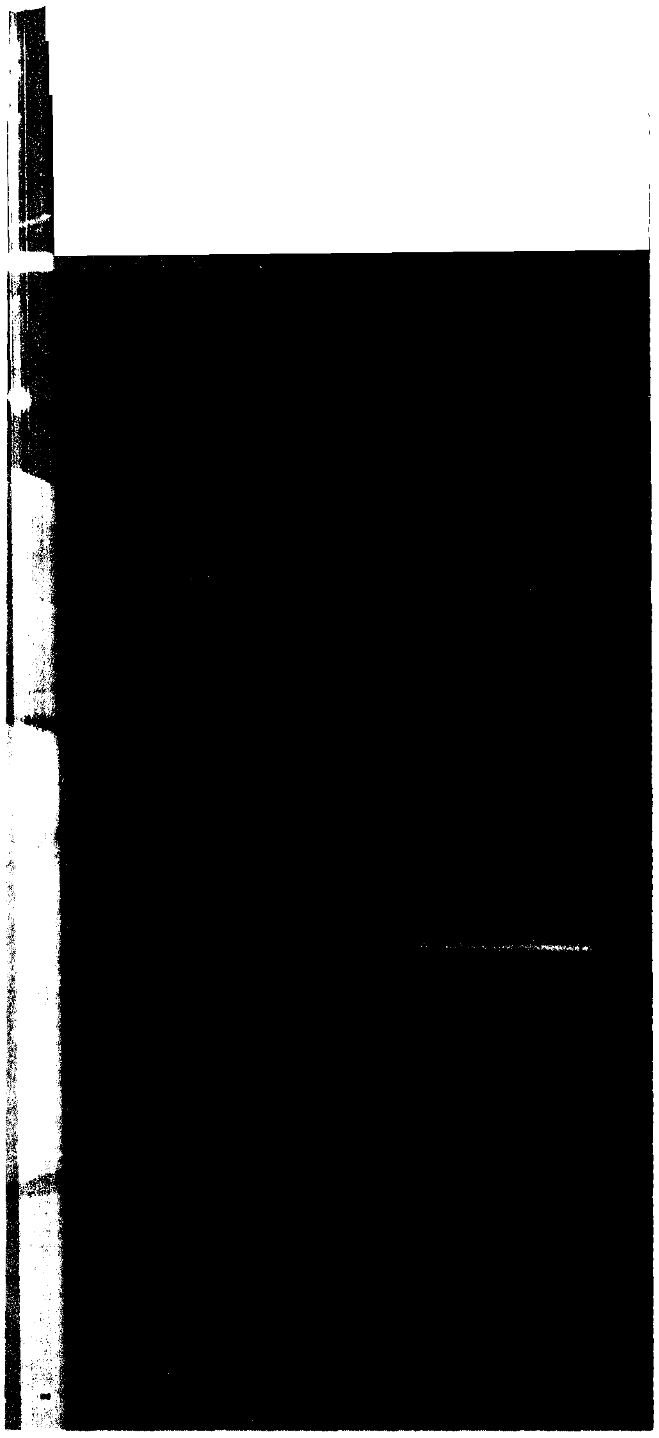
"Yeah, I owe half my plots to the thieves I meet when I'm pub-crawling," says Ed in his friendly snarl.

Every Wednesday evening millions of people listen to Mr. District Attorney (Wednesday, 9:30 P.M. EST, over NBC). They know that its 11-year lifetime has been largely devoted to exposé campaigns. They also know that the bloody dramas have often come—uncannily—at a time when a similar crime was being enacted in real life.

One coincidence occurred in 1942, when Byron dramatized the landing of a spy-filled submarine off the U.S. coast on one of his broadcasts. Early the next morning, he was astonished to receive a visit from the F.B.I. The G-men wanted to know how he had conceived the idea for the show. Although Byron showed them the script, written four weeks earlier, they were still suspicious when they left. Later, Byron found out why.

Several days before the broadcast, the F.B.I. had quietly captured spies from a German submarine off the East Coast; they had announced nothing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR



Grew

By ELEANOR HARRIS

about the capture, planning a news release at a future date. Byron's broadcast had beaten them to the punch. "They thought there was a leak in the F.B.I.," says Byron now. "Instead, it was a leak in my crime-soaked imagination."

Another bewildering coincidence happened when a program concerned a berserk ex-veteran who shot a dozen people at random in the streets. This drama was aired the same day a real-life ex-veteran maniac went on a much-headlined killing spree in Camden, New Jersey—although the program had been written a month before. "The real event took place in the morning; we went on the air that night," Ed relates.

One timely program was suggested by his own domestic life. After the war, Mrs. Byron had the usual difficulty finding a maid; finally she was forced to hire one without references from a new employment agency. Thinking this over, Byron plotted a program with a burglar becoming a temporary butler in order to "case" a house; violent death resulted in the ensuing burglary. The day after his program was aired, a shocked nation read of just such a case on Long Island, where an ex-convict butler raped the daughter of the house and murdered the mother.

Part of the reason for the timeliness of "Mr. D.A." programs is a "crime calendar" that Byron has worked out over the years.

"Crime is seasonal," he says, "and I can prove it. For instance, spring brings on a rash of confidence games. The swindlers meet their victims at winter resorts; they cultivate friendships for months—before a spring harvest of con games. In the summer, juvenile delinquency piles up; the kids are away from school discipline. Come fall, you get your husbands and wives killing each other. This is due to relaxed summer vacations, where the wife meets a handsome lifeguard and hubby gets to know a new tomato; back home, they fight it out. Except for burglaries and pickpocketing, winter is the safest season of the year."

Like some other students of crime, he adds that 12 times each year there is an unexplainable wave of emotional crimes—whenever the moon is full.

Tense Dramas Exert Good Influence

Surprisingly enough, Mr. District Attorney is by no means a thriller program alone. Dedicated to "the betterment of America," it preaches many a lesson along with its bang-bang drama. Several awards have come Byron's way—from New York University for his campaign against juvenile delinquency; from the National Conference of Christians and Jews for the program's stand against racial and religious intolerance; from the New York Criminal Court Bar Association for Byron's efforts through the years to expose crime; from the American Cancer Society for "distinguished service"; and from Variety for just plain excellence.

It is perhaps the only radio program directly responsible for the passing of new legislation. On last November 10th, the New York City Council passed a law making it a misdemeanor to leave keys in parked cars. Councilman Daniel S. Weiss, who introduced the bill, said he was inspired by hearing a "Mr. D.A." show. This program, The Key That Kills, dramatized a teen-ager who stole an automobile after seeing the keys left conveniently in it. The plot was based on several real-life cases told Byron by his old friend William McCauley, district attorney of Milwaukee.

Byron himself looks like neither a crime seer nor a humanitarian. He is a short, chunky, humorous and belligerent Kentuckian of forty-four, with the energy of a goat. Addicted to bow ties, porkpie hats and copious slang, he seems 10 years younger. By this time he is established as an amateur crime authority—and all of his criminal knowledge has been lovingly funneled into Mr. District Attorney since the show first went on the air in April, 1939.

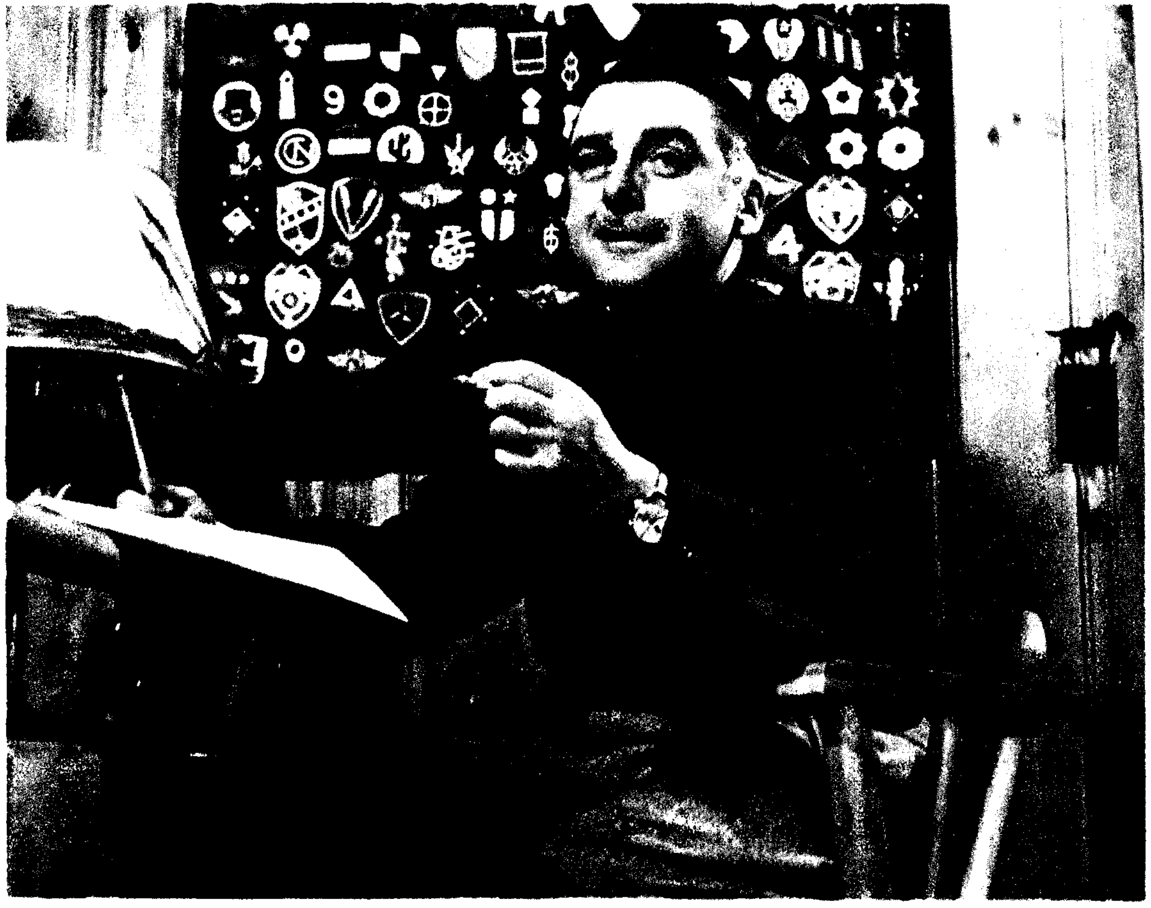
"I got the original idea from Tom Dewey's racket-busting career as D.A. of New York," he says. The title came from Phillips H. Lord, who receives credit and a royalty on every broadcast. Like Byron, most of the people concerned with the show have been working on it for 11 years. "It's become part of our lives," they say. These people include the three leading actors, Jay Jostyn, Len Doyle and Vicki Vola (Mr. D.A., his assistant Harrington and his secretary Miss Miller), NBC's engineer Gil Markel, and Peter van Steeden's 21-man orchestra, which plays the incidental music.

Byron's devotion is, of course, even stronger than his cast's. His working life is set into a "Mr. D.A." mold. Every Monday night, he and writer Shaw hold a four-hour plot session, while he "road-maps" the plot for a show that will go on the air four weeks later. The following Friday, Shaw gives Byron the written script; Byron reads it, casts it and sends copies to a doctor and a lawyer to be checked for legal and medical details. He is a crank on accuracy—with the result that his audience includes a surprising number of doctors and lawyers. Fan letters have also come from Eleanor Roosevelt, Father Flanagan, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and Governor Dewey.

In the radio world, Byron's fame as a brilliantly original director almost eclipses his fame as a crime plotter. Preliminary rehearsals take place Monday afternoons; on Wednesday, Byron and his cast hurtle through a seven-hour rehearsal ending at broadcast time, with breaks for relaxation and for dinner. While directing, his unique personality comes into full flower.

His short and stocky figure is dressed like the rainbow and topped by his "good luck" porkpie hat. He paces continually, his head bent and his hands shoved into his back pants pockets. His directions usually include a teeth-gritting account of a real-life murder. He may describe in detail the murder of a model by the insane sculptor Robert Irwin.

"Now, Joe," he'll tell an actor, "this poor jerk you're playin' is a lot like *(Continued on page* 47)

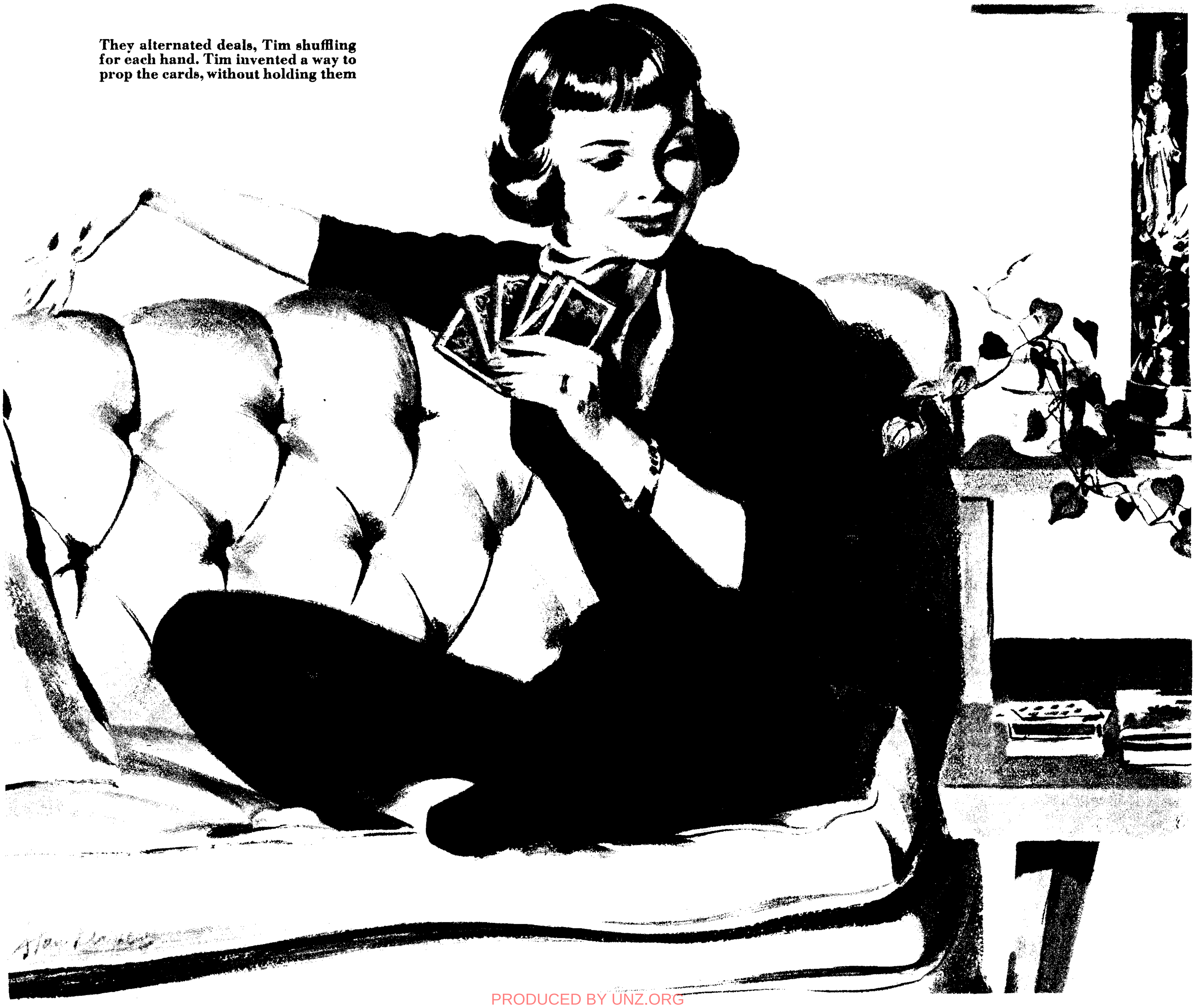


"Mr. D.A." in his Westport, Connecticut, home. The service patches remind him of his Army days

Week-end Genius

By JACK FINNEY

The return of Timberlake Ryan, the many-sided madman, and Eve, his long-suffering wife—who will put up with anything for a laugh



They alternated deals, Tim shuffling for each hand. Tim invented a way to prop the cards, without holding them

TANDING in the lobby of a small neighborhood movie waiting for his wife, Timberlake Ryan lighted a cigarette, dropped the match into a sand-filled urn, and began to read the Coming Attractions posters. After a moment he glanced at the row of glass doors leading from the theater. There was no sign of his wife, and he strolled across the deserted lobby, casually turning his coat collar up, and leaned idly against the wall beside one of the posters. He was a tall man, his face lean and tanned, his hair black under the brim of his hat.

Presently, through the glass doors, he saw Eve walking briskly toward the lobby, and he put his cigarette in his mouth and pulled his hat low on his forehead. Then he straightened, widening his eyes as though in terror, and turned his head sharply, staring at Eve, his back and the palms of both hands pressed tight against the wall.

Eve pushed the heavy glass doors open; she was small and slim, and it was an effort to move them. She stepped out into the light, blinking her eyes and frowning a little, her smooth white forehead momentarily creased in a tiny vertical wrinkle, her hair soft and blond in the light. Her eye was caught by a middle-aged couple walking in from the ticket booth, and she watched them, puzzled; the man was nudging his wife, speaking softly from the side of his mouth. Then they both turned, grinning, to look at Tim standing beside a poster bearing the title WANTED! in huge blood-red letters, and above this word, the illustration of a man standing at a wall in identical sinister pose.

Eve followed their gaze and stared at Tim for an instant, then she blushed and, lips compressed, walked rapidly out through the lobby, her eyes straight ahead.

As she passed, Tim fell in behind her, hands in his coat pockets, forefingers stiffened. "It's curtains for you, baby," he snarled, and the middle-aged couple turned to stare after them.

Outside, in the early summer evening, under the lights of the marquee, Eve looked at Tim, shaking her head. "Honestly," she said, "you're like a child. What's the *matter* with you?"

"Nobody rats on Timberlake Ry—"

"Now, stop that. And put your collar down." She turned, taking his arm. "Honestly," she repeated. They began to walk away from the theater.

"Where we going?" Tim turned down his collar, smiling happily.

Eve nodded at the store on the corner they were approaching. "In there; in the drugstore. I want to get tooth paste; I keep forgetting." She looked at him. "Now, take that cigarette out of your mouth."

Inside the drugstore, a customer and the clerk, both men, stood at the counter, the clerk wrapping a package, and Tim and Eve waited their turn. Eve looked speculatively up at the shelves, her upper lip between her teeth, a forefinger on her chin, and Tim glanced idly around the store. His eyes dropped to a candy display before him and he reached out and took a round silver-wrapped mint from the rack. From the corner of his eye he saw Eve's head turn to watch, and he stared absently ahead, unwrapped the candy, took a bite, and chewed thoughtfully for a moment.

Then he made a little face, quickly rewrapped the candy and put it back on the rack, turning as though to wander away.

"Tim!" Her voice was a startled whisper, and she reached out, grabbing his arm.

"What?" He looked at her, brows raising innocently.

"Now, stop that! Tim, what's the *matter* with you?"

"Stop what?"

Her voice was ominous. She whispered, "Now, Tim, cut it out; you hear me? You just buy that."

"What? That candy?" He looked at her, bewildered. "But why? Why buy it? I don't like it."

"But—" She studied his face helplessly. "Tim, you can't just leave it like that; you've got to buy it!"

"But why?" he insisted. "Why should I buy something I don't—"

Her voice a furious whisper, Eve said, "Tim, you *buy* that; understand?"

"Well—" He shrugged resignedly, smiled blandly at the clerk and the customer who were watching him now, and reached into his trouser pocket. He brought out a dime, laid it on the counter, picked up the candy, and unwrapped it. Then he looked at Eve in apparent astonishment, holding the mint up, a large bite missing from its rim. "Look," he said, his voice amazed, "somebody took a *bite* out of this!" For a moment he stared at the candy, then he shrugged philosophically and turned, wandering toward the front of the store munching the candy.

THE cash register clashed, the customer turned from the counter, glancing curiously at Eve, and the clerk spoke to her. "Yes, ma'am?"

"I—" She stared at the clerk, giggled hysterically, her face reddening, then she turned and walked hurriedly toward the door. Tim stood watching her approach, and he looked back at the clerk, his face puzzled, and he shrugged in a gesture of uncomprehending helplessness; then he followed Eve.

Outside on the sidewalk he caught up with her. "What about that tooth paste?"

"I'll murder you," she said, walking along rapidly, staring straight ahead. "Tim, I swear I'll kill—" She began to giggle.

He grinned. "That clerk thinks you're crazy," he said.

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

'Everything's Made for Love'

That's the joyous slogan of Alabama's Congressman Frank Boykin. Now, in an age when more and more lawmakers act and look like ordinary citizens, he's a colorful exception—a booming and robust old-style legislator, colorful in his dress and flamboyant in manner. Boykin really lives the life he loves

By WALTER DAVENPORT

T WAS a typical morning in the superabundant life of the Honorable Frank William Boykin, Representative in Congress from Mobile, Alabama. At five he awoke with a roar that sent Mrs. Boykin scurrying to the coffee percolator. He drank four or five cups, and, as he drank, shouted into a Dictaphone. Presently his typists in the House Office Building over on Capitol Hill would transcribe his words into letters averaging 12 pages each, single-spaced.

Each letter was mined with explosive invitations to his 17,000-acre game preserve near McIntosh, Alabama, skillfully evasive opinions on the state of the nation, ecstatic ballyhoo on behalf of the current beauties and future grandeur of Mobile, and violent regrets that the person to whom the letter was addressed was not present so that he, Frank Boykin, could shake his hand and gaze with admiration upon his handsome, stalwart, superior and patriotic self.

Boykin was then tuned up for breakfast. This early meal was wholly in keeping with the spirit of the letters—a terrific exercise in fruit, eggs, hot cakes, grits, ham, biscuits and coffee, all in noble quantities. That accomplished, Boykin dressed and sallied forth from his hotel into Washington's streets, hailing all and sundry, whether he knew them or not, with shouts of good will, good luck, good health and assurances that, come what may, Frank Boykin was their friend.

Even were he vocally as silent as a churchyard at midnight his appearance would tell you that here is an extraordinary man. Boykin is about six feet tall and weighs 250 pounds. He dresses elegantly and clamorously in expensive clothes, customarily garnished with white vest piping and an aurora necktie on a red background, horn-rimmed glasses on a wide, black ribbon and an impressive assortment of gold and gem-studded bangles and lodge insignia. On his large and handsome head, topping a fine mane of white hair, is a brown velours hat inside of which is printed in gold letters his motto and famous battle cry, "Everything's Made For Love."

Boykin says that this shibboleth is of his composition, not a quotation. He also insists that it is true, provable and all-inclusive. It is posted in inescapable prominence in his office. When he gives big dinners to hundreds of politicians and constituents he displays it on huge banners over the tables. If a constituent bawls him out by mail for what he regards as a dismal Congressional error, Boykin usually starts his reply with "Everything's Made For Love" and then proceeds to write a 20-page essay on the subject, usually laying the irate fellow low.

A few years ago he had to write a whole bagful

Congressman Boykin frequently rescues strays from Washington's pound. He's a dog lover, has hundreds for hunting

of such missives to important financial interests in Alabama who were outraged because he had sent a haunch of venison to their pet hate, That Man Roosevelt. But such incidents don't bother Boykin for long. He says that everything's made for love even if everybody doesn't love the same thing, and he never says it in less than steamboat volume.

Boykin on this particular typical morning was off to the District of Columbia's dog pound. There, what was before his arrival a normal clamor became an uproar. Mr. Boykin is a fanatical dog lover, having more than a hundred hounds on his game preserves back home—blue-ticks, red-ticks, red-bones, black-and-tans, coon dogs, bloodhounds, and the inevitable mixtures.

Mr. Boykin surveyed the dog catchers' nightly haul. The attendants usually notify him if they have a few likely-looking dogs for which the owners have not appeared and which are, therefore, doomed to the gas chamber. Mr. Boykin immediately entered into conversation with the captives. The more he talked, the more they howled. The louder they yelled, the more stops the congressman pulled out. The attendants declare he has never yet yielded the floor to the dogs, who presently realize that in debate they have met their master and calm down.

This achieved, Boykin strode into the cage making sounds which the dogs seemed to recognize as canine for Everything's Made For Love. Far from ever having been bitten by any of the pooches, which is more than some of the attendants can say, Mr. Boykin has never been snarled at. In no time he was up to his watch chain in dogs, exchanging yelp for yelp and whine for whine, rubbing their bellies, scratching their ears, patting their heads and cooing "good boy" to one and all. There used to be an attendant who claimed that the dogs cooed back "good Boykin." He is no longer there.

By seven thirty in the morning, the Alabama statesman was off to the museum he calls his office. But before he departed he ransomed several of the impounded dogs, paying two dollars each. The promising-looking hound-dogs in the lot would be sent off to his game preserves. The rest would go to constituents and to friends or correspondents elsewhere. In all, he has thus distributed more than 200 dogs to people in more than 30 states, at an average cost to him of $15 for expressing the animals. Before sending them off, Boykin gives each one a name, and every crate bears in large letters—Everything's Made For Love.

Plenty of Trophies and Mementos

Boykin's office can conservatively be described as a combination of the most startling features of the Smithsonian Institution's dead-storage room, grandma's attic and a wayside antique shop. The walls are solidly covered with framed photographs endearingly dedicated to Frank Boykin. Here and there he has managed to wedge in two huge rattlesnake skins, five mounted deer heads, a nine-foot wolfhide and sundry snapshots of hound-dogs, one of which is shown giving furious battle to a raccoon high in a gum tree. This particular dog is Boykin's pride and joy—the only dog, he says, that can climb a tree with the speed and agility of a cat. Boykin rescued this gifted animal from Washington's pound several years ago.

In a large cabinet in his so-called private office and on a long table are a few—about 300—of his collected curios, trophies, antiques and mementos. A fairly steady stream of tourists, sight-seers and just strollers, some of whom Boykin knows and all of whom he greets with glad cries, wander in and out as if bidden by a come-in-and-browse sign. None of his office staff pays them more than passing attention. But Boykin hails them as dear old friends whom he has been virtually dying to see, in spite of the fact that at the time he may be dictating more letters and answering all three of his red-corded telephones at the same time, a feat that is hard to believe if not seen.

Boykin's long-distance phone bill frequently exceeds $800 a month. Local calls are comparative brush-offs, seldom consuming more than 10 minutes each. Here is a pretty accurate sample of a Boykin call:

"H'ya, Joe, you best ole frien' a man ever had, bless yo' precious hide, huccum you ain't called me up fo' fo'-five days, yo' handsome brute, and how's that beautiful wife of yours

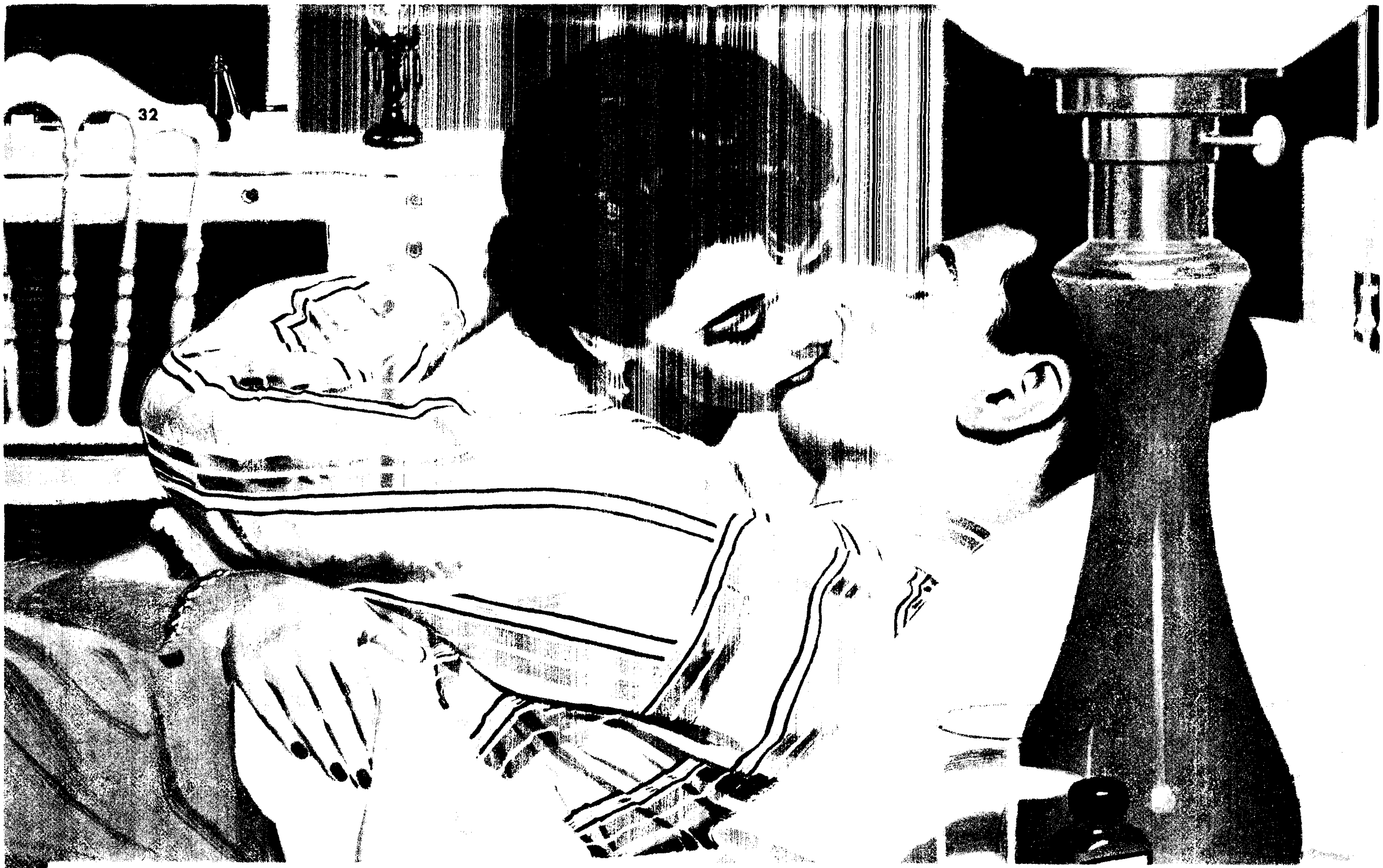
(Continued on page 38)

Ev'rything's made for love

The walls of Boykin's Washington office are covered with autographed photographs and the interior cluttered with stuffed animals, including five mounted deer heads

Shortly after he rises at 5 o'clock each morning, the congressman begins to dictate letters, averaging 12 pages each, as Mrs. Boykin pours him cup after cup of coffee

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN



"You talk too much," I said. "We both talk too much," Sarah said. So we quit talking so much

When You Come Home

By WILLIAM H. SCOTT

This was the moment George Alford had feared. He was face to face with danger—and with himself

The Story: Back in Clover, Oklahoma, after ten years, George Alford was finding life in his old home town full of surprises. He had left Clover as a seventeen-year-old to enlist in the Marines; and he was back now only because his father was dead, and George wanted to sell the family farm before resuming his career as a drifter. He remembered his father as a drunk who had neglected his son; but he found the farm in excellent condition, as though the old man had expected George to live on it when he returned from the war. He remembered the townsfolk of Clover with bitterness, as people with no time for the raffish youngster George had been. But, reluctantly, George was touched by the kindness with which he was received on his return. He knew that he was falling in love with Sarah Bailey, the beautiful daughter of Roy Bailey, who owned a café. When George was robbed of his War Bonds and an uncashed disability pension check, he accepted the job of town marshal offered him by Harmon Davis, Clover's genial mayor and owner of a hardware store. George renewed his friendship with Charley Rainfall, a young Cherokee Indian who had once saved his life when they were Marines together in the Pacific. Charley and George had been boyhood friends with Jud Clymer, who also had been a Marine and who was now a fugitive from the law as a holdup man, killer and jail-breaker. Sarah had once fancied herself in love with Jud. George suspected that Lucille (Honey) Andrus, an attractive but hard-bitten newcomer to Clover, knew where Jud was hiding out. He also suspected that Jud might be involved in the small crime wave that had been alarming Clover. First, the mayor's hardware store was robbed, and then Roy Bailey's café was held up at night, while Sarah was on duty as a waitress. Ira Wilson, the deputy sheriff from near-by Osage Springs, was convinced that Charley Rainfall was one of the criminals. George had his own theory. Unable to sleep after returning to his farm from the café in the small hours of the morning after the holdup, George was trying to work out the details of his theory before going into action.

CONCLUSION

FIRST, I reasoned, it was a local job, but not too local. Because they had known when the café had its slack time at night. Because they had used shotguns which could have been the stolen ones. Because they must have intended to get where they were going before daylight, with all that loot in the back seat. In fact, I decided they hadn't even driven on a highway long, because they'd naturally assume the highway patrol would have been alerted and on the lookout for that kind of stuff; even if they didn't know what kind of car to look for, they could stop all cars riding heavy on the rear springs.

That was pretty good deduction, up to there, but incomplete. For instance, I thought probably the three jobs, the two robberies and the holdup, had been done by one outfit, but I didn't have anything even vaguely concrete to tie them together yet. And I thought that if I was a local crook on the lam and wanting to stay local, I'd pick Hungry Mountain for a hide-out, but there again I was minus anything concrete to point to Hungry Mountain. That's as far as I got before I finally went to sleep. I didn't really entirely solve the crime until the next day, when I talked to Ira Wilson, the deputy sheriff from Osage Springs.

But having solved it that far with all the cunning of a ten-year-old reader of crime comics, I began to fall asleep. And right at the last I thought about my father. "Dear George," he'd written.

I didn't sleep long, or well. I was too anxious to tell Ira Wilson how to locate the holdup artists. In the morning I dressed and got ready to drive into town. And then I stood in the dining room looking through the door of my father's room, looking at the bureau where the pile of unsent letters was. I thought: *This afternoon I'll read them.* It was an heir's legal and moral duty to go through the papers and effects of the deceased kin. *This afternoon,* I thought, and I went out and got in the car and drove to Clover.

I had finished breakfast and was halfway through a cigarette when Ira Wilson came into the café. After he overcame his *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

LET'S BE SPECIFIC

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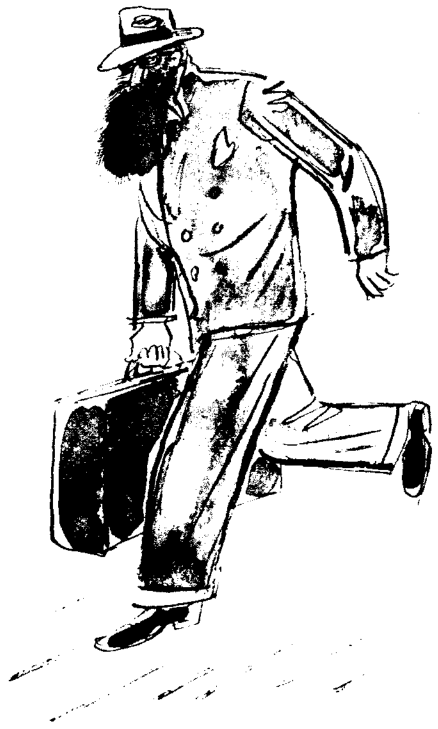
By CARL BUCHELE



Buy some false whiskers, dye your hair and run for the nearest hotel

WHEN recently I found myself in the home town of my old friends, Jake and Cassie Yodeler, my first impulse was to dart into the handiest telephone booth and chirrup, "Guess who this is!" That way, I would get myself invited to a dandy dinner, a pleasant evening of canasta and lemonade and a Sleepy-Tight mattress. But I didn't.

I went out, instead, and bought myself some false whiskers, dyed my hair indigo, donned dark glasses and sprinted to the nearest hotel.

It is not that advancing age and an acid condition have made me unsocial—just that I have promised myself not to get trapped into overnight-guesting again until there is a law requiring breakfast-hour declarations by the host. A guest simply never knows when he is going to eat. In the morning, that is.

The time for lunch and dinner is announced candidly enough—even emphasized with a meaning look. But breakfast? That remains a playful little secret. And even among the folks you have been foisting yourself off on for years there is a charming flexibility in the porridge hour which no well-bred stomach can brook.

Forewarned, a guest could pack a box of dry cereal in with his lavender-striped pajamas and spare toothbrush. Or he could just veto the invitation.

Concerning everything else, your hosts will brief you thoroughly. They will tell you how to use the shower without parboiling the hide. They will route you to the bathroom so as not to splinter a femur banging into the phone stand in the dark, and alert you about roller skates on the stairs and tadpoles in the drinking glass. They may even point out the extra blanket in case it turns cold in the night. But you simply cannot pin one of them down as to when they will gather around the bacon and eggs.

"Oh, any old time," they will say with cunning evasiveness, if you are careless enough to mention the topic after catching your hostess trying to hide a yawn behind the back of her hand.

If the facts were only known, this absence of frankness about the morning chow would rank high in the causes of week-end adult delinquency expressed in raids on goldfish bowls and, in some understandable instances, baffling murders.

Let us examine cases. The last time I charmed the Yodelers with my week-end company, I awoke at 8:05, a respectable hour, with a fierce appetite gnawing beneath my pajama cord. A diplomatic query about breakfast having been skillfully parried the night before while we snacked upon salami-on-rye-with-pickle sandwiches, I wondered whether I was late, early or just at the happy medium.

Slipping into my frayed bathrobe and beaded Indian moccasins, I moseyed down the hall and leaned over the banister in hope of catching the pleasant sounds of coffee burbling and country ham sizzling. I cleared my throat lustily. But there was no answering, "Yoo hoo! Hurry down and have some delicious flapjacks and real maple sirup and don't bother to shave."

At 9:40, there still being no signs of life, I decided to see if the Yodelers had by any chance been neatly bludgeoned in their sleep by some former guest. Quietly I made my way to their bedroom door—quietly, that is, except for the crashing over of the telephone stand and the clatter of roller skates bouncing down the stairs. I thought this might bring action, but these small noises did nothing to disturb the fitful two-tone snoring which came from my hosts' chamber.

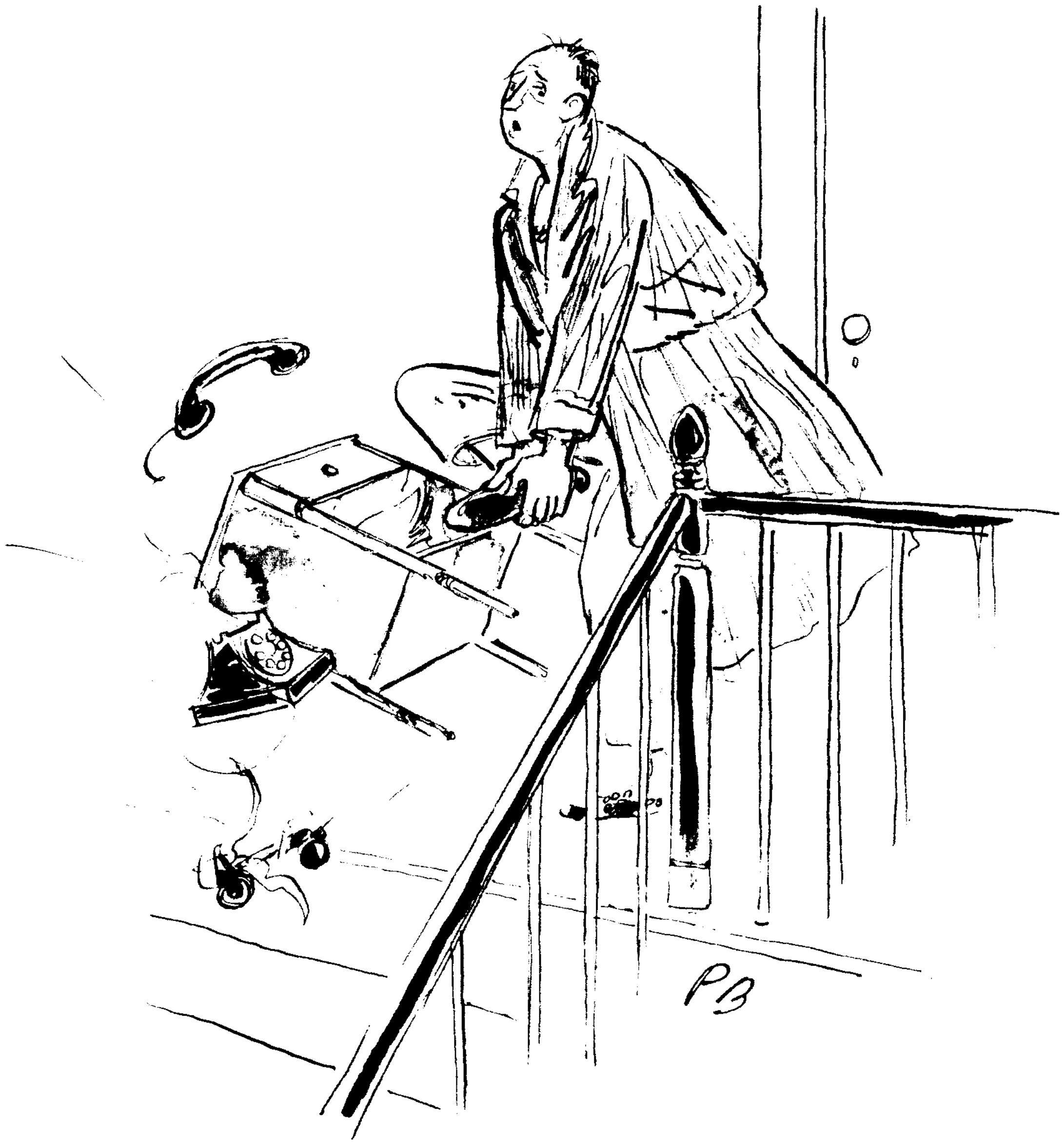
At eleven o'clock I tussled with the temptation to nibble on the luscious candlewick bedspread and compromised for three Grimes Golden apples and a box of cheesies which I filched from the kitchen, just to tide me over.

I was swallowing the last apple seed when host Yodeler tapped discreetly on my door. "Hate to wake you up, old man," he chortled a little too pleasantly, I thought, "but Cassie will have the ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes going in a jiffy."

As he trotted off, whistling, I looked about for a blunt instrument.

When I stayed overnight with the Yodelers the time before that, I was awakened at 6:25 A.M. "Soup's on!" Cassie was purring through the keyhole. "We thought it would be a nice morning to get up early and pick wild flowers."

Do I make myself understood? THE END



Everything was quiet except for the crashing of the telephone stand

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

The Yellowstone Tourists Never See

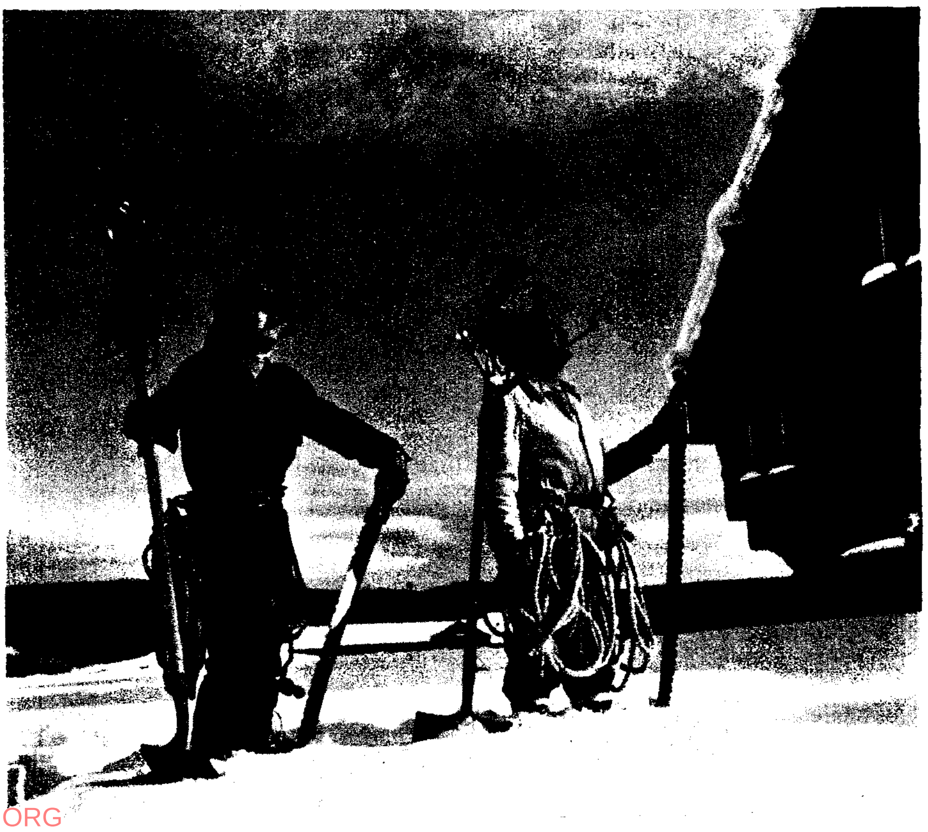
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSS MADDEN

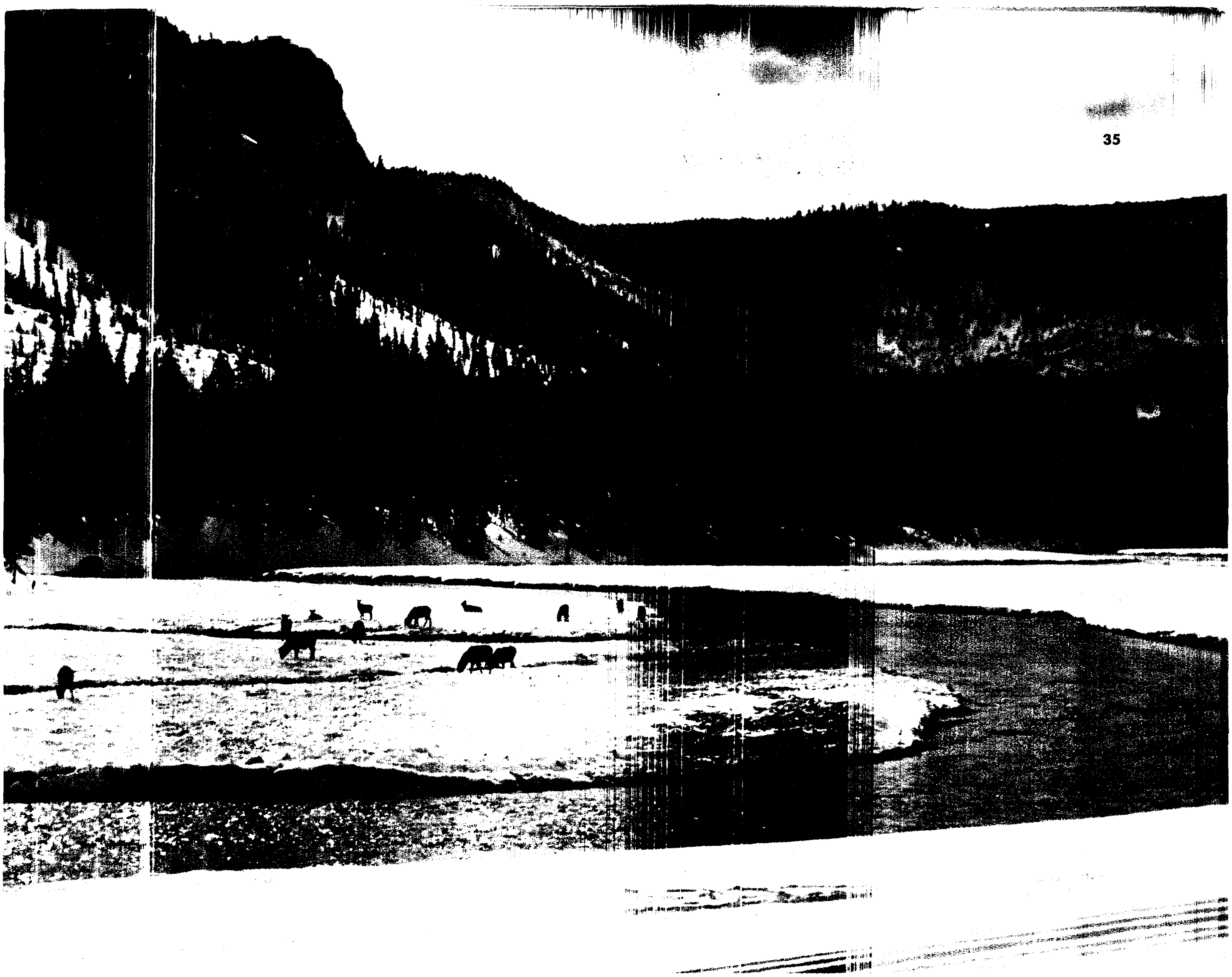
OLD Yellowstone—a constant top favorite among our great national parks—was visited by 1,133,000 tourists last year. This year, even more are expected. But there is a Yellowstone tourists never see—Yellowstone under the mantle of winter. In the long, snowy months, the silent stretches of the park (more than 2,000,000 acres in three states—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho) are left to a few caretakers and to its serene wild life. In winter, more elk, deer, bighorn sheep, antelope and buffalo can be seen than in the tourist season. And "Old Faithful," as always, shoots its steaming stream into the cold sky—but only a few year-round inhabitants are there to see it. THE END

Target for several million snapshots a year is Old Faithful in eruption. Only a few snow-plane visitors and occasional deer and buffalo ever get to see the great geyser with frost

Caretaker Earl Kelley and his wife, Pauline, are comfortable but isolated in winter. Park's officials frown on feeding animals summers, but friendly game beg food in cold months

Important winter assignment of park caretakers is shoveling snow from roofs of lodges and hotels. Kelley and an assistant don special gear to loose snow which drops in half-ton chunks



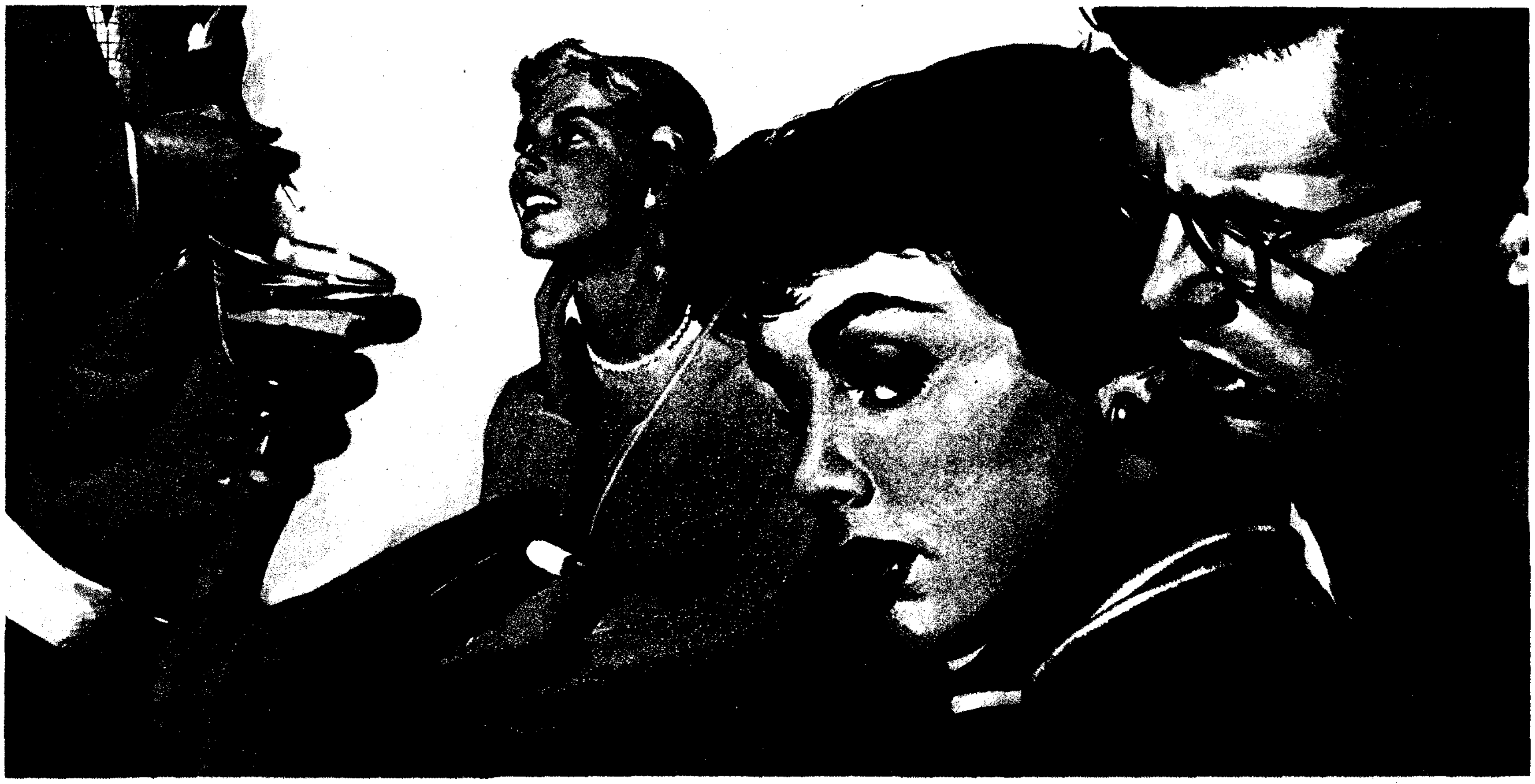


Herd of Yellowstone elk follows along the bank of the Madison River and grazes. They feed on underwater plants as well

Snow planes move down the street to the West Yellowstone entrance to the park. Located on the western boundary this is the favorite summer gateway to one of our greatest national parks

WEST ENTRANCE
Modern
CABINS

Bitter weather finds buffalo hanging around the hot pools and geyser basins. Steam takes off chill and melts snow on the ground nearby, exposing forage for animals to find



"Is that guy annoying you?" the bespectacled young man said. "Shall I slug him?"

Life of the Party

By WILLIAM BRANDON

T WAS a very fine party. The only thing wrong with it, Nancy thought, was that it wasn't any fun. She couldn't understand that, but she couldn't help it, either.

The bespectacled young man said in her left ear, "I was the brightest aerodynamic in the whole class. And now what?"

A girl with orange hair sat on the little candy-striped bar and sang, "Hurray, hurray, my father's gonna be hung," accompanying herself upon a lute.

The earnest young man in tweeds said in Nancy's right ear, "But when you do catch one you hold him up by the tail. Now an armadillo has no teeth and his mouth can't hurt you but he has claws. Now while you carry him, holding him up by the tail, he begins to wriggle, like this, like a fat woman doing the hula."

"Eight million families see them every morning," the bespectacled young man said.

Nancy sighed.

"My airplanes, I mean," the bespectacled young man said gloomily. "My designs. I couldn't sell them anyplace else, so this advertising agency prints them on cereal boxes. Little kids cut them out and put them together. That's my success. Let me get you a drink."

"He keeps on wriggling," the young man in tweeds said, "and pretty soon he's able to swing himself up and gash you with his claws. So while you're carrying one you have to keep unwriggling him. Every few seconds you crank him the other way around. You go along jerking your arm round and round like this. As if you're driving a streetcar. Did you ever see a man drive a streetcar? You know, the little gizmo they whip round and round? No, you're too young. . . You're a lovely listener, Sally."

"Lydia," Nancy said.

"Let me get you a drink, Lydia," the earnest young man said earnestly. "I feel that I want to do something for you. That's odd, isn't it, on such short acquaintance? What can I do for you, Lydia?"

Nancy was tempted to offer a frank suggestion. The aerodynamic said in her left ear, "Is that guy annoying you? He is me. Shall I slug him?"

If she held his glasses, Nancy thought, they could all slug each other. It was an engaging idea.

"Let me get you something, Lydia," the earnest young man said.

Tom Birdwell came toward them through the people. Nancy waved at him and caught a glimpse of herself, waving, in the mirror at the end of the bar. She didn't look at all grim, she thought. She looked the way she always did at a party, gay and excited and, to be frank about it, exceedingly pretty.

"I'm going to get you something, Lydia," the earnest young man said with intense resolution.

"Why don't you both get something?" Nancy said.

The aircraft designer and the earnest young man started up together and walked around each other rather carefully and went away.

The girl on the bar sang:

"He was awful mean to me when I was very young,
So hurray, hurray, my father's gonna be hung!"

Several people clapped, but the girl kept on singing.

"Hi," Tom said, taking Nancy's hands. "Where's the professor?"

"Oh, busy professing," Nancy said lightly. "He's up for his doctorate, you know, and he's got so much stuff to do."

"Yeah, I know," Tom said. "So you've had your first battle."

"We haven't either had a battle. Should I just stay at home forever and watch him beat his head against his darned old books? All my nice clothes just hang there. I haven't worn them since we were married."

"If you'd married me," Tom said, "I'd whale you if you went out without me."

"Just to a little cocktail party? You would not. Anyway, Steve didn't. Or he won't, or I mean he wouldn't. He was so sweet I could have cried. He knows how dull it can be for me out there at the school, and he knows how fabulous Alice's parties are, and he wanted me to come in for a while and just enjoy myself. He really did, honest."

"He lied in his teeth."

"But I'm not enjoying myself," Nancy said unhappily. "I'm miserable."

"So is he, if that's any comfort."

"He isn't anything of the kind. He's so deep in his integrals he doesn't even know I'm not there. And why should I be miserable? It's so silly. You know how I've always loved parties so. And now all of a sudden it's different. It's so different it scares me, because I can't understand why."

"You're growing up."

"That's nice and glib but I don't think it means anything. I can remember what a big thing a party was to me when I was little, but can't a grownup still feel the same way? I always have up till now. It was as if parties were what you lived the rest of your life for. You always expected something—oh, something so exciting you'd find yourself catching your breath. And now suddenly that's all gone."

The girl on the bar was singing something new:

"Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?"

"You expected what?" Tom asked.

"I don't know. That's just it, it was something you couldn't put any words to. It was just the way you felt at a party."

"Oh, be as others are to me
Or let me be more to thee"

"Philosophy yet," Tom said, and shrugged. "Let me get you a drink."

Nancy saw for a moment, between the groups of talking people, a half-turned head and shoulder at the far end of the room, at the door, and her breath caught in her throat. The inexplicable feeling, the sparkling feeling of a party she had been trying to describe to Tom, came upon her in a rush, and she knew suddenly what it was she had been expecting, through all the pleasant parties through all the pleasant years of growing up.

"Why, looky here," Tom said. "Steve came over after all. He's just coming in." THE END

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'Everything's Made for Love'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and them lovely children livin' down there in that fine ole mansion in the finest country God ever made, and yo' lovely ole mother, God bless her, and yo' father, the finest man in the county exceptin' yo'self of course, you ole hound-dog you. Give my love to yo' sister Marylou, the sweetest gal in Dixie, and her smart husband Pitney and, say, tell that Pitney that I'm sendin' him the finest fruitcake he ever sank one of his ole teeth into . . ."

This goes on at the top of the resonant Boykin voice but doesn't interfere in the least with shouts of welcome to incoming strollers nor of farewell to the departing. Sometimes Boykin pauses for split seconds in the monologue, indicating that the party on the other end of the line has made a feeble attempt to say something. If he accepts a dinner invitation he may get his chance to talk. It is nothing at all for Mr. Boykin to have arranged by half past ten in the morning for a "nice li'l ole private dinner" with six or eight of his dear friends, and to sit down that evening with 20.

There have been times, they say, when several Alabamians he has never seen before have presented themselves at dinner, Boykin having invited them with furious enthusiasm during what they had started as a strictly impersonal telephone call. Boykin is so deeply in love with mankind as a whole that he takes it for granted that he knows *you* even if you've never heard of *him*.

Among the trophies in his office are scores of firearms, mostly relics—firelocks, matchlocks, flintlocks, percussion caps, muzzle-loading squirrel rifles six feet long, blunderbusses with bell mouths, dueling pistols, pepperbox revolvers and combined knife-and-pistols for close-up work. Nearby is an egg of the extinct great auk. Next to it is a bit of curved iron labeled as an oxshoe found on the Oregon Trail. Scattered at random is such miscellany as a bottle of sand from the Normandy beachhead, slivers and hunks of shrapnel from North Africa, Italy and the Pacific Islands, cups and saucers from long-remembered banquets, vases of fragrant memory, and metal and clay statuettes of people, horses and dogs.

Boykin also displays a pair of spurs which he says were clamped to the heels of Jesse James when that tired outlaw was shot to death while hanging pictures in his St. Joseph, Missouri, cottage. Several unwary souls have expressed doubt that Jesse would be wearing spurs while so domestically engaged. By the time Boykin had done with them they were perfectly willing to admit that Jesse had not only been wearing spurs but had been hanging pictures on horseback.

Persistence Wins Debates

Boykin employs the same technique in his rare verbal forays on the floor of the House of Representatives. By preference a cloakroom, committee-room and dinner-table worker, he makes very few speeches in Congress. But such fellow legislators as do tangle with him see to it that the experience is not repeated. By the time Boykin is finished interrogating and answering his opponent, the latter finds that the original subject of debate has been abandoned, if not wholly forgotten, and that he is miles away from what he started talking about.

Boykin is known in the House as a conservative conservative. At heart he's a Dixiecrat, but in the back of his shrewd mind there is nothing but realism. He wants no truck with newfangled Deals—New or Fair. The Fair Employment Practices proposals are nonsense, he says, and he'll have no part of them. However, if there are any federal moneys for relief, roads, canals or schools (provided there are no federal strings attached), he'll see to it that southern Alabama gets her share.

His interest in international affairs is just about microscopic. He says he has no desire to see either Europe or Asia, even on a Congressional junket, because there is too much of America that he hasn't yet surveyed. In his considered opinion, the Tennessee-Tombigbee waterway project connecting Birmingham and Mobile—for which the government is paying an estimated $169,000,000—is far more important to the world than anything you'll find traveling eastward from London to Formosa. If it weren't for the tung oil, sweet-potato starch, aluminum, cotton, timber and turpentine industries of southern Alabama, he might find time to ponder on foreign problems. As it is, Boykin is just a home-folks statesman, and has been ever since he first became a congressman in 1935 as a result of a special election.

He has fathered relatively little legislation in his 14 years on the Hill. One is the Boykin Act, passed in 1946, to clear up the confusion growing out of the pooling of patents during the war. He was in large degree responsible for the Ship Sales Act, to dispose of surplus merchant ships after the war (but not to give them away to foreign countries).

"No, it's not a robbery—just the boss looking for something after we left last night!"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

On the whole, however, Boykin is the kind of representative who works with people rather than with legislation. He is not a deep student of committee reports, but once he has lined up what he considers his side, he takes off immediately on a person-to-person campaign. One of his colleagues, describing him as an "operator, not a law-writer," says: "He's a terrific table-to-table campaigner, a great fellow for bear hugs and haymaker slaps on the back, and a swell entertainer at dinner. He overwhelms me with words and energy, and sometimes I give in rather than resist his tremendous exuberance."

It is this incredible energy, plus his personal popularity as dispenser of good will and soother of ruffled feelings, that give Boykin his special brand of influence in Congress.

Boykin was born sixty-five years ago in Bladon Springs, Choctaw County, Alabama, a wide place in the road which has yet to get its name on a map. All the classroom education he ever got was absorbed there in a one-room school directed by a remarkable lady, still alive, Miss Ruth Turner. Miss Ruth reported that to try to keep Frank in a schoolroom was about as futile as trying to force an elephant into a cracker barrel.

Even then there was a solid affinity between Frank and dogs. In the presence of Miss Ruth's father, Dr. Matt Turner, the lad became lyrical about a stray mutt that had attached itself to him—the finest rabbit dog, young Boykin said, in America. Dr. Matt doubted it, offered the boy 10 cents for every rabbit he caught. The very next morning Frank appeared with 40 rabbits in which the dog manifested no interest whatever. Dr. Matt coughed several times, parted with $4 and then and there predicted that Frank Boykin would in one way or another become a great man.

At the age of eight, Frank went to work on the Alabama, Tennessee and Northern Railroad as a construction gang water boy at 35 cents a day. He went to work at this tender age because, he says, if there had been any prize in those days for being poor, his family would have won going away. He was just a one-bucket water boy until the foreman said that they'd have to hire another because one bucket was not enough at a time. Frank made himself a shoulder yoke, suspended a bucket from each end and became a two-bucket water boy at 70 cents a day. The spring was half a mile away and he had to make 10 round trips a day.

The A.T. and N. was then a narrow-gauge logging road running out of the piney woods in Washington County to Mobile—two trains a day. It was operating on a shoestring. Anyone working for it was supposed to do anything from carrying water to conductoring and dispatching. Boykin must have been twelve years old when they made him dispatcher and conductor. In no time worth reckoning, he had intimate knowledge of every inch of the railroad and was on nickname familiarity with everyone living within miles. He was almost fourteen when he became a sort of roving assistant and intelligence service to the president of the line, John T. Cochrane, and the general manager, Charles Duke. The Messrs. Cochrane and Duke were overalled gentlemen who frequently could be seen doing gang duty personally on the road.

At Fairford, Washington County, then the center of the logging, there was a commissary owned by the Seaboard Manufacturing Company of Kansas City. From the railroad young Frank was getting almost $15 a week. To augment this sum he worked in the Seaboard store between railroad duties. He not only worked in it, he slept in it, thereby assuring 24-hour service. Already the energetic Boykin of today was emerging. While riding the leisurely logging train through the piney woods, the lad not only ballyhooed the store as the best, cheapest, most accommodating and most generously stocked commissary north of Mobile, but took orders as he rolled. Orders taken by him on any given day were delivered at trackside next day.

Because he thus outsold all the other salesmen, he was made manager of the store at the ripe age of fifteen. Being manager called for some knowledge of bookkeeping. The rising Boykin knew nothing about that, but he did know something about a fellow who had been keeping the store's accounts.

He knew that this employee had had deep pockets built into his clothes and that in them he was nightly carrying off several dollars' worth of merchandise.

Teach Bookkeeping—or Else

Young Boykin asked the wretch to choose: Either he might stay on and teach his new boss bookkeeping at night, or go to jail forthwith. The fellow stayed—until the new manager had learned how to keep the books.

In his growing acquaintance with the people of Washington County, Boykin learned that there were thousands of acres of timberland that could be bought for loose change per acre. Merely to lease pine acreage was even cheaper. His unquenchable industry had made him a first-class credit risk. With the money he had saved and what he could borrow he was all set, at sixteen, to go into business on his own when the Seaboard people sold the store.

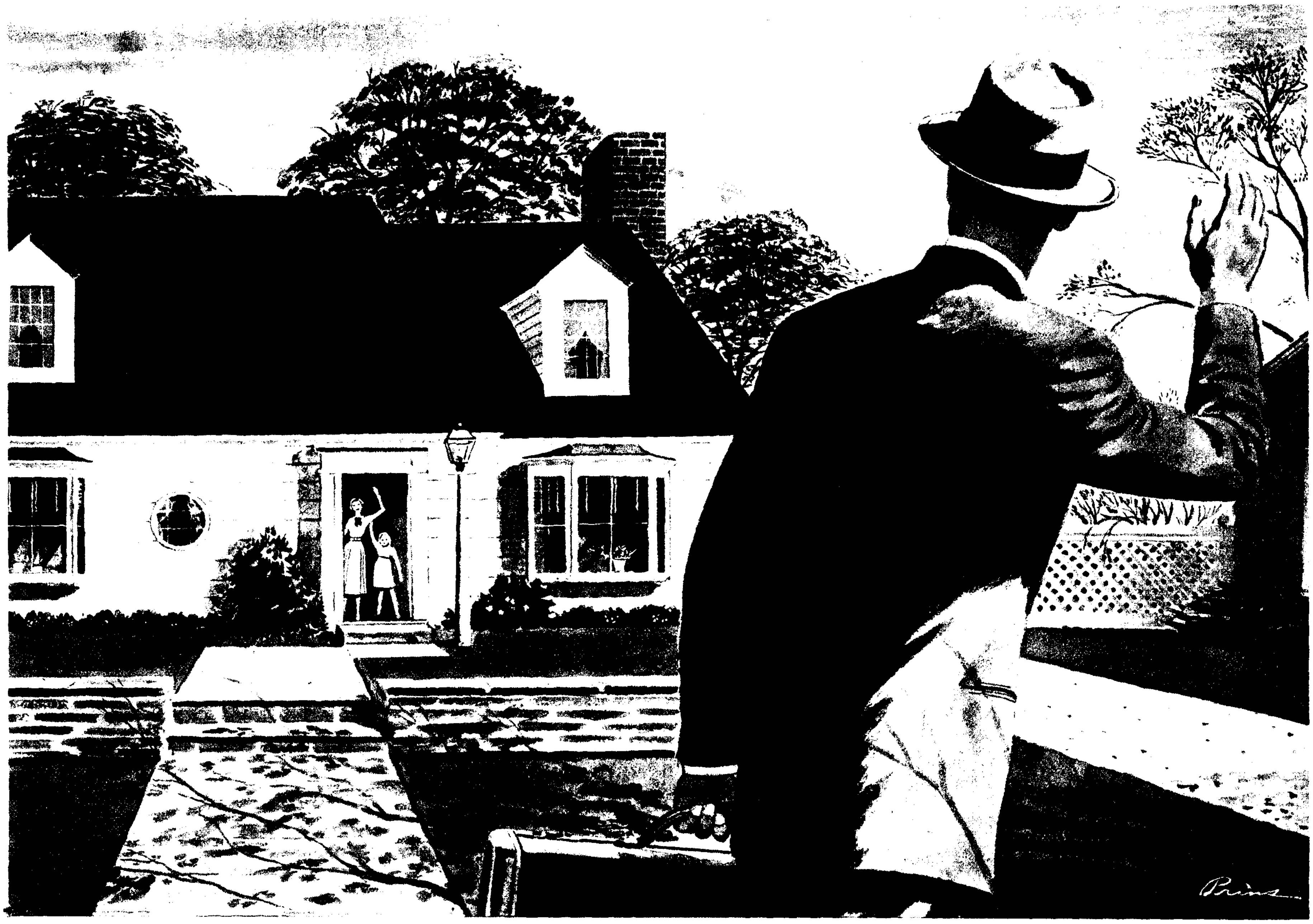
He moved a little farther south, to Calvert, Alabama. There on leased land he set up a sawmill, cut railroad ties, built the first brick building the county had ever seen (people came for miles to view this wonder) and set up a general store and laid out dormitories for railroad men. The amazing Mr. Boykin was on his way. At eighteen, 10 years after he had toted his first water bucket for 35 cents a day, he wangled a large crosstie and lumber order out of the Southern Railroad. To his sawmill, his store, dormitory and lumber company he added a naval supplies business—turpentine and resin.

It was while this piney woods phenomenon was getting this project going that he decided he'd add a wife to his increasing responsibilities.

The beautiful Miss Ocllo Gunn was not at all surprised by the way he proposed to her. Miss Ocllo's parents were "quality folk." While admiring the energetic young man who was rushing their daughter, they were far from warm about it. Miss Ocllo, however, was quite enthusiastic.

One day Frank received a note from her saying that she would be on the A.T. and N. (which now carried regular passengers) and would pass through his turpentine camp. At the first toot of the locomotive's whistle down the line, Frank mounted his horse and galloped the length of the train until he spotted Miss Ocllo. He leaped from the horse to the platform of her car, dashed in, proposed, was accepted, dashed out, leaped from the train, retrieved his horse and rode back to his turpentine shouting Everything's Made For Love—all in 25 minutes. They have lived happily ever since.

Today Boykin owns about 150,000 acres of southern Alabama's piney woods, exclusive of his 17,000-acre game preserve. His land extends for 40 miles on either side of the A.T. and N. Railroad. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, he drinks ceremoniously from the spring from which he toted water 57 years ago. He bought the game preserve from a man who was such an ardent Democrat that he posted it with signs warning Republicans not to trespass. When Boykin took over he removed the



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ban and substituted Everything's Made For Love.

Lumber, real estate, turpentine and resin have made the A.T. and N.'s former water boy a very rich man. He still talks about a breakfast he served on his game preserve to 110 guests. The menu consisted of fruit, sausage, hot cakes, grits, bacon, toast, biscuits, ham with red gravy, honey in the comb, venison, coffee, tea and milk.

But there was no bear meat. Bear meat recently got Mr. Boykin into the newspapers. A beekeeper living on Mr. Boykin's land surprised a large bear raiding his hives. He shot the brute and presented the carcass to the congressman, who promptly reduced it to chops and steaks and tucked it away in his freezer. At once the game wardens arrested both of them, bear killing being illegal in Alabama.

Boykin promptly gave the bear meat to a Mobile hospital where, under his expert guidance as an issue-confuser, the controversy was switched to how best to cook a bear—with or without vinegar and how much. Virtually everybody in southern Alabama got into the argument, including the courts.

The judge who eventually heard the original complaint threw all persons concerned out of court and that was that.

Last August the bountiful Boykin gave a testimonial dinner in Washington for his friend Speaker Sam Rayburn. Some 750 guests were in attendance. It started off with a buffet consisting of salmon, venison, elk, bear, turkey, antelope and 'coon, possum and taters from Alabama's First District, where Everything's Made For Love," plus Scotch, bourbon and champagne.

After that they sat down to dinner. This consisted of shrimp, turtle soup, steak with mushrooms, broccoli, potatoes, carrots, salad with Roquefort dressing, ice cream and coffee, plus Scotch, bourbon, champagne and brandy. The affair cost Mr. Boykin about $16,000, and he didn't arise from bed and begin dictating letters next morning until almost eight o'clock, and didn't even get to the Washington dog pound. He attributes this sloth to the fact that he isn't as young as he used to be.

When he was very young, before he got that water-boy job, he asked his Grandmother Boykin what his name meant.

"It means what it says," replied Granny. "It means Boy kin. Git out and do."

You see what happened. THE END

Here Comes a Cop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

wants every cop to know the people on his beat as though they were his own relatives; to know every alley, stoop and clump of bushes as he'd know his own back yard.

"A policeman can be walking past an alley and hear a noise. Maybe it's just a cat tipping over a garbage can—or maybe it's someone jimmying a lock!" says Fallon. "Or he can be walking along his route and see a stranger poking about—and recognize in two seconds that he doesn't belong there and may be up to no good. Or, again, he knows Mr. Jones, the grocer, and he knows that Mr. Jones leaves a light over the safe at night. Why isn't it on? Maybe something's wrong. . . . That's the way a route man works. He develops a nose for trouble. He can put two and two together."

Patrolman Patrick J. Fallon (no relation to the police superintendent) put two and two together rather neatly on April 30, 1949. He was walking his beat in the Valley section of Charlestown, a route he's covered steadily for 16 years. He had been weaving in and out of some of those tightly packed blocks in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument when he chanced to stop outside the Massachusetts State Prison and chat with Warden John H. O'Brien. As they were talking a man ambled by and called, "Hello, Warden, remember me?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't make you," said the warden.

"I spent a little time with you," the man continued.

"Oh, yes—well, how are you getting on?" the warden replied, and they chatted for a minute and the man walked on.

The Man Turns up Again

Fallon walked on, too, and a few minutes later was working along Main Street when he saw the man again. There was nothing special to it, except that all the things a beat man sees register on his brain like market quotations on a ticker tape.

At lunchtime Fallon pulled into the Charlestown Station for roll call. Captain Maurice F. Murphy called him into the office and said, "We just got a call from a woman on your route, Pat. She's got a four-year-old daughter. She says some man abused the little girl in the front hallway of their place on Main Street just half an hour ago."

"Now wait a minute—" Pat Fallon said, thinking. "Did you get a description of the man?"

"Five foot ten, 140 pounds, medium complexion, gray hat, gray topcoat," the captain said.

"I'll have him for you," said Pat.

He went back to State Prison. "Remember that fellow who talked to you this morning?" he asked Warden O'Brien. "What did you have him in for?"

O'Brien checked the records.

"Sex offender," he replied.

"Give me his picture," said Patrolman Fallon.

He took the picture to the little girl who was molested and to an older boy who also saw the man. "That's him! That's him!" they both blurted.

Back in Warden's Custody

Through prison records the man was traced to a house in Cambridge. A plant was put on the house and he was picked up within a day or two. He promptly confessed and was returned for three to five years to the care of Warden O'Brien.

"Now how in the world would you ever break a case like that without a beat man!" remarked Captain Patrick J. O'Reilly, Acting Inspector of Divisions. "They're the eyes and ears of the force."

His aide, Sergeant Leo W. Gannon, added, "Or how many *more little girls* would be abused or molested before you'd ever catch up with him!"

In East Boston, I walked the beat with Patrolman Thomas F. Meagher. The people we passed on the sidewalk were not just "people"—they were *individuals:* Jimmy and Johnny and Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Rogers, each one forming a whole, rich picture in Meagher's mind. When we came to Bremen Street and Neptune Road, he looked across at the automobile agency on the corner and remarked, "I guess the salesman's not gone out today."

"How do you know?" I asked.

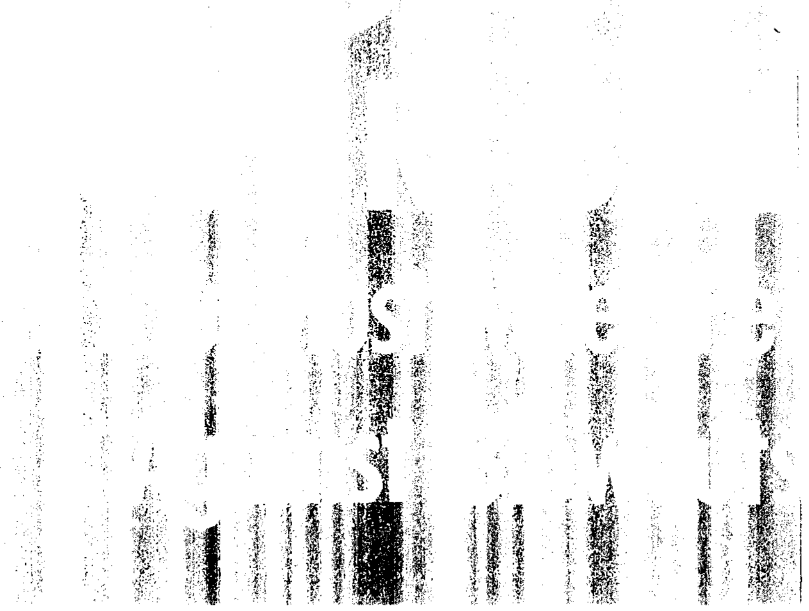
"That's his car on the side, there," Meagher replied.

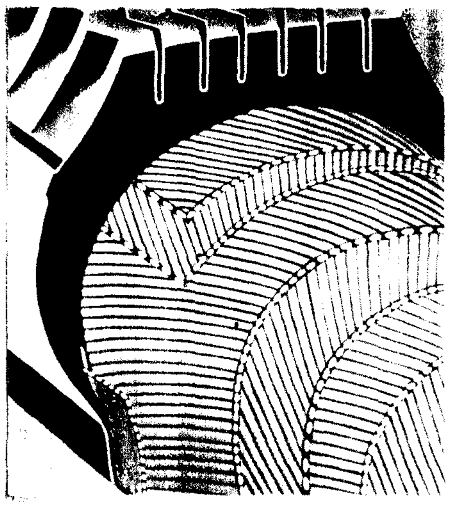
The license plate was not visible from where we stood, but he called out the number from memory.

"What about that one?" I asked, pointing to another car out in front.

"That's the mechanic's car," Meagher explained. I found there was little chance of spotting a strange car on Meagher's beat that he hadn't spotted first. "It's all part of the game," he said. "Strange cars are just as important as strange people. We've got to know what's cooking!"

Last summer there were two house burglaries on Meagher's beat. The way they were cleared up was so simple—almost ridiculously simple in this day of "crime laboratories" and "scientific detection." Some-





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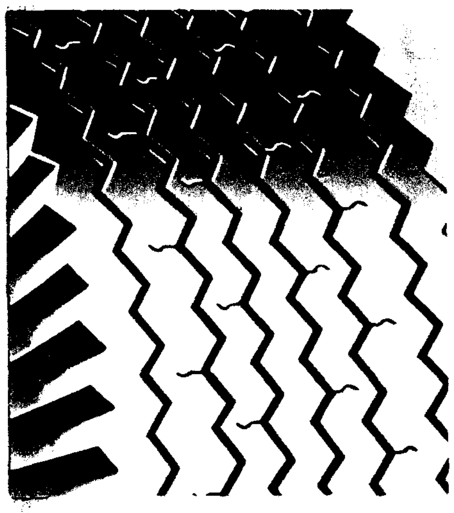

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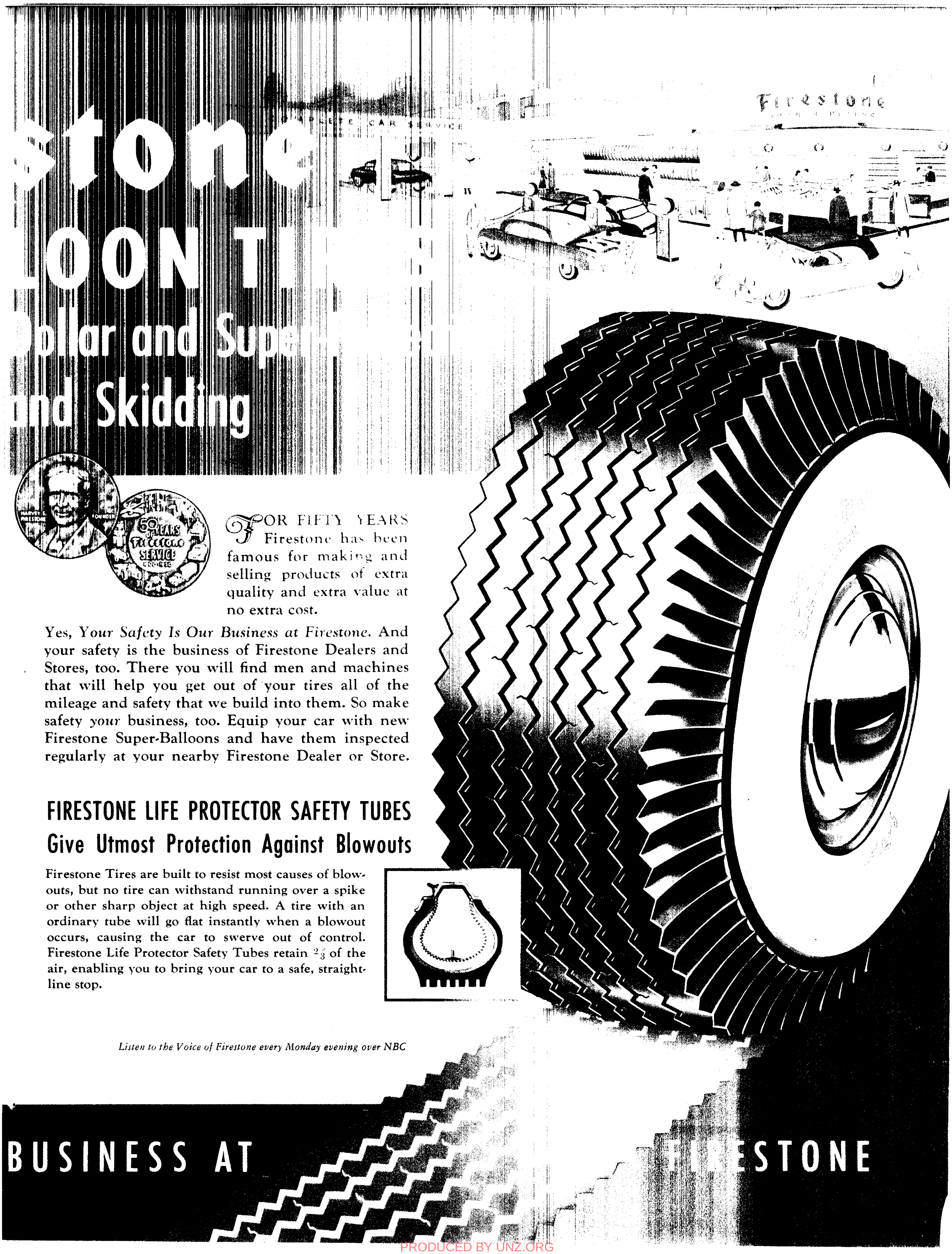

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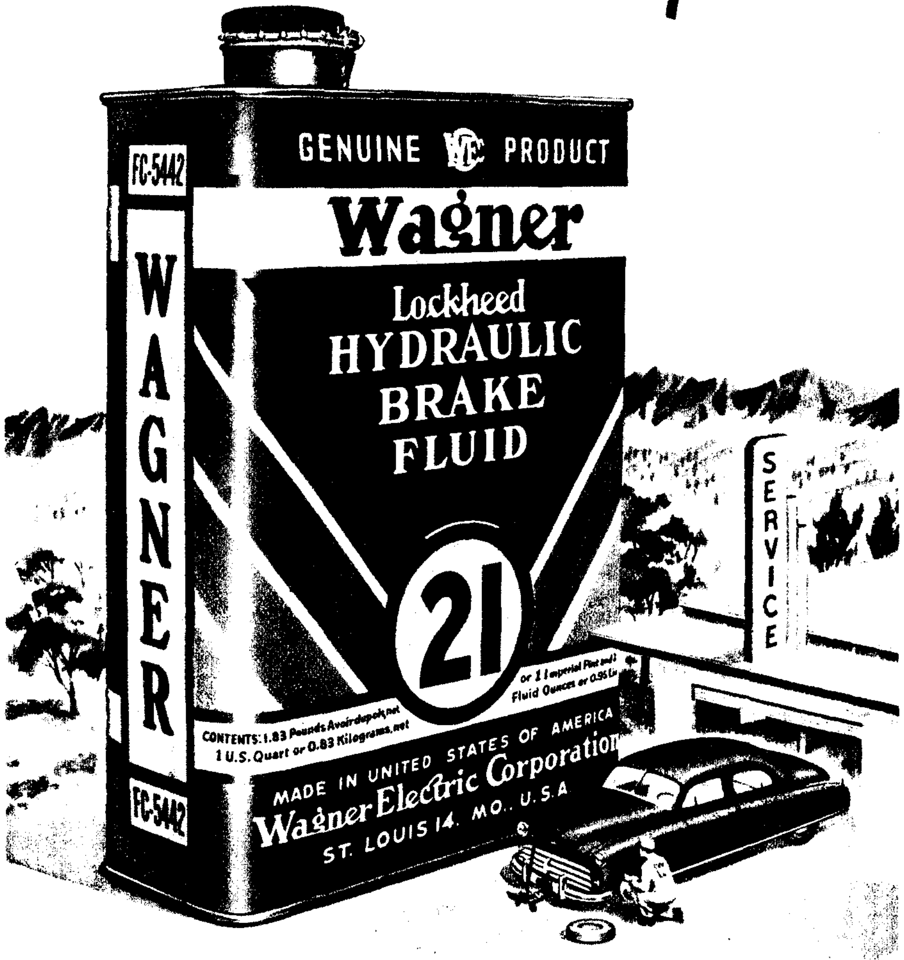
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one on the beat simply came up to Meagher and said, "Hey, Tom, I saw so-and-so coming out of one of those houses."

"Sure, that was the answer," Meagher relates. "It was a young kid. I knew him since he was a pup, and I knew his father. He came clean to me. I got him probation and then got him a job. He's making good. He's still got a 'Hi, Tom' for me whenever he sees me."

Without the personal touch of the beat man the story might have been different: detectives, interrogations, court proceedings, prison—another hardening criminal.

School Doors Are Kept Locked

In Roxbury, I accompanied Patrolman Frederick J. Barrett on a beat he has pounded for 16 years. We stopped in at the Samuel W. Mason School on Norfolk Avenue. We had to ring a doorbell to get in. Boston wisely keeps its schools locked, a protection against prowlers.

"We feel well protected here. We always know our policeman's around," said the submaster. He took Patrolman Barrett into a sixth-grade classroom and asked, "How many pupils know this officer?" Immediately, children's hands shot up all over the room.

"Yes, it's been a good six years since we've had any trouble with molestations around here," said the submaster.

Unlike some cities, Boston likes to keep its policemen on the same route as long as possible. It doesn't fear they may become overfriendly and start merchandising protection on the side. "That theory—the theory of shuffling the men around—presupposes a distrust of the men," a Boston official declared. "We trust them. If we didn't, we wouldn't have them on the force in the first place."

It takes at least five years for a man to know his beat inside out. After that, every additional year is a dividend. He keeps knowing it better and better. When the detectives need some information, they go to the beat man. When the captain wants to know *anything* about *anybody*, chances are the beat man can tell him. As Captain William H. Britt, of the East Boston Division, remarked:

"I like to go into a neighborhood and ask the route man, 'Who's that fellow over there?' He'll tell me, 'Why, that's old man Pritchard. He works nights for the electric company. Leaves the house about five, and usually gets home at one thirty. Spends Saturdays and Sundays with his daughter in Hyde Park.'

"That's why I keep a man on the same route. The longer he's there the more responsible he feels for 'his people.' They're all his family. He has a personal stake in keeping them safe."

He also gets plenty of "information." Detective stories have led a great many people to believe that most crimes are solved through fingerprints, or dry cleaners' marks, or a random strand of hair found at the scene. Baloney. A good cop knows that an ounce of "information" is worth a bushel basket of "clues."

As one official remarked, "Solving crimes is like cooking hasenpfeffer—you've got to have the rabbit first!"

The beat man gets the rabbit. People tell him things because they know him—and trust him. Imagine a citizen with "information" hailing a radio car and spilling his story to strangers! He's afraid of revenge. He's afraid of being "dragged into it." But if he can help out Mr. Murphy, the cop he's known since he was a kid in rompers, he'll tell his story.

"We had a case in Dorchester," Captain O'Reilly recalled. "A woman storekeeper had the information we wanted—but we couldn't get a thing out of her. She said she wouldn't talk to anybody but Harry Carlson. Harry was the route man she'd known for years." So the detectives took Harry along when they talked to her. They got their information—and they got their man.

To keep its doughfoot forces mobile, Boston has a system of "recall lights" which make it possible to contact any of its beat men at a minute's notice. Timothy A. J. Hayes, former director of the Police Signal Service, developed the recall system in 1932. Each police call box has a blinker light on top of it. The lights are so situated that a beat man, by skillful coverage of his area, can keep one of his lights in view virtually all the time. When the station wants a man, the signal-desk officer simply plugs in the appropriate circuits and sets the lights flashing.

Just for a test I pulled a name off the roster at the South End Station—Patrolman Edmund Burke—and said, "See how long it takes you to raise him." The signal officer set the lights and my watch had ticked 15 seconds when Burke called in. "Suppose you want to raise a lot of men?" I asked.

"We just light more circuits," said the signal officer. He plugged in a few wires and within three minutes 10 beat men had phoned from their boxes to find out what was up.

There are 566 recall lights throughout the city. The night of the Cocoanut Grove fire in 1942 the lights were used to alert more than 100 beat men, who were picked up at their call boxes by radio cars and patrol wagons and rushed to the scene for emergency duty.

In January, 1949, when a wild hoodlum who had shot a man and attempted to rape a girl was at large in the South End, the lights were thrown on and 40 beat men were dispatched to the area to form a dragnet. They kept closing in, drawing the net tighter, until finally the criminal was cornered on the fourth floor of an apartment house. He shot himself as a police sergeant walked in with drawn revolver.

This is another of Collier's Terror in Our Cities reports

Any Bostonian can flash the signal lights if he needs a cop. He simply walks up to a call box, twists the handle, and the lights flash. This is called a "citizen's alarm." At Castle and Washington streets, I pulled a test alarm at Box 38. The light—and all other lights in the area—spelled out "thirty-eight," flashing first three times, then a pause, then eight times more. This was to warn all beat men and police cars that a citizen was calling for help at Box 38. A beat man was the first to reach the scene. He got there in 11 seconds. Twenty seconds later a radio car arrived, and, eight seconds after that, a patrol wagon.

It is a nice feeling to know that wherever you are in Boston there is a speedy way to get police help if you need it. Any observer on the sidewalk who sees something suspicious can pull a police alarm just as readily as he'd pull a fire alarm if he saw flames.

A Holdup on Tremont Street

At nine forty-five on a Monday night I was riding in a police car when the radio rapped out the report of a holdup on Tremont Street. A man had entered a variety store, threatened the woman in charge, and scooped $55 out of the register. "The suspect is a white man, wearing a leather jacket, five foot seven, 160 pounds, with a scar on the left side of his face," crackled the radio. Several times during the next hour repeat descriptions came sputtering through.

It was the old story. A criminal at large. We passed hundreds of men as we cruised town in the radio car. But you can't see a scar on a man's face from a moving car. Nor can you see anyone "acting suspiciously" when you rumble by at 25 miles an hour.

Young Patrolman Francis X. MacPherson, not yet two years on the force, was walking his beat near Tremont Street that evening. He saw his light at Tremont and Dartmouth flashing, and he called in. About the same time we were getting the stick-up report on the radio, MacPherson got it over his call box from the South End Station. He, too, got the description—"White man . . . leather jacket . . . five seven . . . one sixty . . . scar left side of face."

MacPherson noted these details and proceeded on his beat. Every man he saw was matched against that description. Every whit of suspicious behavior was observed, with special attention to men who looked over their shoulders or took too obvious evasive action when he came along. Every cheek was given a close look for scars.

Near eleven o'clock MacPherson saw a man come out of a liquor store, look a little too carefully up and down the street, and start getting into a taxi. He wore a leather jacket. MacPherson was quickly at his side, tapping his shoulder. The man looked up.

Scar-Faced Thief Identified

"When he faced me I knew I had my man," MacPherson related. "He had that scar big as life on his face, left side." The man was quietly taken to the variety store and before MacPherson had a chance to say anything, the woman behind the counter threw up her hands and yelled, "That's the man who cleaned out my register!"

Another case was marked closed, another hoodlum removed from circulation. "If it weren't for the beat man, who knows if we'd ever have found him?" Captain Louis Di Sessa remarked.

A few days later, at roll call in Di Sessa's station house, another infantry cop was in the limelight. Patrolman Benjamin H. White stood in the ranks with his chest out about six inches while a formal commendation from Colonel Sullivan was read.

White, on the night of March 16th, was walking his beat when he heard two gunshots at Tremont and Wooster streets. He sprinted to the corner as a bystander shouted, "In the alley! He ran into the alley!"

White drew his gun and flashlight. He searched the alley, snapping his light on and off to avoid making himself an easy target. He found nothing and was making his way back to call for assistance, when a gun was jammed into his ribs and a voice rasped, "You fool!"

Taking the calculated risk that looks so easy in the movies, White came up with his hands and grabbed the gun muzzle (if the gun had gone off, it might have been a *posthumous* commendation). He wrestled the gunman back against a fence, bent him over it and held him there—one hand still on the gun muzzle—until reinforcements arrived. The man was a dangerous character, with 63 rounds of ammunition still in his pockets.

There's something of the tradition of the Canadian Mounties among Boston's beat men. They always—or almost always—"get their man." In view of exploits like MacPherson's, and White's, and Danny Connors' (Connors outran, caught and disarmed a holdup man who had put four bullets into a radio cop), it is understandable why Colonel Sullivan insists on keeping his main forces in the streets—on their feet.

One reason he can put so many cops on the beat is that his department is not top-heavy with brass. There are only three deputy superintendents, 29 captains and 65 lieutenants in a force of 2,496. Sullivan wants the bulk of the force outside fighting crime, instead of inside fighting paper.

At seventy-two, Colonel Sullivan—a public servant for 32 years and a veteran of three wars—is as fiercely independent as those earlier Bostonians who fathered independence in Faneuil Hall. Dozens of politicians and at least one newspaper do not like him. But no matter. The Boston police setup is geared for independence. The commissioner of police is appointed by the governor of Massachusetts and serves for a seven-year term, removable only on formal charges.

Sullivan is beholden neither to mayors, legislators nor politicos of any description. All the city administration has to do with the police department is pay its bills.

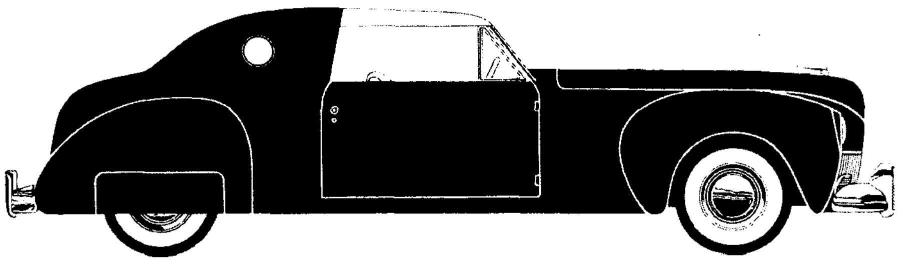
Compare this to cities where politicians dangle cops from puppet strings, where promotions are bought for cash on the barrelhead, where "unco-operative" cops are transferred to "Siberia" and "good" cops get softer jobs, where the ward leader is the invisible sovereign at the station house and a cop has to dig deep into his pocket at election time.

Recently a group of sergeant candidates were up for promotion, and Sullivan heard rumors that they were being solicited for political contributions. He called them into his office. "Don't you pay a cent!" he said. Every promotion he's made has been strictly in line with civil-service ratings.

Success Came—the Hard Way

Politics kept Sullivan out of college in 1895. He was set to enroll at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when his father, a bricklayer for the city, was thrown out of work in a change of political regimes. He learned engineering the hard way, spent more than 20 years with the railroads, and became Commissioner of Public Works in 1918. In 1922 he was appointed chairman of the Transit Commission and held that post until former Governor (now Senator) Leverett Saltonstall named him police commissioner in 1943. Rankling the politicians the way he does, it is not at all certain that

Police Superintendent Edward W. Fallon (left) and Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan keep three men on foot to every one riding



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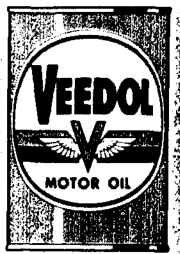

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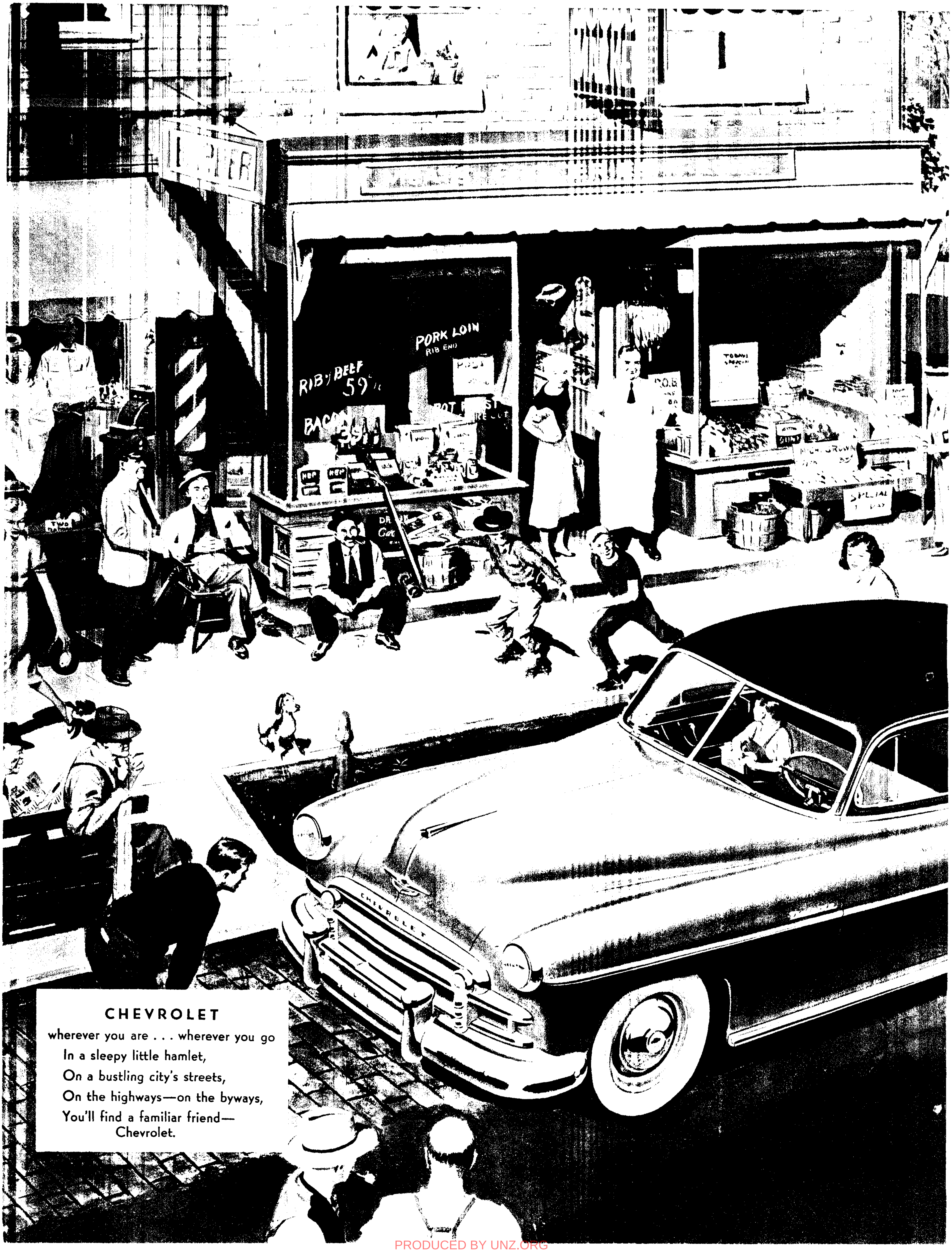
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he will be reappointed when his term expires this year.

“They say I'm old,” he remarks quietly. Boston is an old town (320 years, to be exact) and it breathes the richness of age which young, unseasoned places do not have. In its police work you do not find highfalutin labels and tricky terminology. But the *wisdom* is there. You hear little talk of “human relations,” or “racial tensions,” or “child psychology,” or “juvenile delinquency.” Yet the Boston cop is working in those areas every day of the week.

When a beat man covering a school crossing heard a mother say, “Johnny, if you don't behave I'll call the policeman,” he beckoned to Mother and Johnny and said, “Please don't talk to your child that way, madam. The policeman is his friend.” Then, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder—“You come to me any time you're in trouble, son.”

There's some kind of technical name for that—“breaking down a stereotype” maybe—but I'm sure the beat man didn't know it. He was just using a bit of ancient wisdom. Kids ought to run *to* cops, instead of *away* from them. Cop haters get to be problems later on.

When I asked a high official in the department how many Negro cops there were, he scratched his head and said, “I really don't know. Somewhere around 25, I think.”

Color Line Can't Be Drawn

No fancy theory there either—but a high order of race relations. Human beings aren't file cards, to be indexed according to color. A man isn't a policeman because he's black, or because he's white, but because he wanted to be a cop and he got the job. If I'd have asked how many redheads were in the department, the official probably would have given a similarly vague answer. No social scientist could do any better.

Delinquency? Patrolman Barrett took me down to a tatty, rubbish-strewn street on his route, a place the truant officer calls “Delinquent Alley.” He said as we strolled, “Brother, I've got my troubles on this street. The best I can hope to do is keep these kids out of court. Sometimes I can get somewhere with talking. I talk to 'em, and I talk to 'em, and I talk to 'em.

“You know, if a kid gets to like you he'll do things for you that he wouldn't do for anyone else . . . After all, most of these kids come from broken homes. They need someone to lean on.”

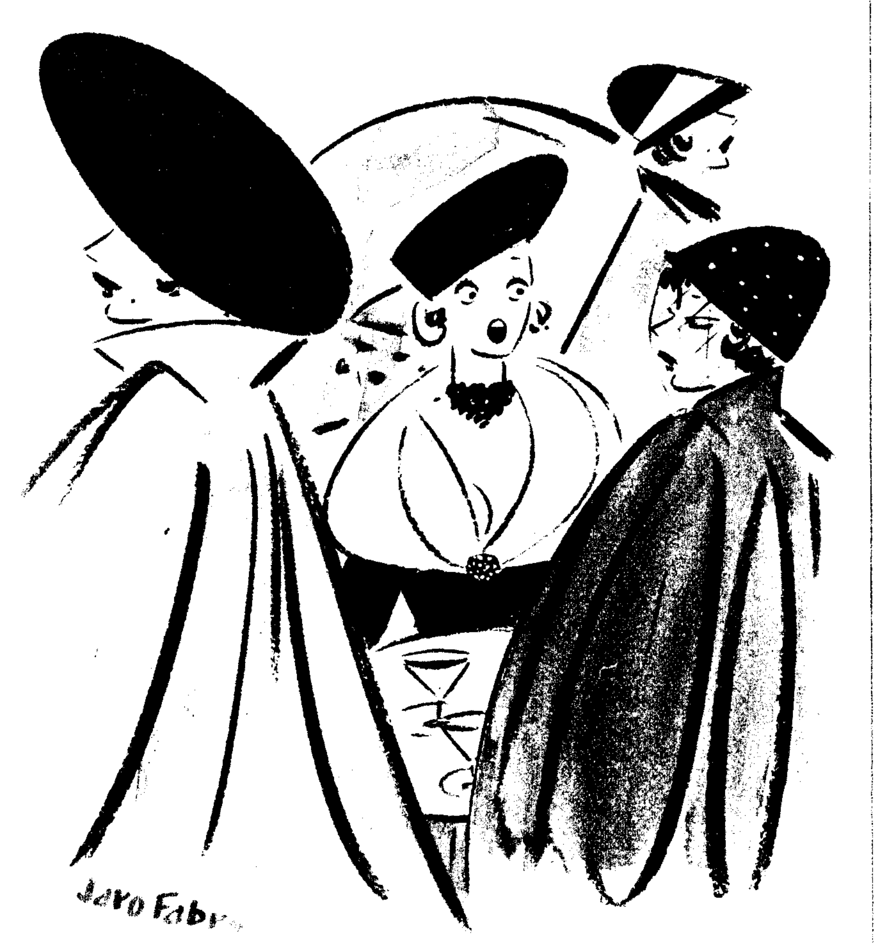
A Psychiatrist on the Beat

Barrett didn't once say “insecurity” or “rejection.” But I don't think any psychiatrist knows the impact of home and society upon those kids any better than Barrett does. He does his own rehabilitation job—gives those youngsters some of the affection and security they're starved for, and keeps as many as he can out of the crushing mill of reform school.

In the Police Academy, Captain Andrew Markhard weeds out the slightly paranoid characters who want to be policemen so they can vent their aggressions upon fellow humans. Modern psychology sometimes talks about the “police complex” or “police personality.” Boston has been on the lookout for it for years. “When a fellow wants to go around arresting everybody, we just quietly take him off the street,” said Markhard.

“When all's said and done,” he added, “police work is 90 per cent *understanding people*. You've got to remember that all the grownups were kids once, and all the kids will be grownups. Get those people to believe in you—especially those kids—and you're going to have a safer city.”

In medicine, some authorities are worrying that we've produced too many specialists and ought to bring back the all-around, understanding, competent family doctor. That's what the Boston beat man is—crime doctor for a great big family. THE END



COLLIER'S

“I'd love to go to Europe this summer
but I can't speak a word of European”

JARO FABRY

Radio's D.A.—And How He Grew

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Irwin. He too was a schizophrenic with paranoid tendencies. Don't forget that Irwin was a boyish, engaging person. Like him, you're a pleasant sort of guy until this fit comes on—a fit awful close to epilepsy. Okay, go on . . . quiet, now, until the crazy fit begins startin' in your brain."

Actors enjoy this verbal bloodletting. "It's both stimulating and relaxing," they say. They also enjoy his colorful expressions. "Now you're getting bananas stuffed with bananas," he'll tell an actor. (Translation: "You're being too melodramatic.") Or, "No, Mary—you're throwing razor blades down the Grand Canyon." ("It's ineffectual.")

He insists on realistic action, although there is no studio audience to check on the performance. If the script says that two actors are crouched behind a bush whispering together, Ed makes the actors crouch and whisper at the mike. When the script calls for rain, the actors huddle with their collars up around their ears. In love scenes, Ed's actors hold hands and kiss each other—with nobody watching but the other actors and studio workers.

UNREAL ESTATE

JOHN FISCHETTI

The trouble with castles in the air
Is that too many stay up there.

—S. H. DEWHURST

During actual broadcasting, Byron's technique is original among radio directors, most of whom sit comfortably in the control booth. Byron stands near his actors, his good-luck hat replaced by earphones so that he can hear how the program sounds to the listeners. By broadcast time, the big NBC studio is jammed with an army of people concerned with the program; Byron looks like the sports-clad conductor of a huge orchestra. He directs the entire program in the manner of a conductor, too.

Directs with Wild Gestures

He jabs a decisive finger at the sound-effects men when it's time for them to plunge a pencil through a cabbage (sound of a man being stabbed), or to break some spaghetti wrapped in a rag (sound of breaking bones). He points another fierce finger to the orchestra for its cue. He whirls, hair standing on end, to shove a forefinger toward the announcer. He becomes wild with silent signals for the actors, mouthing a scream when a shriek is due from an actress.

Several times his insistence on being on the spot with his actors has solved acute emergencies. Some years back, before Keenan Wynn became a movie star, the actor was playing a part in "Mr. D.A." Suddenly, in the middle of a violently dramatic speech made while choking a girl to death, Wynn went "dead center"—he "froze," unable to continue his lines. Byron sensed what had happened almost before Wynn's ominous silence began. He dashed up behind Wynn, planted a kick in the seat of the Wynn pants, and the actor automatically continued the interrupted speech.

Another time, actor Len Doyle got carried away by his realistic performance and aimed a punch at an actor on the other side of the microphone. His fist caught the mike, which instantly toppled over. Again, Byron moved like lightning. He made a flying tackle for the falling mike, landed on his knees—and grabbed it before it hit the floor. He righted it in time for Doyle to go on with his lines as if nothing had happened.

Byron's "Locker Room Talk" is another innovation in radio. Like the coach of a football team, he collects his actors in the last few minutes before a broadcast to deliver a sharp pep talk. He always ends by saying, "Okay, go with God and all is well."

After Salaries and Taxes

Byron sells Mr. District Attorney to its sponsors as a package show; Bristol-Myers pays him $10,000 a week for it. Out of this annual sum of $520,000, Byron pays the salaries of the actors, the orchestra, writer Robert J. Shaw and production assistant Joyce Lowinson. After paying salaries and income tax, Byron winds up with about $50,000 a year for himself. Currently, "Mr. D.A." is Byron's only radio show. It has had the same sponsor, Bristol-Myers, for over 10 years.

Byron came from Newport, Kentucky, with the full name of Edward Armour Byron. He studied at Ohio State and at the University of Cincinnati, one eye fixed on the law. But he never graduated from law school. Instead, he rushed into Cincinnati's radio station WLW at the age of twenty-two, and didn't come out again for five years. In the interim he wrote 35 radio programs a week, receiving a weekly pay check of $1 per show. Before quitting Cincinnati, he originated the famous local show The Moon River Program, still going after 20 years.

In 1932, at the age of twenty-seven, he went to New York and produced Music by Gershwin and the original Camel Caravan. By 1939 he had formed Byron Productions and launched three famous package shows—What's My Name?, Mr. District Attorney and Pot o' Gold. This last program made radio history as the first giant giveaway show.

Byron was an Army major for two and a half years, serving in the Pacific. He established Radio Guinea and later directed the G.I. rehabilitation radio series, Assignment Home. When he returned to his loud sport clothes he also returned to "Mr. D.A.," which had continued without him. He brought back with him into civilian life a bride, of whom he says, "I ain't afraid of nothin'."

By this he means that Mrs. Byron is taller than he. She is a beautiful, dark-haired wartime WAC lieutenant whom Byron met in California on his way overseas. They now have two sons, five-year-old Christopher, and Kevin, going on one. They live in Westport, Connecticut, in a ranch-style house jammed with Byron's thousands of criminal books.

Byron sometimes names the villains in "Mr. D.A." after friends who have begged for the privilege. However, these are the only real names used on the program. To avoid lawsuits, most characters are named after towns, counties or rivers. In spite of this dodge, he has been sued many times by listeners who turn out to bear atlas names. Once Byron used the name "Carlos Curva" for a diamond thief, the name Curva having been plucked from an atlas. Immediately a real-life Carlos Curva in Cuba sued, claiming that everyone in Havana thought him a jewel thief as a result of the program. "I carry heavy libel insurance on the show, and so far I've been sued $6,000,000 worth," says Byron.

Nobody has yet collected.

THE END

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The MacNaughtons chat with the Rev. Richard Steiner at Portland's First Unitarian Church. MacNaughton soon will become lay leader of the entire U.S. denomination

Mr. Mac *SHOCKS 'EM*

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

A banker who finds time to run a newspaper and a college startles people into taking another look at their opinions

WHEN the venerable but lively Ernest Boyd MacNaughton sat knee to knee at a Chinook salmon dinner with Jennie Lee, visiting member of the British Parliament, he gave the high-strung Laborite a stern lecture on the folly of stifling private initiative.

A few nights later MacNaughton, who is the Mr. Big of Oregon, the fastest-growing state in the nation, addressed a banquet of fellow business leaders in his home town of Portland. He brought them up rigidly in their seats by endorsing President Truman's proposed Columbia Valley Authority, which nearly all local business groups had been denouncing.

These verbal sorties are what MacNaughton calls "shockers." He contends it is good for people to be jolted frequently by hearing ideas that challenge their most cherished notions and prejudices. Perhaps this accounts for his stubborn shaking of his high-domed head when, from opposite slopes of the economic terrain, both the state secretary of the C.I.O. and an ex-president of the chamber of commerce urged him to run for governor of Oregon.

"A man seeking high office has to tell folks what they want to hear," replied MacNaughton. "But I get too much satisfaction out of telling them what they ought to hear."

At the sprightly age of sixty-nine, MacNaughton publishes the Pacific Northwest's biggest newspaper, the Morning Oregonian of Portland. He is chairman of the board of one of the richest banks in the region. He has won awards for outstanding work in such varied fields as racial relations and civil engineering, and now he heads ivy-mantled Reed College, a scholarly institution with an enrollment of 750, which loses football games to neighboring high schools but ranks near the top nationally in the percentage of graduates who go on to Ph.D.s.

On May 25th MacNaughton adds a further responsibility to this imposing list. He will be inaugurated at Boston as moderator of the American Unitarian Association, which means that for the next two years he will be the lay leader of this denomination in the United States.

Few people in Portland, young or old, put in a more strenuous day than MacNaughton. A familiar sight downtown is this burly, broad-shouldered man, crumpled felt hat on his head and stained raincoat flying out behind him as he shuttles back and forth between the Oregonian's new $4,200,000 building of Indiana limestone and Reed's fir-colonnaded campus.

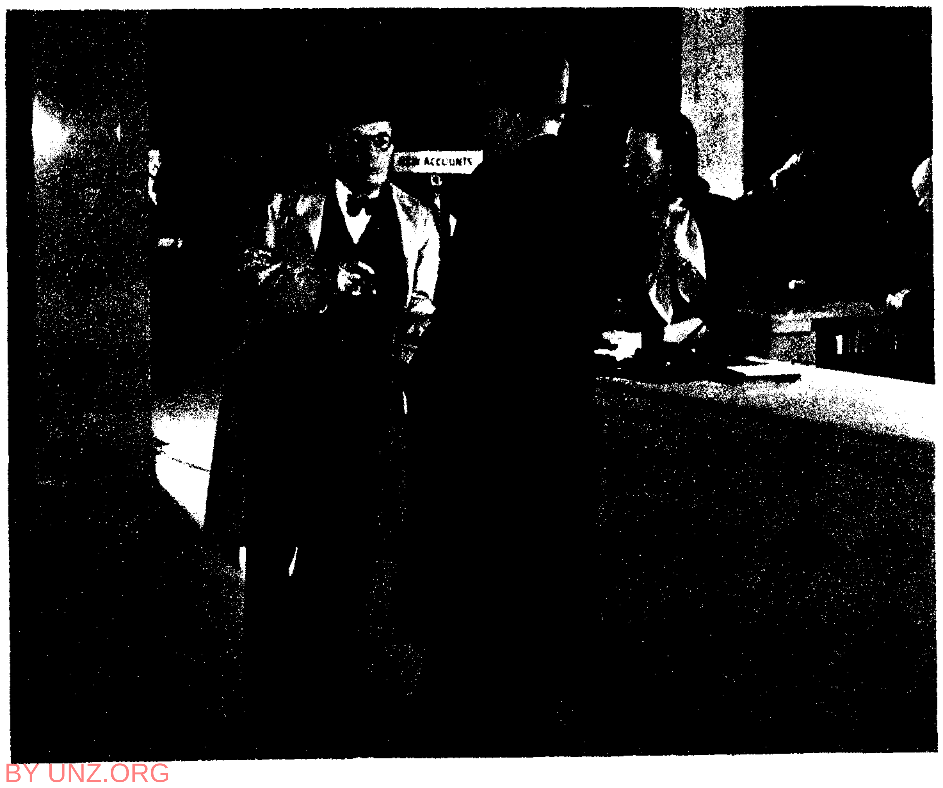
Because of his ample physique and zest for life, he once was jestingly introduced at a dinner of college alumni as "our local Winston Churchill," a comparison heightened by the fact that MacNaughton is an amateur painter, self-taught out of a textbook. His water colors won two blue ribbons last year at the Oregon State Fair.

As if this robust schedule were not sufficiently absorbing, MacNaughton also is the president of numerous corporations *(Continued on page 68)*

Mr. Mac leans over the copy desk of the Portland Oregonian. "I'm just a banker," he said when he became publisher in '48

In an ancient raincoat and felt hat, his trade-marks in Portland, Mr. Mac wanders about the bank to talk to depositors and make sure they get service

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY ATKESON



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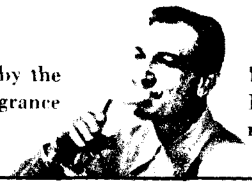
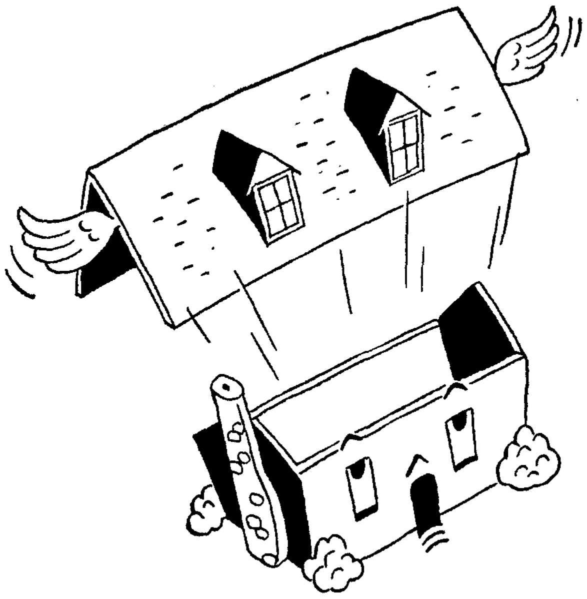


Ben's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

TUNE IN "*THE LIFE OF RILEY*" STARRING WILLIAM BENDIX, EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, NBC NETWORK • COPYRIGHT 1950, PABST BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



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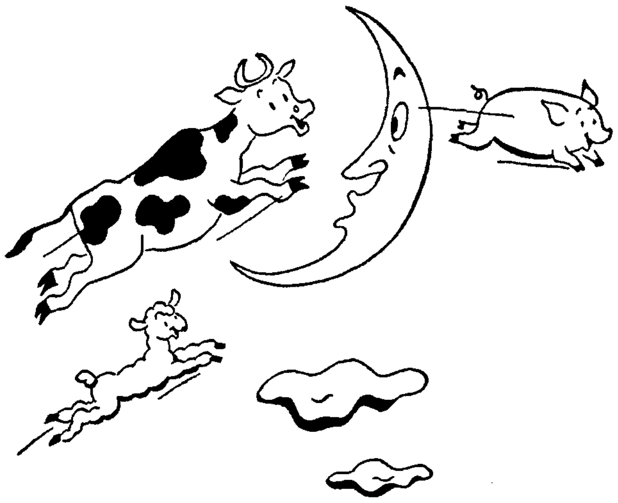

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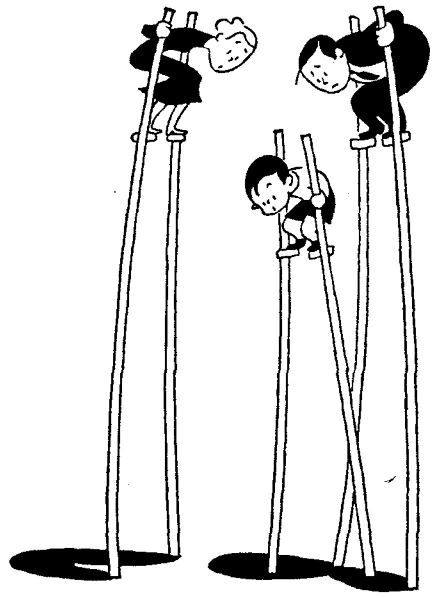

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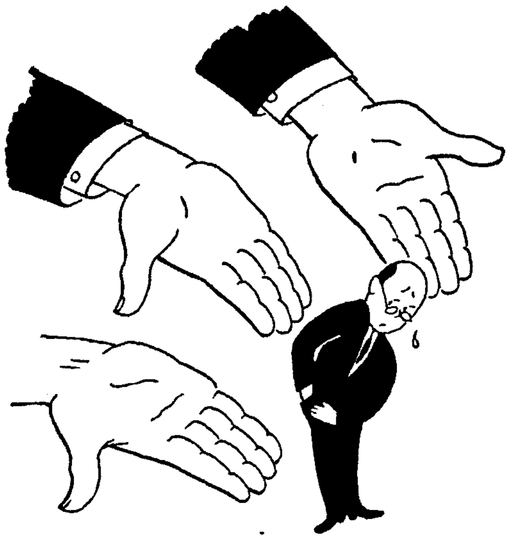
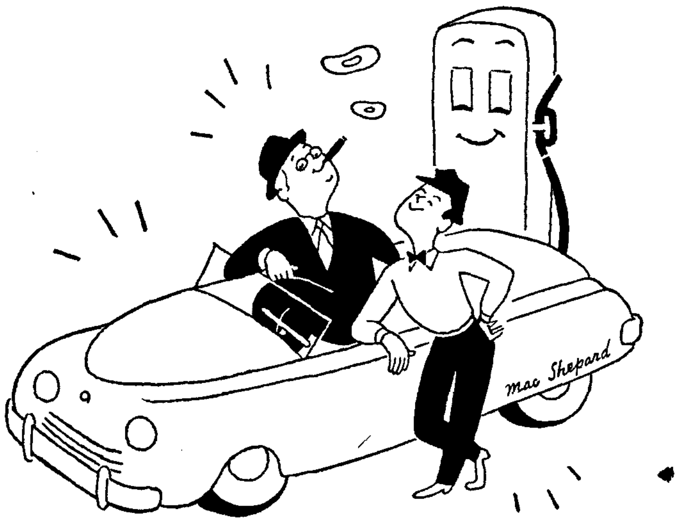


total cost of living is up 71%...

but thanks to competition in the oil industry...



today's better gasolines cost only 42% more.

ALMOST EVERYTHING costs more these days—but for about 25¢ including tax you can buy a gallon of gasoline that will take you and your family for a 15-mile drive! And today's gasoline, fuels and lubricants are *better* than ever before.

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Thousands of oil companies mean competition...
competition means progress...
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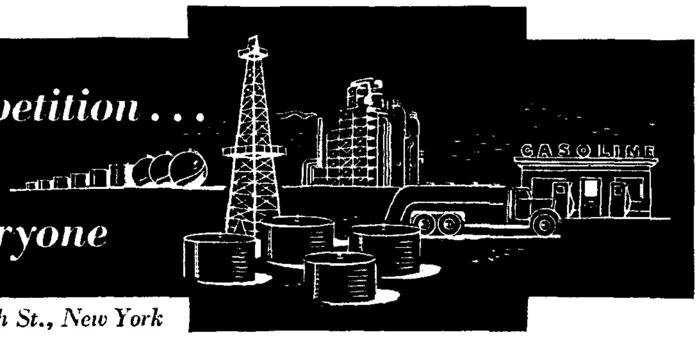


Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th St., New York

Operation Reach

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

three times its empty weight, or, a mass ratio of three to one. But now our mass ratio is less than one to one—which is the critical factor in achieving escape velocity."

Borgstedt had a droning, unpleasantly precise voice. It made Tony want to sleep. He said noncommittally, "I see."

Now Borgstedt lowered his voice a little, and glanced at General Sawyer. "With more and more patience on the part of everyone we could fully develop the automatic controls. They would follow the planned route with very little chance of error."

Sawyer laughed and clapped the scientist on the back. "Come on, now, Doctor—let's not harp on that theme again. You said yourself the lightest and most efficient robot is a human being." He turned to Tony. "Let's go into the office, Major, and I'll give you your first target briefing."

Tony scowled just a little suspiciously and went along.

In the office Sawyer stepped to a rolled-up, metal-hooded chart on the wall. He put his hand on the drawstring. "This is your target," he said, and let the chart fall.

It was all there.

The route was marked in a blue, dotted line; from take-off point it curved sharply at first, then settled into a long, sweeping bow. It made a slight change of direction near the destination, and then returned to the starting point in a series of similar curves.

Tony stared.

"Recognize it?" asked Sawyer.

Tony nodded. He moved his lips and they were dry. He heard his own voice, as from a distance, say: "The moon . . ."

He tried to think; he tried to link with reality the fact that he—Tony Lane—was being asked to fly to the moon and back. It was crazy. It numbed his brain.

Maybe that was why he didn't think clearly enough to back out of the thing then and there.

He glanced at Borgstedt, and the scientist was smiling at him with a faint and slightly unpleasant smile. Seeing through him, Tony swore. Borgstedt was telling him silently that he knew all about Major Tony Lane's calculated dash and fine sense of public relations.

Tony looked at Sawyer and said, "What's next?"

TONY was assigned to a kind of school in a barrack classroom near the hangar. The class consisted of himself and a dozen other test pilots who were his alternates. His copilot was to be one Captain Kendall, a quiet, slender redhead from Alabama. Not too bright, Tony felt. He and Kendall were pleasant enough to each other, but there was no real click.

In the beginning Tony's initial curiosity kept him going. Dr. Borgstedt did most of the lecturing in the class, but there were also visiting scientists, experts from other armed branches, and both civilian and G.I. technicians of Operation Reach itself.

The course was almost absurdly thorough. It traced the history of rocketry from the war missiles of Ogdai, son of Kublai Khan to the developments of the late Dr. Robert H. Goddard of Annapolis. It went from Newton's third law of motion to the complicated Hohmann equations for the calculation of rocket ascents. They studied the V-2, the Wac Corporal, the Viking—even the lowly bazooka.

Borgstedt's voice droned and droned in Tony's ears. The man seemed to look directly at Tony when he lectured, and Tony stiffened. It was a kind of challenge, now, to let Borgstedt see he couldn't bother him.

He finally found out what was eating Dr. Ernst Borgstedt one day during a discussion of the rocket steering mechanism. Until now Borgstedt had kept his talk technical. This day he droned, "Directional control goes once more to the basic principle of rocketry. Newton's third law—for every action there is an opposite and equal reaction. Thus, we have in the ship three gyroscopic flywheels on three planes. We spin them. Necessarily, the ship must turn in the opposite direction from the spin—"

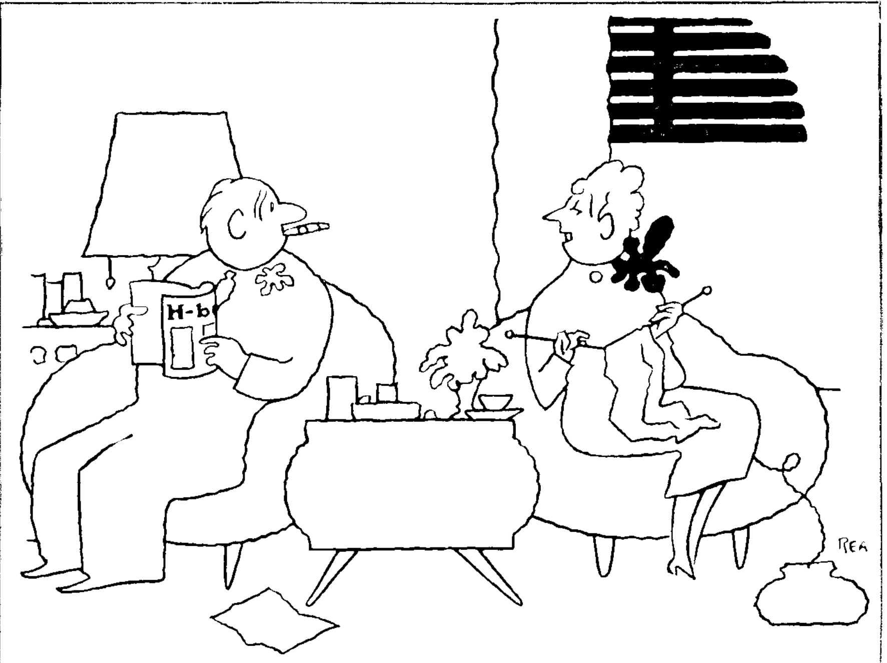
Tony's eyelids dropped and he forced them open again.

"Now in space," continued Borgstedt, "this changes only the *attitude* of the ship, and power is applied to send it in its new *direction*. The fact is, gentlemen, this power would be more quickly and efficiently activated by a mechanical, preset pilot. But the sponsors of this project seem to believe that it is desirable to send a man-carrying rocket at this time. Let me be frank." He smiled. "As one of you gentlemen might say, Operation Reach is a sucker proposition."

The pilots all laughed at that. But not too comfortably, Tony thought.

That night he wrote another letter to the president of the West Coast oil company. His tour of duty would be up in the middle of next month, and he'd want to take a week or two off to relax, and then . . .

But the next morning he didn't quite get around to quitting. He didn't know exactly why; a kind of curiosity about the scale-model test that day, he supposed. And the morning after that there was a dry-run session in the big rocket itself with the controls gauged electrically to the instruments.



COLLIER'S "Now you see how silly it was to worry about the A-bomb?" GARDNER REA

The class in synergy—using the earth's motion most efficiently for take-off—was rather interesting, too; he stuck around for that. And then there was the whole theory of landing upon return; a bizarre business: you kept orbiting around the earth striking the atmosphere briefly for a part of each orbit, and this braked your speed until you were able to enter the atmosphere without burning yourself up like a meteor. You then braked additionally with your rockets, and finally detached yourself, cockpit and all, and parachuted down. His copilot, Kendall, had a little trouble with some of the deeper theory, and Tony missed a few evenings at the Officers' Club bar to help him out.

Tony could scarcely visualize the jump-off date really coming upon them. It was highly secret, of course, and Sawyer was fond of chuckling and saying, "You'll get at least an hour's notice." . . .

With one thing and another, three weeks passed and Tony was still around. Dr. Borgstedt kept droning away, kept singling Tony out with his penetrating stare.

One afternoon the shades were drawn, a screen unrolled, and a sixteen-millimeter sound projector set to whirring. The first thing on the screen was a big panel which said:

TOP SECRET

This film contains information affecting the national defense of the United States within the meaning of the Espionage Act, 50 U.S.C., 31 and 32 as amended. Its transmission or the revelation of its contents in any manner to an unauthorized person is prohibited by law.

"Careful," cracked one of the pilots, "might be a moonman lurking around here, spying!"

They all laughed.

The American sense of humor, thought Tony; whistling in the dark. Borgstedt's got us all ready for a psychiatrist's couch, and here we are laughing.

The picture of an observatory came on the screen. The commentator said that for many years man had been watching the moon and pondering its mysteries. Then the moon, with its familiar, pocked, plaster-of-Paris surface, was shown. More philosophizing about the universe: man—space—the unknown. The scene changed suddenly. It was night. There was a rocket-launching site, and a missile seventy-five feet long upended on a platform.

"With the development of nuclear energy for the propulsion of aircraft," said the commentator, "space travel was at last within man's grasp. Combustibles, such as oxygen and alcohol, did not deliver the energy necessary to escape the earth's gravity. At an exhaust velocity of three thousand meters per second—slightly more than that of the V-2—a rocket would have needed two hundred thirty-seven times its own weight in fuel in order to leave the earth. The atom provided the answer."

There was a closer shot of the missile. The commentator stopped talking and sound came in. A roar. Bright fire shimmering under the tail of the rocket. It rose and wobbled. Suddenly the roar was deafening, the blast light white as the sun—and then the rocket disappeared. A longer shot showed its trail of fire streaking through the night.

The surface of the moon appeared again, and a calendar page was seen in double exposure.

"On this date," said the commentator, "the first missile to the moon was launched by the joint military, air, naval and civil commission. The missile's war head contained tetryl and flashlight powder. You are now looking at the surface of the moon nearly one hundred hours after the time of launching. Watch the arrow. You will see the tiny flash of the rocket striking the surface of the moon and exploding."

A thick, black arrow was superimposed upon the image. It was very quiet now in the classroom. Tony had his head thrust forward so that his neck ached a little.

Before he knew that anything had happened, the commentator was saying, "And now again, in slow motion—"

He saw it this second time: just a momentary pin point of light. There was more, but none of it had the effect of that brief, bright pin point. Before now Tony hadn't truly grasped this idea of jumping to the moon; it was suddenly real. The terrible enormity of it was plain now. Pin point of light. Light. In the light of this pin point. Let there be light—let there be a pin point.

Crazy thoughts like this tumbled through Tony's head and he didn't dare catch one to examine it too closely. He didn't dare start asking himself why he was still here.

When the film was over and the men were all looking quietly and uncomfortably at one another, Dr. Borgstedt stepped to the head of the room again. He showed his narrow-lipped smile. "What the film doesn't show, gentlemen, is all the failures." And then he enumerated them, in detail: from the second White Sands rocket in April, '46, to the Viking in August, '49. He seemed to relish each gloomy detail.

AFTER the others had gone, Tony went up to Borgstedt. "You ever hear of morale, Doctor? You know what you're doing to that bunch?"

Borgstedt smiled. "I think I know what I'm doing."

"You don't really expect to scare everybody off so they'll let you develop these automatic controls, do you?"

"No." He held his smile. "There will always be another idiot to step in when one withdraws. Now, I admit that some of my attitude is perhaps emotional. I am human, you know. But there is something else. I think that if I can pass on a bit of logic and good sense—that is important, too, is it not?"

Tony said, "Listen, is it good sense to work up a fine, fat mental hazard for a man when he's going on the most important flight in history?"

"You have a mental hazard, Major?" Dr. Borgstedt suggested.

"I'm not talking about myself." Tony's voice was sharp, impatient.

"Oh, but I think perhaps you are." That thin smile hadn't changed. "You *want* to fly to the moon. Don't deny it—you wouldn't still be here if that was not what in your heart you really want to do. Of course, if you make the trip you will gain a great deal; but you already have a great deal, haven't you, Major? You are young—how old, Major, thirty-three? You have good health, fame. You will have chances at fortune, too. You are sitting pretty, Major. So tell me—exactly *why* do you wish to fly to the moon?"

Tony said, "What difference does it make? What the hell difference?"

"I will tell you." Borgstedt's smile faded for the first time. "I am a rocket expert—that is my job, my life. I am a scientist. I want to see the moon reached. Within reason I will make compromises, just as I did at Trauen with that whole heel-clicking bunch—and just as I am doing now with these overgrown college fraternity boys like General Sawyer. Do you think he cares because this is *science?* No. The generals and admirals want to make a great show so the public will approve, and there will be power and promotion. Some of the civilians are the same way. I must put up with them if I am to accomplish my work. Only you cannot expect me to approve of turning it into a vaudeville show. And you cannot expect me to be dishonest and say that I think it is anything but damfoolishness for a man to ride a rocket to the moon at this time!"

"You know, Borgstedt," said Tony with a quiet belligerence, "I don't think I like you."

And Borgstedt's smile came back again. "You are not expected to," he said. "I am not a likable person."

That interview with Borgstedt almost did it. The letter that came for Tony that evening did it all the way. The letter was from the oil company. They were looking forward to seeing him as soon as he could wind up his military affairs.

NEXT morning, he called on General Sawyer. The general was busy with a batch of glossy prints from the photo section and he was carefully reading the captions written by the public information section. He liked to personally supervise his more important staff functions. He looked up, affable as usual.

"Well, Tony—" The general had reached the first-name stage. "What can I do for you this morning?"

Tony, all in one breath, said, "I quit. I'm backing out. I don't feel like flying to the moon any more."

"What? What's that?" Sawyer was caught off guard, and his affability went away. His face sagged, looked older. His finely clipped mustache didn't look quite as neat. He rose.

"No excuses, sir, as we used to say in cadets," said Tony dryly. "I'm just through, that's all."

This gave the general time to recover a bit. He looked at Tony for a moment. Then he smiled knowingly and sat down again. "I think I know what the trouble is. Borgstedt's been needling you, hasn't he?"

Tony said wearily, "If you'll have the adjutant cut orders for me, General, I'll be getting along."

"Tony," said Sawyer, "I understand perfectly how you feel." With his fingers he drummed on an ash tray mounted with a needle-nosed F-86 jet plane. "I used to run into the same thing at the Pentagon myself. Lack of co-operation. Obstructionist tactics. Sometimes I'd wonder just who I was fighting. But it's all part of the game, Tony, and I know you'll reconsider—"

"No," said Tony flatly. "Let's just say I've had a sudden attack of good sense. My hitch is up next month, General. I don't think I have to tell you anything about the value of public relations. It's done pretty well by me. There's a job with an oil company coming up."

Sawyer said, "Tony, you can't quit. I won't let you."

"Now, wait a minute, General. When I signed on, you said I could quit any time. Section D, remember? No prejudice."

"Well, that's the official side of it," said Sawyer. He was making no pretense at a smile now. "But you see, Tony, I'm pretty anxious to have you alone do this thing. You're a hero, Tony, if I can tell you that without making you blush, and the public likes a hero, and our little operation will be ten times as effective if you're the pilot."

"All right," said Tony. "Let *me* make an unofficial statement, too. I don't give a Good Conduct medal whether your damned skyrocket ever reaches the moon or not!"

Sawyer shook his head. He stopped fiddling with the model-plane ash tray. "I'm sorry to hear you talk that way, Tony—and I don't believe you really mean it, of course. You know that Operation Reach will still go through even if you do back out. The news will be released as soon as we're sure of success. The official news. But unofficially the press will also learn that the great Major Tony Lane got cold feet at the last minute. They'll learn it if I have to phone the gossip columnists myself. What happens to your public relations—and your nice job, then, Tony?"

Tony stared back blankly. He was trying to think a dozen thoughts all at once—among them a speculation on the chances of court-martial if he should take a poke at Brigadier General Lansing J. Sawyer right now.

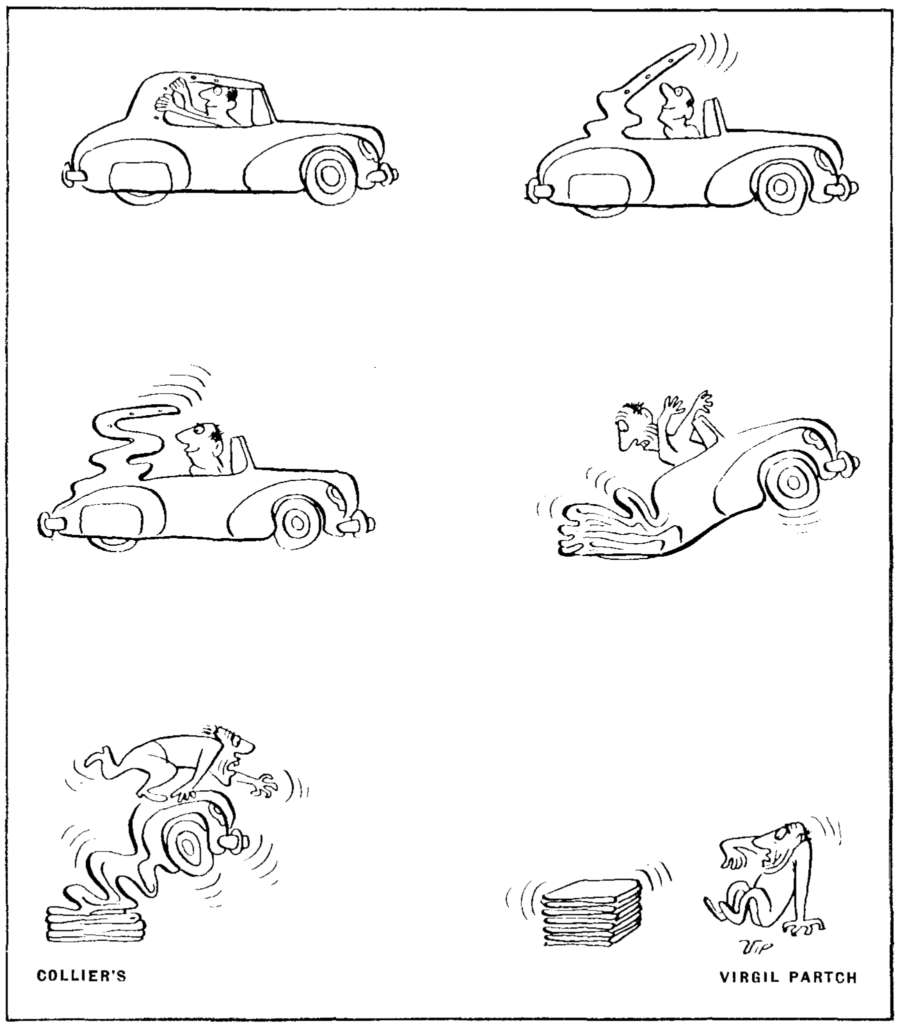
The general smiled again.

Tony turned and walked out of the office without another word. . . .

He walked the fence in the days that followed. He was sorely tempted to walk out anyway and take his chances with the oil company deal. And those days were filled with Borgstedt's droning voice, as usual. The voice and those bright, black-coffee eyes followed Tony at night into his dreams . . .

"You will depart in the direction of the earth's motion, thus receiving its added impetus. You will enter this course by means of a synergic curve, which will take you through the earth's atmosphere, accelerating gradually to avoid frictional heat . . ."

Borgstedt was on hand in the classroom, in the shops, in the labs. He hung over Tony at the aeromedical center where the acceleration tests were made on a huge centrifuge. There, in a specially designed pilot bed, Tony practiced working controls while being whirled at tremendous speed. He blacked out at 14 g's—fourteen times his own weight, and nearly three times the limit for conventional pilot seats. Tony was pretty proud of himself until Borgstedt took the test himself and also reached 14 g's.


COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Borgstedt's sardonic look didn't make Tony feel any better. At times the German seemed even to have a touch of pity in his look. Tony could almost hear him say: "You are nothing Major, but a lamb to be sacrificed to the great god, Public Opinion."

And that drone; that damned drone:

"Upon departure from the atmosphere you will be, in accordance with Kepler's law, in a narrow elliptical orbit, one focus of which is the center of the earth. You will continue upon this shallow curve until you reach a point a little over two hundred thousand miles from the earth, and nearly fifty thousand miles from the moon. Here the moon's gravity takes over and you orbit around the moon itself. An error may cause you to crash into the moon, or escape into space, where you will keep on traveling in your original direction for all eternity . . ."

Tony felt like a white rat in a maze. He spent more time than ever in the Officers' Club bar, and he neglected helping Kendall with his lessons. . . .

One morning when he reported to the hangar General Sawyer announced that this was the day. "Zero hour," he told Tony, "will be at exactly twelve hundred."

The big rocket ship was dollied out of the hangar, and onto a huge, concrete launching platform. The scaffolds were wheeled to it. It stood there in the sun: big, beautiful, ruthless, dominating the concrete-walled control house.

The witnesses began to gather, some fifty of them, many of them in uniform. Braid glittered. The gentlemen of the press were there, smoking, shifting about. Not much talk. Photographers worked quietly.

Tony didn't bother to try to get into the pictures. He stood a little apart from all of it; near the testing frame, and he watched, and smoked one cigarette from the end of another. Sawyer had a group of brass around him. The director of the office of so-and-so, and the undersecretary of something or other; heads of fleets, heads of commands; a university president. Two chaplains. Tony wondered dimly why Dr. Borgstedt wasn't on hand. And Kendall—the copilot ought to be there by now. He couldn't very well take this jump without a co-driver.

And was he really going to take it? Was he going to stick his neck out about as far as man could stick his neck: some two hundred fifty thousand miles? If he had any sense he'd walk right up to Sawyer and quit now and let his eyes tell Sawyer to do his worst. If he had any sense he'd—

Could it be that 'way inside him he really *did* want to fly to the moon?

He shook his head angrily. It was absurd, and he wouldn't let himself think about it.

THE next hour was a timeless blur. He remembered dimly that there was a press interview, that Sawyer did most of the talking and that he, Tony, muttered something inane into the newsreel microphones. Shake hands. How do you do, sir. That was the undersecretary of something-or-other he'd just met. Where the devil was Kendall? The university president was asking him if he didn't think the most important aspect of the mission was, after all, the educational aspect. Well, education is always important, sir. Sawyer beaming; approving. Maybe he'd better send off some telegrams. His relatives—next of kin, they always said. And one to the president of the oil company. He wished he'd thought to write final letters before this.

They were going up the steps to the scaffolding around the cockpit entrance now. He hadn't looked at the ship, really, until this moment. Sawyer was at his side. Newsreel cameras were ogling them from below, and from the scaffolding above. A man from the networks was babbling into a wire recorder mike. The sky overhead was clear, and in the distance, still cloudless, it dropped beyond and below the horizon. He had been right about this New Mexico sky the first time. It *was* unreal.

"By the way," Sawyer said, glancing at him, "I meant to tell you before—Kendall pooped out on us."

"Kendall?" Tony repeated. "You mean he's not going?"

"That's right. Borgstedt seemed to think he didn't quite make the grade academically. We probably could have vetoed Borgstedt, but the civilian bunch thinks pretty highly of him, and in the interests of harmony—"

Above them a flash bulb flashed, making them blink.

The general said, "Damn those things."

THEY mounted the platform. The security officer was chasing the cameramen away, now. Below, technicians were scurrying to their places, and orders were being shouted back and forth. The safety officer, unjacked headsets dangling, was stepping into the control house. Sawyer was busy talking and gesturing to the communications officer. What was it Tony had meant to ask Sawyer a moment ago? Oh, yes. His copilot. He stepped toward the cockpit door, which was opened like a carefully cut flap of skin from the side of the space ship. He looked inside, where the two pilot beds, on their gravity spindles, lay.

Borgstedt was in the left-hand pilot bed.

"Hey—what are *you* doing here?" asked Tony.

Borgstedt was grinning. Not smiling sardonically this time—grinning. "I think I would like to fly to the moon, also. Are you coming along, Tony, or will you stand there staring all day?"

Tony, eyes wide, mouth open, stepped into the cockpit. He shuffled into the cradle, fastened the straps and the head harness. He checked the communications lines. He kept turning his head to stare at Borgstedt, who was still grinning. He scarcely heard Sawyer's final, melodramatic good-luck wish. The door closed. He reached over and screwed the clamps. He stared at the shut door. It had sounded terribly final when it closed.

In the headsets, the firing operator's voice. "Ready?"

"Touch her off," said Tony.

There was a momentary rumble, a bursting, a bright roar. The ship quivered. The roar grew, and as in all the dry runs, Tony watched the instruments and through his headsets listened to the copilot checks. Borgstedt's voice didn't drone any more; it was crisp, alive. "Exhaust velocity; eight thousand—ten thousand—"

Moments from now they would be in space. They would feel not free, but trapped, hemmed-in: Tony could sense it already. He looked at the inside of the metal shell, and tried to realize that the world was still outside—the familiar world with its bright sky and warm sunlight.

He looked at Borgstedt. "All right, Doc—why do *you* want to fly to the moon?"

Before Borgstedt could answer, the roar filled Tony's ears, and the gray acceleration curtain began to fall. But he didn't have to hear Borgstedt's answer. Just before the brief darkness Tony knew his own, and Borgstedt's, and anybody's real reason for wanting to bridge the unknown. It wasn't fame, promotion, power, or even devotion to an ideal.

Why fly to the moon?

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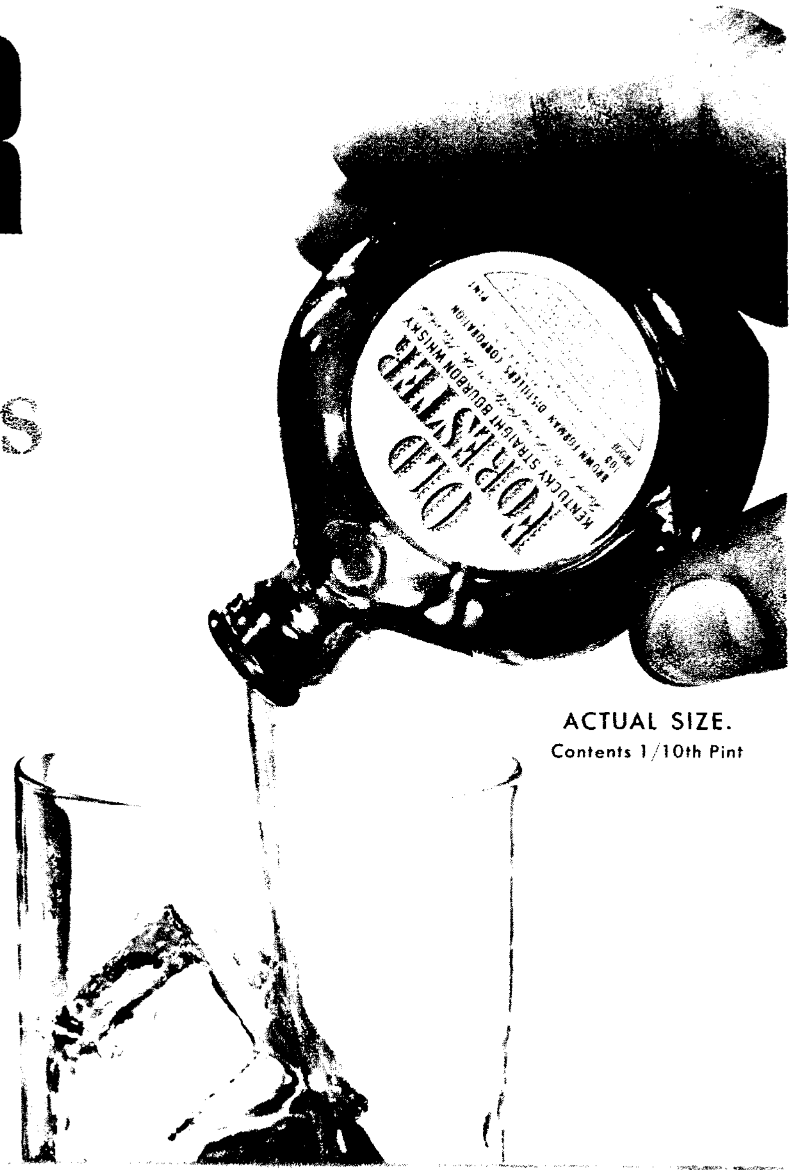
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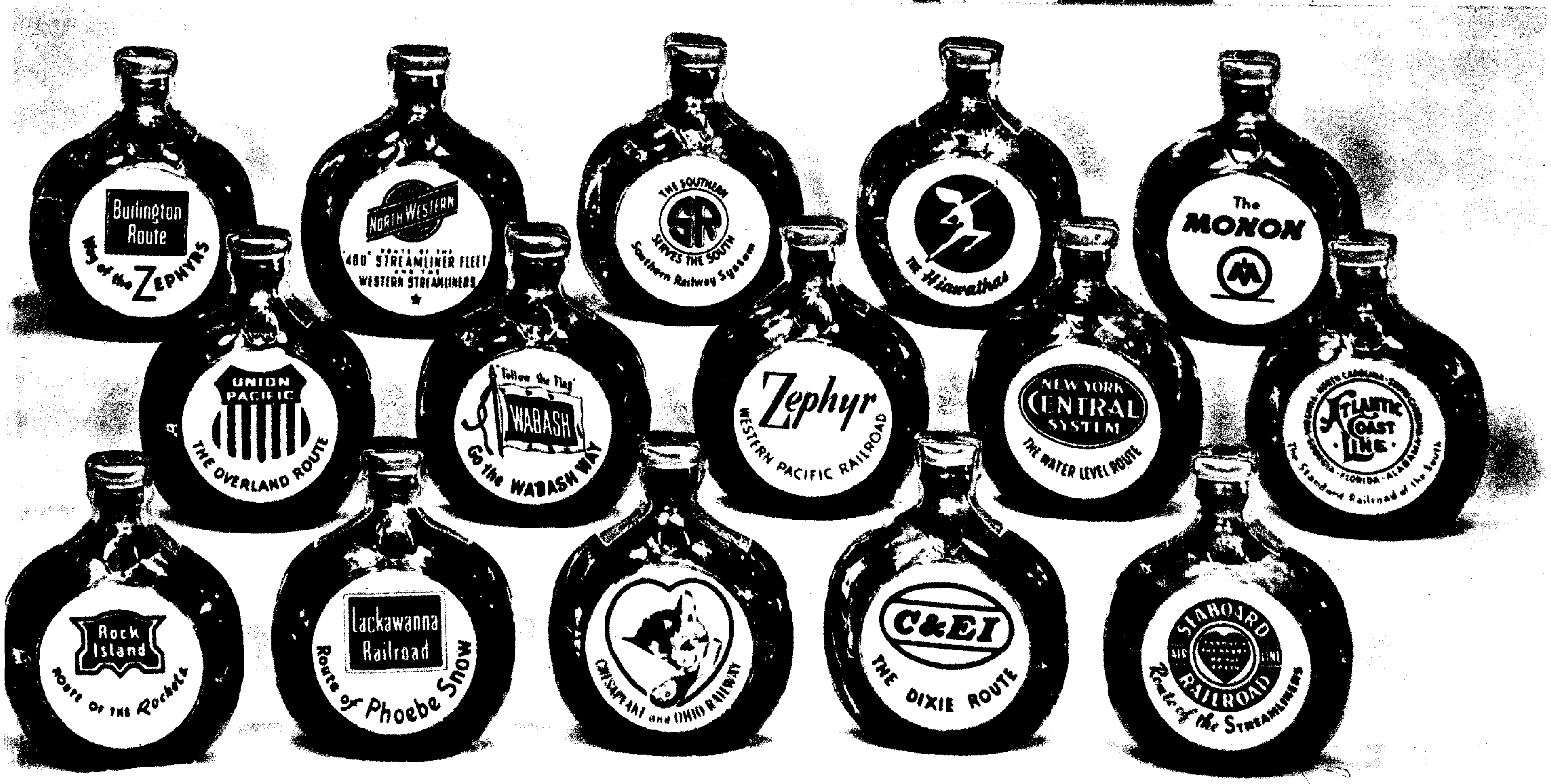
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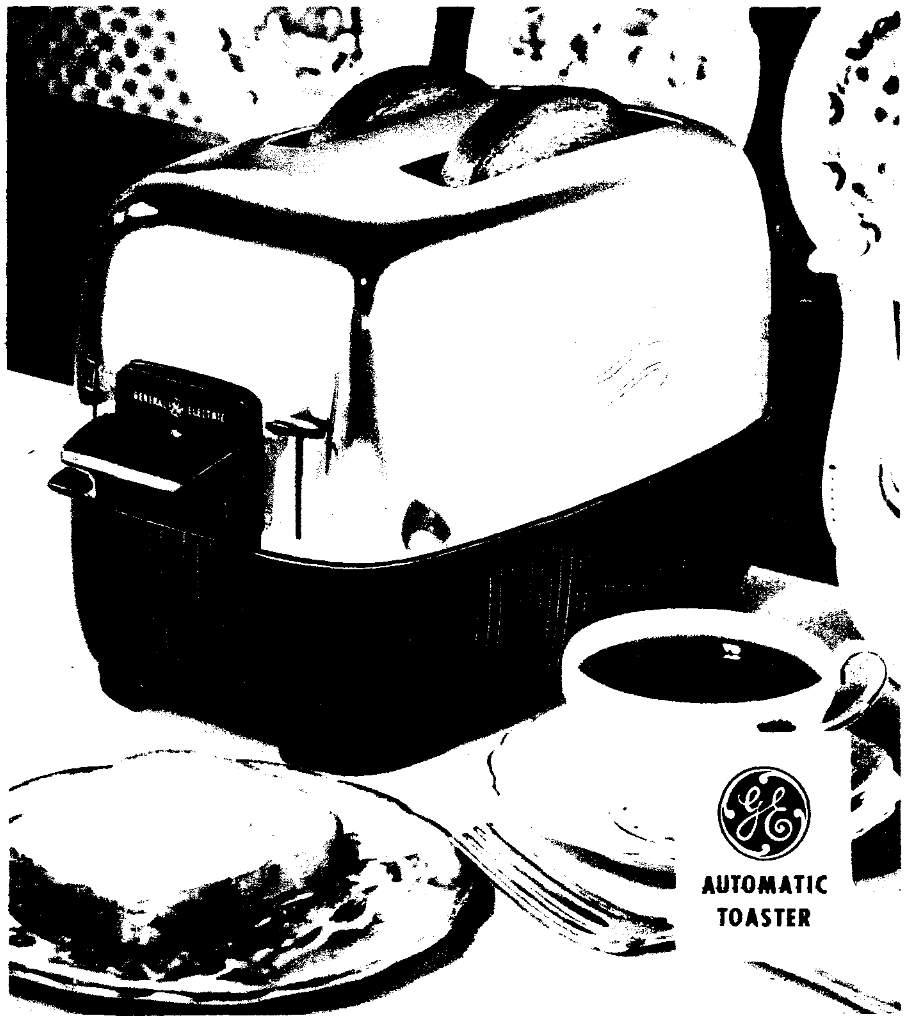

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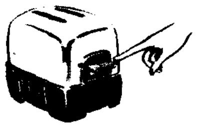

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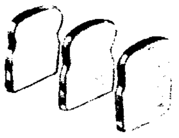

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Week-end Genius

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Eve stopped, turning to face him. "I'll simply never be able to go in there again. Tim, what in the *world* is the matter with you? You've been acting like a maniac all week end."

He smiled and took her arm and they resumed their walk, toward home. "I don't know. I guess I have, at that. Sheer animal spirits, I suppose. The temporary exuberance of temporary freedom. You've seen a city dog who's locked up indoors most of the time? Let him out for ten minutes and he almost turns cart wheels. Well, that's me. The first really nice weather we've had and I'm locked up in an office day after day when the air is balmy and the sun is shining. Then, once a week, they let me out, briefly, and—"

"Oh, that." Eve nodded her head.

"What do you mean, *that?*"

"I mean I might have known it was time for that routine." She smiled, her voice now a parody of his. "Man wasn't made to sell his life a little at a time for rent and groceries. We have only a short while in this world."

THE street lights came on as they turned, crossing the street, into the block they lived in. "Well, it's true," Tim said. "You get up and it's morning, one of the few precious days you've got to be alive in, and what do you do with it? You *sell* it; you realize that? For money. A piece of your own life."

"I know." Eve smiled. "I should know; you point it out to me about once a month."

"I do?"

"Yep. And always as though it were a new idea I'd never heard before. Usually on a Sunday night, too, with Monday morning staring you in the face." She spoke kindly. "What's the matter; tough day tomorrow?"

Tim smiled. "Yeah. Lot of stuff came in Friday that I couldn't finish and it'll all be waiting plus the usual Monday-morning stuff, and—oh, hell; you get *tired* of working. Fifty weeks out of every year, then they toss you a two-week vacation—"

"I know."

They turned into the lobby of the apartment building and walked toward the automatic elevator. Tim pushed the button and they stood waiting. "If a man had any brains," he said, "he could get out of the trap. Some people do it; some people get rich. I don't know how, though."

He was silent for a moment, staring at the closed door of the elevator. "You wouldn't even have to be rich," he said then. "Just get hold of enough to buy your own life back, that's all I want." The elevator arrived and Tim pushed the door open. "Couple hundred thousand would do it; you could live off the interest."

"Suits me," Eve said, stepping into the elevator. "Bermuda, Florida, Paris."

"Well, just some simple little idea is all it takes." Tim pressed the button for their floor and the elevator began to rise. "It happens. You read about it all the time. So what's wrong with me?"

"I don't know. Your mother always tells me you were a very bright child."

He grinned. "Certainly. My first word was antidisestablishmentarianism. I really showed a great deal of promise. Kept the family supplied with free breakfast food and tooth paste, clipping coupons from all the magazines."

Eve smiled reminiscently. "Did you do that, too?"

"Yeah." The elevator stopped and Tim pushed the door open, holding it for Eve. "I got more mail than anyone in the block."

Inside the apartment they put their hats in the hall closet, then went into the living room. Tim lay down on the couch, loosening his tie. Eve sat in the big upholstered chair and began to hunt through a stack of magazines on the table beside her. "Not a bad movie," she said.

"Not bad." Tim clasped his hands behind his head. "You know, I was thinking. You've seen a panoramic camera?"

"Nope."

"Well, you've seen those pictures of class reunions and annual picnics and stuff like that. Big pictures about a yard long? A row of people three or four deep?"

"Yes. They took one of our graduating class, about a hundred of us. They *did* have a funny camera, I remember—it moved."

Tim nodded. "That's right; it's a special camera. It doesn't expose the whole film all at once. It sort of sweeps along over the group exposing a long narrow strip of film a little at a time."

"So?"

"So you make a little round track, maybe a yard across. Then you set somebody down and the track fits around his shoulders; it rests on a little stand. Then the camera moves around the track at eye level, slowly exposing that long strip of film. You make a portrait, see?"

"Sounds fine." Eve glanced around the room. "Did you see that magazine I was reading just before we—"

"Wait a second." Tim looked at her, annoyed. "You haven't the faintest idea how this works yet."

"I'm sorry. I thought you were finished."

"No. Now, what you have so far, when you develop the film, is a big long strip that shows not just the face, but the *sides* and the *back* of the head, too. All around, but sort of rolled out flat." Tim smiled triumphantly. "Then what you do is fasten the two ends of the picture together; you'd fix it so it joined at the back of the head. And you'd have a portrait of the *entire head* all the way around! You see what I mean?"

"Sort of."

"Well, it would be like a tube—" Tim twirled a forefinger in the air. "You'd get a sort of three-dimensional effect. You wouldn't have just a flat view of the face or profile the way you have now. You'd see every part of the head all the way around, depending on where you stood. Set it up on the mantel and you'd have a new kind of portrait." He frowned momentarily, then shrugged. "Course, it'd be open at the top, but you could fix that. Have some kind of ornamental covering, like the top of a Roman pillar maybe. And another one for the base." He looked at Eve. "I don't know if you could patent it, but—how's it sound?"

EVE smiled. "Tim, it sounds ghastly; that marble cap on top. Why don't you make it a mortarboard cap, with a tassel?"

"I'll tell you!" He sat up eagerly. "You'd use *color* film! End up with a big long color transparency—set it up with some kind of little light inside so it'd shine through, and it'd look actually *real.* You'd make it life-size, full, natural color, and—"

"That really scares me. The idea of a bunch of those things sitting around the living room all lighted up. Why, it would look like a head-hunter's den!"

Tim lay back on the couch. "I don't believe Madame Curie made that kind of response when her husband suggested there might be radium in all that pitchblende in the back yard."

"I'll bet she did, if the truth were known. Okay"—Eve smiled at him—"we're rich. You don't have to go to work tomorrow."

"Well, there must be some way to live without giving up nine tenths of your life to do it. I feel like a fool, sometimes. You read about these guys Bernard Baruch and Andrew Mellon, making several hundred thousand dollars before they're twenty-one years old. Seems to take them about two weeks. All I've ever been able to think of is to examine the stamps very carefully every time I buy any at the post office."

"What for?" Eve found her magazine behind the cushion of her chair.

"You look for errors. One time a guy bought a sheet of twenty-four-cent air-mail stamps. He always looked at them, like I do, and on these stamps the airplane in the center was printed upside down; a mistake in printing. Well, today stamp collectors pay six and eight thousand dollars *apiece* for those stamps, and there were a hundred in the sheet; over half a million dollars' worth."

"I bought stamps this week; they're in the desk. Why don't you go look at them?" She bent her head over the magazine, studying a page, then she held it up for him to see. "Did you see this cartoon? I don't get it."

He did not look over. "I charge five cents to explain magazine cartoons; ten cents for covers." He sighed. "Okay; I suppose it is silly, the idea of me ever making much money."

"I never said it was silly, Tim. If anyone could do it, I'm sure you could." She smiled. "*I'd* certainly like it. I'd love a mink coat. And you'd make a wonderful millionaire, you really would; you look marvelous in evening clothes. I can just see you leaning on a big white mantel, very suave and debonair, lighting a cigarette with a gold lighter. We'd have a huge living room."

"Yeah; and a big estate in East Photostat, Long Island. And I'd add one more initial to my name: T.L.E. Ryan. Why is it two initials look normal, and three of them look like eight?"

"I don't know. Tim, why don't you carry a lighter?"

"Well"—he folded his hands on his chest—"you figure out a way for me to get rich, and I'll carry a lighter in every pocket."

Eve turned a page in her magazine. "Why don't you invent something? Besides that camera, I mean."

"The field's really too crowded." Tim turned and lay on his side, his knees drawn up. "That's the trouble with the world anyway; everybody inventing things. And what happens? Each invention makes life more unbearable: telephones, printing presses, bombs. I'm going into a new field." He waited, looking across the room at Eve.

"What's that?"

"A broad new horizon just recently discovered. You don't hear much about it yet, but you will. It's potentially the salvation of mankind; almost our only hope, in fact."

"Well, what is it?"

"The bright and shining field of uninventing."

"What?" She looked up, frowning.

"Uninventing." Tim put his hands, palms together, under his cheek. "It's still pretty hush-hush, but even now the plagues of modern man are being studied and attacked one by one all over the world. Toiling away in their laboratories, men of great hindsight are successfully uninventing our worser curses. Surely you've heard their names?"

"Such as?"

In the stentorian tone of a radio announcer, Tim said, "Lleb, uninventor of the telephone!"

"Who?"

"Lleb—L-l-e-b."

"Never heard of him."

"You will. Then, of course, there's Esrom, Samuel B. Esrom, now at work uninventing the telegraph. And Grebnetug, who has almost uninvented the printing press. While even now a boy named Ttaw—T-t-a-w—is studying his mother's teakettle for a clue to the problem of getting rid of the steam engine. A young Italian named Inocram, naturally, is making great strides backward, uninventing the radio; think of the royalties on *that*. In France, Eve Eiruc is busy getting that radium back into the pitchblende. As for the atomic bomb, a bushy-haired mathematical genius named Nietsnie—"

"All right, all right. I get the idea."

"But do you understand the significance of it? Do you realize what it means?"

"What?"

"The good old days—are almost here!"

"Fine." Eve resumed her reading.

TIM turned and lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. After a few minutes, he said, "You know, there are a hundred and fifty million people in the United States, maybe more. Now, if only one million of them, less than one per cent, would each send me a penny—just a penny, anyone can spare a penny—I'd have a hundred thousand dollars. You realize that?"

"M'mm." Eve continued to read.

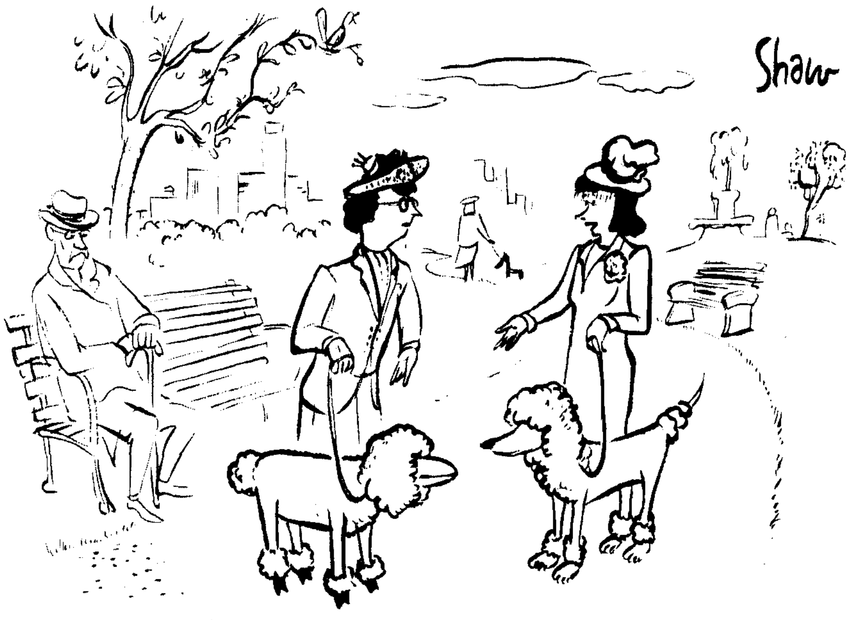
"Now, suppose I mailed out a letter, bales of them, mimeographed or printed and just told people that all I wanted was a penny. Send me a penny, no more, and—"

Without looking up, Eve said, "And for each penny you got it would cost you only three cents to mail out the letter."

Tim was silent for a moment. "That's true," he said then. "Well"—he shrugged—"maybe they'd send a dollar. Some of them, anyway; that's not so much. Say I mailed out a million letters and got only a ten per cent response; that's a hundred thousand dollars. Now, to mail out a million letters at a cost of, say five cents each, counting paper and printing costs, would amount to"—he frowned—"fifty thousand dollars. Well, that would still leave fifty thousand profit." He looked over at Eve; she had slipped her shoes off and was curled up in the chair with her magazine. "What do you think? How's that for an idea?"

"H'mmm?" She looked up. "Oh. Well, if you can get people to send you a dollar so you won't have to work, you obviously deserve to be a millionaire." She frowned. "Tim, why don't you read something? There are some new magazines here on the table." She swung her legs over an arm of the chair.

Tim looked at her. "Listen, it *might* just



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work. If you got the right appeal. If you worded it right. People don't mind wasting a dollar if they get a little kick out of it. I'd send a dollar to help some guy get rich; it's just crazy enough to appeal to me." Eve didn't answer, and for several minutes Tim stared thoughtfully up at the ceiling. Then he got up and left the room.

A moment later Eve heard the sound of the lid being removed from the portable typewriter in the bedroom; then, presently, the sound of slow typing. She listened, then shook her head and resumed her reading.

SOME twenty minutes later Tim returned to the living room, a sheet of paper in his hand. "Listen to this," he said, and Eve looked up patiently. "Now, this is just a first draft. It needs working over, of course, but you'll get the idea."

"Go ahead."

"Well"—he looked down at the paper in his hand—"it starts off, 'Dear Sir, Madam, or Miss. You are one of a carefully selected list of ten million people. I have a simple plan in which, for only *one dollar,* you will receive practically nothing at all. Read every word of this unique offer!' " He looked up at Eve. "How's it sound so far?"

"Here's my dollar; who could resist?"

"Now, wait a second; I'm serious. The letter goes on, 'I want you and some thousands of other generous people like yourself to send me a dollar. Just THINK! If only ten per cent of you, the *imaginative* ten per cent, will respond to this generous offer, I will be *wealthy!* It is actually that simple! Otherwise, I am doomed to a lifetime of working for a living and YOU KNOW what that means. YOU KNOW what it is to get up day after day and go to work when there are so many pleasanter things to do.' " He looked up at Eve.

"Go on," she said. "Convince me."

Tim resumed his reading. " 'If you were in a concentration camp, you'd help a fellow prisoner escape if he could. Well, here is your chance to get *one* of us out of the trap that enslaves us all. Send in your dollar *today* and in only a few weeks' time you can have the vicarious satisfaction of knowing that I have quit work forever and am lying flat on my back, a drink in my hand, on a sunny beach in Florida.' "

Tim gestured with his hand. " 'Think what this will mean to you! On some cold, raw, miserable morning in the very near future—when you haven't had enough sleep and you're late for work—you can have the satisfaction of knowing that Timberlake Ryan is still sound asleep in Florida, and *you* helped to put him there! "He's having fun, anyway," you can say to yourself. "*One* of us escaped!" Believe me, you'll feel better at the thought; it will be worth a dollar many times over.' " He looked at Eve. "Well? How's it strike you so far?"

"Love it. Do they wear mink coats in Florida?"

"No doubt." He frowned. "Now, here's how I figure it. At this point, they're maybe half convinced. It sounds like a crazy idea and it is. But it has a sort of appeal. You can almost see yourself, just on impulse, slipping a dollar into the return envelope and sending it off: just for the hell of it, you know. Almost but not quite. So what you need now is something to sort of push them over the edge; they ought to get *something,* anyway, for their dollar. And here it is—next paragraph.

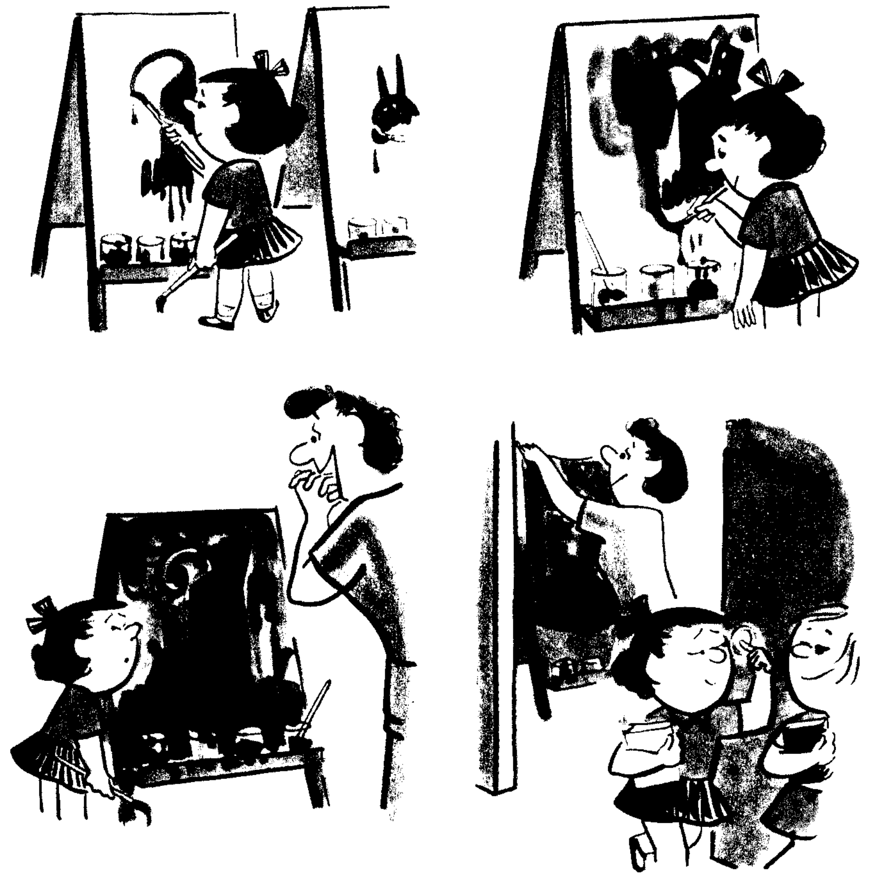
" 'In addition to the deep satisfaction your dollar will bring you, I will also send you a small charter-member lapel emblem, and a cheap, badly printed certificate certifying that *you have been conned by Timberlake Ryan.* It will state, giving full details, that you sent me a dollar for which you received nothing at all! Then, when a lesser con artist approaches you, someone who actually offers to give you something for your money, you have only to flash your emblem and say coldly, "I have been conned by Ryan." Which should end the matter right there.'

"Now"—Tim glanced up—"the urge to action, as it's technically called. 'Think how often you waste a dollar on nothing at all. On a lousy movie, for example. And ask yourself: Is there any better, more deeply satisfying way to waste a dollar than this? Remember—this is probably your only chance to actually help make a millionaire! Yes, I'll actually be YOUR millionaire! So don't delay. Now, before you forget, drop only one dollar into the enclosed envelope—it needs no postage—and mail it today. Do your part. Fill your quota. Mail your dollar *today,* because remember, I'm counting on you!' " He looked at Eve expectantly. "That's only a first draft, but—how's it sound?"

She looked at him for a moment. "You really want to know?"

"Listen," he said, his voice irritated, "I know it's crazy, as well as you do. The point is it's just crazy enough to work. Nuttier things than that have worked." He was silent for a moment, annoyed. "Look at chain letters, for example. And what about that guy in the papers, a year or so ago?"

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"What guy?"

"You remember. All he did was put a little ad in the paper; some California paper. All it said was, 'Last day to send in your dollar! Hurry!' And his name and address. And the money *poured* in. It really did." He grinned. "It was in the papers. The guy bought a new car, new house, swimming pool, everything."

"And then what?"

Tim shrugged. "Well, the government made him stop. Wouldn't let him use the mails, or something. But meanwhile, he had all that money."

"The government would put *you* in an institution."

"Nope." He shook his head authoritatively. "There's nothing illegal about this. I'm merely soliciting a gift."

Eve swung her feet over the arm of her chair to the floor. "You want to play some rummy?"

Tim looked at her for a moment. "That just cost you a mink coat."

"Tim, you're not actually serious about this?"

"Well—I don't know."

"Tim, for Heaven's sake. It would cost *thousands,* for one thing, just to mail those foolish letters out."

"Well, naturally you'd test it first." He sat on the couch running thumb and forefinger along the fold of his letter, frowning at Eve. "Maybe you'd only try a thousand letters at first. Then, if it worked, you'd use the money to send out a bigger batch. From the returns on that, you'd send out an even bigger mailing. It would grow, like a snowball."

Eve looked at him wryly. "Sure. And when you ran out of people in the United States, you'd have the whole British Empire to tap. Then translate the letter into all known languages, and watch the pounds, rupees and yen roll in. Listen, a thousand letters would still cost fifty dollars."

"Well, send out a hundred then; that ought to be enough. Or even less. Tell you what—" He smiled ingratiatingly, edging forward on the couch. "Why don't we send out maybe just ten of them, for the very first trial? To people we know. Just for the hell of it. See what happens."

Eve shook her head. "It wouldn't really be a test. They'd all know you and you'd just get gag replies."

Tim flicked his hand dismissing the objection. "We could sign some other name and address. Use your sister's name or something; that could be worked out."

"Tim, I mean it—" Eve closed her magazine decisively. "Sometimes you worry me; you really do. About once a month you're like a moth trying to battle his way out of a cage or something. It—"

He grinned. "You're mixing your metaphors."

"Well, I don't care. How can you actually be serious about a crazy thing like this? Getting yourself all worked up."

His voice was patient. "I'm not worked up. Trouble is, people get these ideas and never do anything about them. Then they complain because they have to work all their lives. It's the people who do something about these crazy ideas that get somewhere. Anyway, what can we lose if we just send out maybe four or five letters? Just for the fun of it."

Eve shrugged, opening her magazine again. "All right. Go ahead."

"Well—" He unfolded his letter, glancing at it, then looked up again, hesitating. "I thought— You see, you type so much better than me, that I thought maybe you'd do a few."

"How many?"

"Just three or four. Five, at the most."

"When?"

"Well"—he looked at her appealingly—"you could do most of them tomorrow. But I'd kind of like to get one or two of them in the mail tonight. The time to do something about a thing like this is right away, or you keep putting it off. And I'm sort of anxious to see what happens."

"I'll do one letter tonight. It's a long letter. And a few more tomorrow, maybe if I get time."

"Fine. Swell." He stood up, smiling. "One letter could tell us a lot, if we get the right reaction. We'll mail it to someone we know and I'll talk to them personally tomorrow." He laid the letter on the table at Eve's elbow. "You know, this could be well started before the week's up." He smiled down at her. "Want a little rummy first?"

She did not look up. "Okay; you get out the cards while I finish this story."

Tim walked to the end table, hunted through the big drawer till he found a deck of cards, then he went to the kitchen and came back with pencil and paper. He sat down on the couch, shuffled the cards, then dealt them. Eve put her magazine down, came over to the couch, and they began to play.

For nearly an hour they played, alternating deals, Tim shuffling the cards for each hand. Tim invented a way to avoid holding his hand by propping the cards between two books. After a while Tim won and he wrote down the score, then looked up. "Want another?"

Eve looked at her watch. "Well—it's quarter to eleven."

"It is? I didn't know it was that late." He began gathering up the cards. "Guess we better get to bed."

"What about that letter?"

"Oh—" He looked a her for a moment. "Well, maybe you'd better let it go for now. Do it tomorrow maybe. Or early in the week sometime."

"Okay." Eve stood up and began to walk around the room switching lamps off. "But you know what'll happen, probably. It never will get done."

"Yeah." He walked to the doorway and stood waiting for Eve. "I suppose so. But we better get to bed." He grinned. "I've got to get up in the morning and go to work."

WHEN they were in the bedroom, Timberlake Ryan said, "Think there's anything in that camera idea?"

Eve nodded, her voice encouraging. "Maybe. Why don't you talk to Joe Allen about it? He knows all about cameras and photography."

"Maybe I will; I might call him for lunch tomorrow." He began removing his tie, staring absently at the wall. "You can't tell; there might be something in it."

"Sure." Eve nodded again, then she smiled. "Might even be something in that linoleum idea."

"What linoleum idea?"

Eve grinned. "The linoleum you invented the last day of your vacation a year ago. It came in very thin layers, as I recall, and when the floor got dirty you just peeled off a layer and threw it away, revealing not only a brand-clean floor, but a brand-new pattern. Bombs bursting in air for the Fourth of July, holly for Christmas, and for Thanksgiving, pumpkins and Pilgrims. With more sedate patterns for just ordinary weeks. That was an invention I always liked."

"It *was* a good idea." Tim smiled. "Tell it to me again. I love to hear about my good ideas, even if the world doesn't appreciate them."

"Come on, now," said Eve. "Let's get to bed."

"Okay," he said. "That's the best idea of all. I wish I'd thought of it. Did you set the alarm?" THE END

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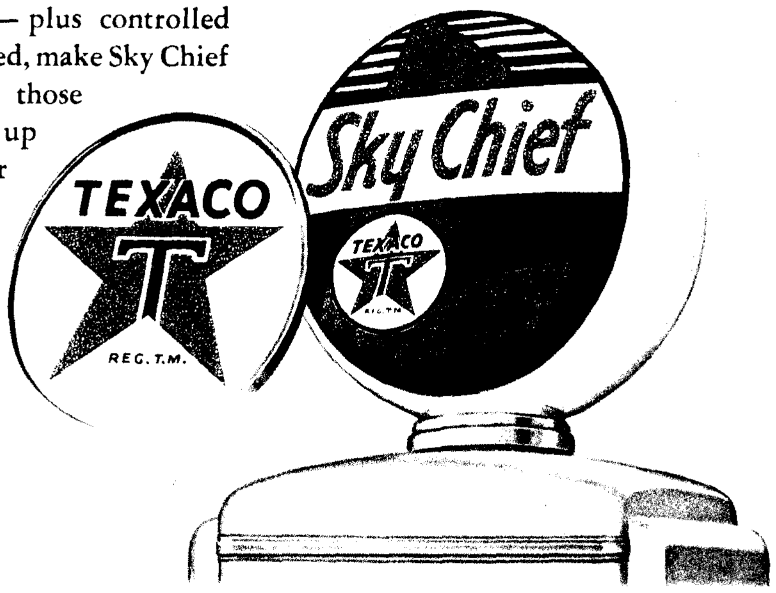

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Killer Fish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

rat, was propelling itself rapidly through the stalks. Quicker than thought, Rex rushed after the swimming rodent, seized it by its chest and forelegs, and swallowed it.

Almost immediately, a sharp pain shot through Rex's stomach. He raced upstream and leaped into the air. But he could feel no pull of a line, and in a few seconds the water rat's squirming died down. The cutthroat turned and hurried back to the pool and his den. Nothing seemed to want to molest him, however, and the pain in his belly dulled as his digestive juices began to dissolve the vole.

A fish-blood taste was infiltrating the lair about him. Rex did not know that it came from a small wound in his own side, where the dying water rat's sharp incisor teeth had bitten through from his stomach in its last convulsion. But for several hours after that, he did not feel the urge to eat.

THE surface of the tarn was turning gray with dawn when Rex felt a ripple of motion in the water. He slipped out of his lair and rose toward the shallows beside the reeds. He charged into the midst of the mother teal's brood, seized a duckling, and, with his back half out of water, raced away. Behind him, a peaceful picture was turned into a clamorous shambles.

Back in deeper water, Rex swallowed his prey and swam slowly down the middle of his pool, glancing from side to side while other fish darted away. He did not notice a long dark form overtaking him.

Lutra, the otter, was on the hunt. Attracted by the splash and cry in the reeds, he barely missed a chance to corner the big cutthroat in shallow water. Now, his eyes red with rage, he was driving ahead at full speed, and here in the pool he could travel as fast as most trout.

Something sounded a warning to Rex. At the last possible instant, he veered aside—and savage teeth clipped a corner out of his tail. At frantic speed he went down the length of the pool—unbalanced ever so little by the missing fragment—and out into the creek below. For here was the one enemy in the water he feared. Other fish he held in contempt, but Lutra was as ruthless as himself.

In the creek, Rex had a chance, because he could dodge around obstacles a little more quickly than Lutra. If he had stayed in the pool and raced back and forth, he would certainly have been caught; for terror and the slight handicap of his injured tail would have tired him. Now, with the single-minded urge of self-preservation, he shot downstream between rocks and under logs. In moments he had left Mill Creek and covered the hundred yards between his pool and Mad River.

With the fine edge of his speed gone, Rex was in no condition to carry on the sprint in Mad River's warmer water. He fled into an accumulation of debris under flood-control pilings and wormed his way deep into hiding. And it was there Lutra gave up the chase, for men fished on those piling posts, and he feared them as much as the trout feared him. . . .

It was nearing sunrise next morning before the big cutthroat, attracted by Mill Creek's colder flow, found his way back to his lair in the depths of Mill Creek Pool.

Rex was hungry. He had eaten nothing in Mad River. So when a bird lighted on a bent reed and leaned down to drink, he flashed to the surface and leaped, his jaws open. But the bird rocketed into the air, chattering with fear.

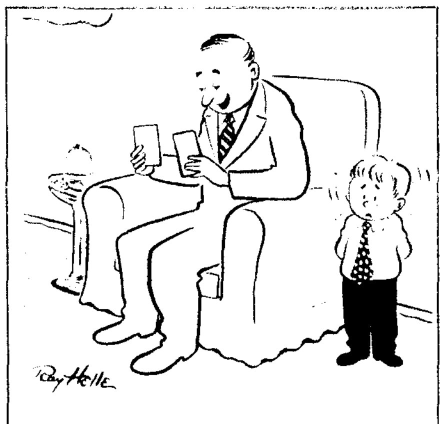
Rex landed with a whack, like a salmon, spat out several feathers, and drove fifty feet ahead in wrath. A group of young trout scattered in panic, but too late for one hapless six-incher. Rex swung back, still champing, spied a young bullhead, and crushed it in his powerful jaws. The prick of its spines recalled the feel of a hook. He disappeared into the depths of the pool, to bring up in his lair, satisfied for the moment.

Gradually, as the day warmed, the tarn settled back to its tenor of watchfulness. But the mother teal and her remaining young had left for other parts. . . .

It landed with a tiny *plop* on the surface above Rex's lair—a mouse. The giant slipped out of his shelter and rose with a graceful sweep. But before he opened his jaws, a note of warning sounded within his brain. That mouse was false, like certain flies he knew. He turned away, and his tail churned water as he headed back to his den. He did not rise again, although a number of irritating flashing things moved back and forth in the pool to tempt other and less wary trout during the day.

It was nearing sundown when a mouse fell from a tree overhead. There was no mistaking this one—it was swimming frantically toward shore. Rex's breakfast was digested and forgotten. It was time to eat. What he could not see, as he rose, openmouthed, was a light line extending down from the tree to a hook which was tied onto the mouse's back, like a pack load on a horse.

Rex swallowed the mouse headfirst. He was not aware of any resistance until it was halfway down his throat. Then the mouse pulled back with unexpected strength, and something bit sharply into the back of Rex's mouth. Alarmed, he tried to spit out his prey. But not until he tried to sound deep into the pool—only to have something jerk his head up with springy but positive strength—did he realize what had happened.



"What do you know? My old report card is the same as yours. I guess the only fair thing is to give you what my father gave me"

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE

With a rush, Rex was off. He surfaced first, and leaped. Then he raced down the length of the pool. He swung around and back, this time trying for his refuge with the determination of a goaded bull. He drove deep into his lair among the roots—but still the mouse bit into his mouth.

He was lashing his head back and forth when a tremendous splash overhead startled him. Then, for the first time in the battle, Rex felt fear. A large dark form was churning the water above him. The big trout backed out of his sanctum and fled to the head of the pool. What he could not understand was that a limb of the tree had broken, plunging an excited fisherman into the water. All he knew was that this enemy was bigger than any otter, and therefore more dangerous.

And now Rex no longer felt sure of himself, but expended his strength tugging against a resistance that pulled with a steady purpose toward the place where the enemy had attacked. The big cutthroat did not try for his refuge again, for in the water above it a broken branch from the tree dangled menacingly.

With the onset of fear, Rex lost his poise. All he could do was stampede, like his excitable relative, the rainbow trout.

The broken limb from the tree had brought a new factor into the conflict. If the limb had not fallen, he would have ended the battle by returning to his lair as in the past, and tangling the line in the willow roots. Now he was exposed, driven out, and he didn't know what to do about it.

The tussle raged up and down the pool, while other trout sought shelter or darted about in excitement. The monarch was in jeopardy. Several times Rex tried to leave his pool and go downstream again, but a stout leader in the hands of a capable fisherman kept him within bounds.

A tiredness was coming over the powerful cutthroat—a condition aggravated by the wound in his tail. His strength was being burned up. But the foe he was fighting seemed as fresh as ever. It became more and more of an ordeal to run the length of the pool. Always he had to fight that resistance and drag it with him, instead of racing free.

Toward the end, he began to roll groggily and was no longer able to force his way down into deeper water. A kingfisher dived at him with insulting clatter as he churned the surface. A group of small trout parted to let him through their ranks, but never a one fled for its life now. The regnancy of Rex was tottering.

At last, Rex allowed himself to be towed toward the bank, floating on his side, while his broad tail whacked the surface in protest. And then his cold eyes made out the enemy, reaching for him from the bank.

With one blast of wrath, the big trout's strength returned. Deep down into the tarn he bored, while smaller trout scattered in fear. The kingfisher that had been clacking overhead flew away in silence. In a paroxysm of fury, Rex drove ahead faster than at any time since he had been hooked. He was no longer afraid. He raced up into the creek mouth at the head of the pool and slashed his way into a tangle of water grass.

And there the reserve strength that had flared so lustily burned out. Rex lay gasping, and the pull began to inch him out of his hideaway. Out in the current again, he let himself be maneuvered down into the pool without a struggle.

The feel of deeper water penetrated the torpor of Rex's instincts. He turned sidewise against the quickening pull and brought up against a submerged clump of branches from a fallen tree. He floundered along the edge of this obstacle, and came to a stop. Ahead of him, the line twitched and jerked to free itself from the entanglement. Unwittingly, he had accomplished what the root-jungle of his den had always done before. But he was too exhausted to realize what had happened. He had given up the fight.

IT WAS there, in the mists of the next day's dawn, that Lutra, the otter, found him—alive, but dying from a hook in the roof of his mouth that had worked farther and farther into his head as he struggled.

The fisherman had gone away and left considerable line draped about the submerged snag. But a strong leader, well tangled with flexible branches, had held. The big trout would never have been able to free himself.

And so the otter's teeth that met in his brain and killed him accomplished a deed altogether kind.

Sun rays slanted through the clearing mists over Mill Creek Pool. In the waters beneath, bullheads and small trout squabbled over the last shreds of tasty flesh around the submerged tangle. In the brightening day the mother teal and her ducklings returned to the pool to disport themselves among the reeds. Downstream in his den, Lutra slept.

Big Rex was gone. Peace lay over the water.

THE END

When You Come Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

natural shock at seeing the badge on my shirt, I related the facts in the case, in a firm, clear voice. In a detached manner, too, because it wasn't *my* business. I was just the town cop, and this was a job for the county sheriff's office. Ira thought it was a job for the birds.

"Ain't much we kin do," he said. "The way I see it, them guys are deep in the Arkansas hills by now." He squinted at me, and there was a glint of amusement in his eyes. "How d'you figger it, Marshal?"

I TOLD him I had a hunch it was a local affair, and it seemed logical they might be hiding out on Hungry Mountain. In the light of morning, it wasn't quite as simple as it had been the night before, but I stuck to my theory anyway. I told him how I had it figured.

He laughed and shook his head. He agreed that if they'd used a late-model car, they wouldn't want to drive in daylight. But, he said, we only had the word of one hysterical girl that it *was* a late-model car, and his knowledge and astuteness made him always discount the testimony of female witnesses after a crime. They weren't reliable, he said, and he personally would figure the holdup men had a pickup or panel truck.

I figured Ira had a right to be stupid if he wanted to, but I stuck to my guns, half-heartedly. I said I believed Sarah, but even granting it hadn't been a sedan, I still liked the idea of the three jobs—the two robberies and the holdup—being done by the same people, which would make it seem very local.

He chuckled again. He was having a good time. "We kinda got a lead on the drugstore and hardware store jobs," he said patronizingly. "You're right about them bein' local. And you may be part right about this thing last night. They must of had a local finger man to help set it up." He gave me a sidelong glance, and I knew he was thinking of Charley.

"What's wrong with my idea about a Hungry Mountain hide-out?" I asked him. And he told me.

"Boy, have they got electricity on Hungry Mountain?"

I shook my head. So far as I knew, they didn't have.

"How you gonna keep a hind end of beef in hot weather like this without a refrigerator?" he asked me, patronizingly.

He had a point there, and he elaborated on it. He launched himself into quite a long-winded lecture about crime behaviorism patterns and about the twenty years of successful criminology experience behind Ira Wilson's infallible second sight in regard to those same unvarying crime patterns. He said nobody worked that close to home. After a while it was my turn to recite again.

I'd been thinking about the beef. Aside from the beef, they had taken cured meats which would keep in a fairly cool place, and eggs which would keep a long time in a cellar, say, and canned goods and cigarettes and things which presented no problem. I said, "They could eat a lot of the beef before it spoiled. They could maybe can the rest, or dry it, or something."

Old Ira got a big bang out of that. He slapped his leg and laughed fit to kill, and I wouldn't have much minded killing him at that. The customers in the café had their big ears tuned in, and they enjoyed it.

"Boy, your mind is runnin' around all over the place like a chicken with its head cut off," he said. "I'll tell you what you do. You find me a local badman, and I'll investigate him. You know of any?" I shook my head. "This was a job by experienced hands," he said. "It wasn't their first holdup by a long shot." He grinned and shook his head and snorted. "Only local badman I ever knowed around here was Jud Clymer. I reckon next you'll be tryin' to ring him in on this job."

And that was the missing piece in the puzzle. That was the fuzzy half-formed thought in the back of my mind. I felt my face go cold and stiff, and it wasn't because the customers were laughing right out loud now, either.

Ira liked having an appreciative audience. He got out a cigar and bit the end off of it, squinting at me. "Maybe you figger old Jud come skallyhootin' up here from Mexico to pull this job, Marshal," he said.

His claque guffawed some more. I didn't mind. I only wished I felt like laughing a little myself. Everything was churning around in my mind. I was thinking about the way a swamp rabbit runs in a circle and loses the hounds and comes back to where he started running. I was thinking about a late-model dark green sedan and a woman I thought of as Honey who had an El Paso home address. They had bothered me vaguely for several days, but it had been a formless small irritation dealing mostly with my departed War Bonds and pension check, and Honey having been roadhousing with Jud's kid cousin. Things weren't falling into place in my mind yet, but they were going to. Any minute they were going to. My mind kept balking at one very painful thought. *Where does Charley fit into this?* I got rocks in my stomach thinking about Charley.

Ira was a vengeful old coot, and he was still remembering that I had interfered with justice when I kept him from arresting Charley the night I got back to Clover. So now he was getting even.

He took the cigar out of his mouth and ran it across his tongue a couple of times and fished in his shirt pocket for a match, watching me with his eyes twinkling. "Wal, Marshal," he said gently, but loud enough to make certain the café society got it all, "this ain't no worry of yours any more. You jist go on with your usual routine, if you got one. I'll check that lead here and then I'll go on back to Osage Springs, and we'll tip off the Arkansas state cops and county laws to be on the lookout for them guys. I may git somethin' from this here local lead, I'm thinkin'." He wasn't thinking, he was just talking.

"What local lead?" I said. I knew. He knew that I knew, too.

He took his time lighting the cigar, and took some more time staring thoughtfully at the burnt end of the matchstick. "Why, folks around here somehow got the notion a local Indian might be mixed up in all these robberies," he said. "A tough, ornery Cherokee that lives here." He cut his eyes at me, showing his store teeth. He knew Charley's name. He knew I was a friend of Charley's.

"You don't look that stupid," I said.

He ignored me. "Yep, it shore might be worth lookin' into," he said. "If the feller ain't done skipped out."

"On second thought, you *do* look that stupid," I told him.

For a second I thought he was going to haul out his shooting iron. His claque was grinning at his expense, and he didn't like it a bit. But he got a grip on himself and left his gun alone. "Feller, I don't like you atall," he snarled, showing his dentures.

"I'm glad," I said. "Go ahead, waste your time on Charley." But I still had those rocks in my stomach. I got up and went outside the café and stood on the sidewalk, looking at the distant dark green bulk of Hungry Mountain.

BLACK, ominous clouds were over the valley again, with a promise of more of the life-giving rain the valley needed, but as I stood there the sun broke through for a few seconds and spilled gold on Hungry Mountain's hulking great upthrust of earth and rocks and trees, as if the sun were pointing out the place, fingering the mob. Aiding the cause of law and order.

Find a hillbilly eating T-bone steaks smothered in potato chips, and your case would be solved, I thought. But my mind rejected that part about the hillbilly. And it wasn't my case. It was Ira's case. The county law's case. Not *mine*. I was just a town marshal, my official responsibility didn't go beyond the city limits. I wasn't even a town marshal, really. I didn't *feel* like a town marshal.

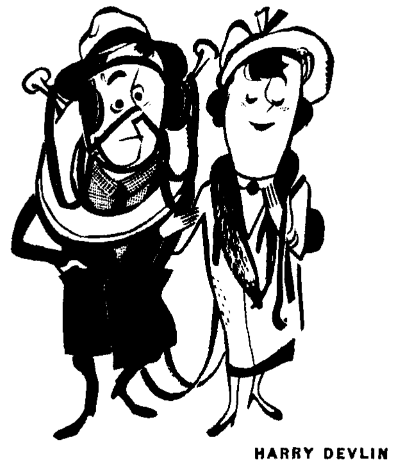
Let the county law worry about Hungry Mountain's several hundred square miles of unbroken timber and gullies and brushy ridges and almost impassable badlands, its hundreds of dim old logging trails running back in those gullies and ridges, the dozens of bleached, sagging old log cabins and green-lumber shacks tucked away at the heads of the draws and behind the brushy ridges, all hard to find. No federal or county officer liked to go moonshiner-hunting up there unless he had a stool pigeon guiding him.

I got in the car and drove out to Charley's place. Maybe I was going to warn him. Maybe I just wanted to see him, to look in his unreadable eyes and find reassurance. He *isn't* mixed up in it, I told myself.

When I got there, Old Indian said that Charley was working at the sawmill, down on the river. I didn't go sawmill hunting. . . .

When I reached home, I thought: *I wish I could get this place sold and leave.*

I went in the house and washed the few dishes that needed washing, and tidied up the kitchen, and tried not to think about Jud Clymer. I wasn't mixed up in it, either. I didn't want to get mixed up in it. Jud was all right, he was safe, nobody guessed but me, and I wasn't to be counted in. I was neutral. I was also very


HARRY DEVLIN

Second Anniversary

How subtle are the ties that bind,
When neither time nor tide has idled,
And thus it is today we find
The bride well-groomed; the groom well-bridled.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

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restless, and I still had the rocks in my stomach.

So when there wasn't anything else to occupy my hands and mind, I went in my father's room and got the letters and brought them out to the dining-room table. I spread them and started reading. The writing was cramped and careful, the script of a man who seldom held a pencil in his fingers, but I could read them all right.

Dear George: When you come home. That was the theme of all of them, all of the letters he hadn't mailed. Letters from a man I hadn't known. What does a seventeen-year-old kid know about human misery? About the way a grownup can be hurt so that his only relief is in hurting himself more? When I was seventeen there had been a guy I felt very sorry for—me. A guy named George Alford.

I PUT the letters back, and then I stood in the door of my room and looked at the difference I had sensed but couldn't figure out. New wallpaper. He'd put new paper on the walls of my room, so it would be nice for me when I came home from the war. He'd done it himself, with his own hands. And I hadn't come home.

I went out in the back yard and leaned on the barnyard gate. *You wouldn't know the old place now, son.* A sudden gust of dry hot wind whipped at my face, making my eyes sting. *I can't handle her alone, son. When you come back . . .* I thought of the soul-baring scrap that said: *Seemed like I couldn't stand it, Elmo dyin' and then Mary so quick afterward. Seemed like I just went to pieces, son. I never thought of nobody but myself, them days.*

And that made two of us.

Life had done him dirt, and he'd thought he wanted no more to do with it, and he'd tried to run away from it, and from himself, in a bottle. He tried to run away from everything without going anywhere. And maybe *that* made two of us, also.

Abruptly, standing there in the hot wind, I met myself, face to face. I'd thought only of *me* as a kid, and had finally run away from my father just as he had tried to run away from himself. During the war, responsibilities were a constant heavy burden on my mind—and since the war, all I had been doing was escaping responsibilities and obligations. My father tried to escape his responsibilities by getting drunk. Not me—I just got in a jalopy and drove fast enough to stay ahead of them. Some people ran from life and some merely sidestepped. That's what I had been doing—both. Hell! I was still doing it!

I took the marshal job because I was broke and it paid a salary. But that didn't excuse me from the obligations. I didn't want the job, I said. Answer: *But you took it.* I had thrown in my lot with law and order, with organized society, and here was a friend who had been robbed, and a deputy sheriff who had locked his brains, if any, in the rusty vault of twenty years of artery-hardening experience, and didn't really intend to do anything about the robbery at all. That left it up to me, or to nobody. I had my choice to make: accept the obligation, or keep running.

Take off your track shoes, Marshal, I thought. But old loyalties were stirring inside me, and I hated what I was going to do. Listen, once upon a time there were three friends, who clung together, who were loyal to one another because of a hunger, a need. Because they lived in the half-world of the not quite respectable. So there were three friends: Charley and Jud and me.

I *knew* that Jud Clymer was somewhere near; I suspected that Charley knew it and knew *where*, and I knew that Jud was back of all three of the recent crimes in Clover. I *knew* it.

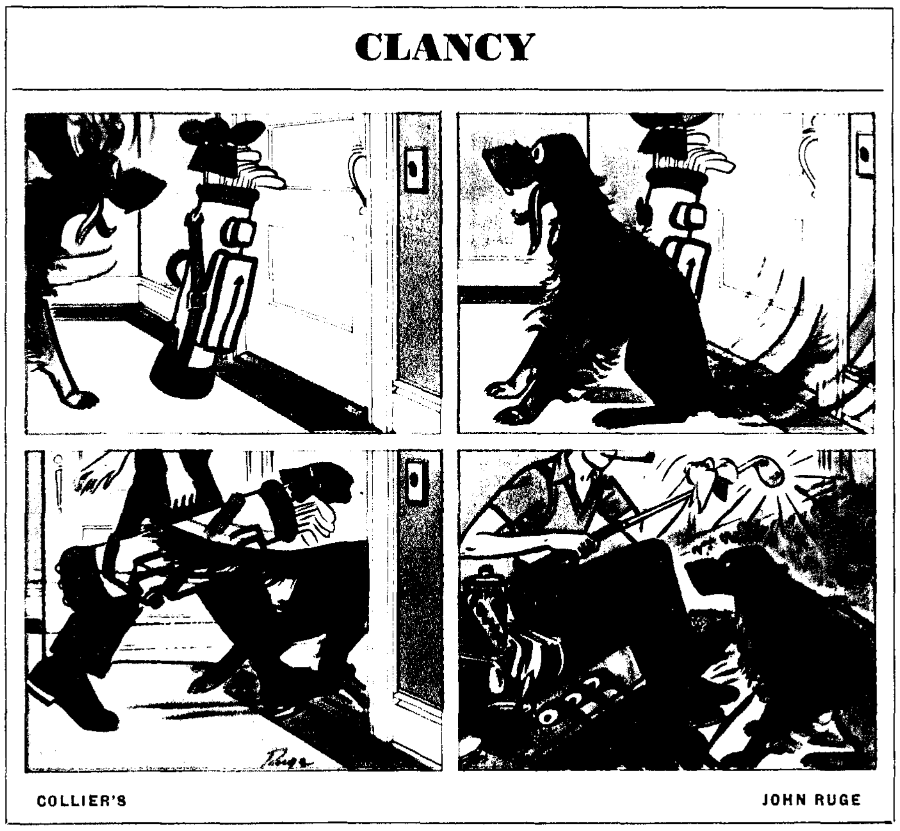
"Let's not choose up sides," I had told Charley. "I'm only pretending to be a cop."

You *had* to take sides. When we were kids we hadn't really been on one side or the other. We had been in the middle. But in the war, Charley and I had been on the side of society, of the good people, while Jud had still wanted to stay in the middle. The hard part was that I had to decide where *I* wanted to be. . . .

Before we knew him, Jud lived somewhere on Hungry Mountain. That's point one, leading up to conclusions I couldn't evade. He had escaped prison and vanished in El Paso—and there was a woman named Lucille Andrus, a very tough, experienced woman I thought of as Honey, whose home was El Paso. She could be a tourist, but I knew she wasn't.

If she was Jud's girl, which I suspected, then at first she was interested in me as a strange man, maybe because she was fed up with the kind of life she had with a man who was hiding from society. She had been with Jud's kid cousin at the roadhouse, where she'd learned I was a cop.

I stopped being just a man to her about then. She began thinking of me as Clover's town marshal—and she'd made a date with me for Sunday night, which would have assured my being out of Clover when the café was robbed. And she had turned off on the river road with a case of beer in her late-model sedan, heading toward Hungry Mountain. Taking the beer *I* paid for to Jud?



Ira Wilson talked about crime patterns. Here was a crime pattern for you. Jud used dope, Sarah said. Part of the drugstore loot had been drugs. Whoever engineered the café robbery had known when the slack time was at night—and Jud had once been night cook at that same café. Men on the run require firearms, shotguns had been taken from the hardware store, and shotguns had been used by the holdup men who robbed the café.

So I kept thinking *Jud,* and I kept thinking *Hungry Mountain,* and I kept thinking about things like obligations. And I kept hoping I was wrong about the whole thing.

What it came down to was that I had to ally myself with the good people or the bad people. Jud was the bad people, and the good people were Sarah, her father, the Woodruffs, the mayor, all those people in Clover. And Charley, too—he wasn't bad *yet.*

I didn't really make a decision. I merely started acting. I took a last look at the distant bulge of Hungry Mountain, and went in the house. *There is lots of rabbits on the place now, son. I seen a dandy pump rifle at the hardware like you and Elmo used to want. I got it for you, so when you come home . . .* The rifle was in his clothes closet, carefully wrapped in a piece of blanket, oiled and shiny and new. I took it and went out to the car and drove to Clover, to the hardware store.

"Goin' huntin', Marshal?" the mayor asked me.

"Goin' snooping," I told him. "I've got a hunch there might be some fried pies on Hungry Mountain."

He looked dubious. "*You mention it to Ira Wilson?*"

I nodded. "He's positive the stuff is in Arkansas and out of his jurisdiction," I explained. "He also thinks Charley Rainfall may have fingered the job for an Arkie outfit, Mayor."

"Ira's gettin' old," the mayor said tolerantly. "Never was very smart to begin with, I reckon. Called me jist now from some farmer's place and said he'd done found some shotguns out at Charley's home. Said as soon as he locates Charley, he aims to have me identify them guns. Shucks, there ain't no law says a man can't have guns in his house. I don't expect to recognize them shotguns, Marshal."

"Mayor," I said. "Look—maybe Charley's in a little trouble, but he's a good guy. He'll straighten out. Look, no matter what, please don't recognize those shotguns. As a big personal favor to me, Mayor."

He looked at me and smiled a little. "All right, George," he said.

"I think it'll be all right," I said. "But, just in case—"

He nodded. "Don't worry about it, George." He got me the box of .22 long-rifle shells I wanted, and I started out, and he said, "Say, there was a feller around lookin' for you this mornin', George. Said he was interested in buyin' the farm."

"All right," I said. I went out and got in the car and drove east on the highway to the river road, and as I took the first hairpin curve along the bluffs it began to rain. I stopped and got out the bumper jack and put on the car chains, and kept going.

AN HOUR later I got on top of the mountain proper—some thirteen hundred feet above the valley floor.

Remember, there were only hundreds of the logging trails running out into the timber and brush. All I had to do was find the right one, if there was a right one. I might have to check them all, and a thing like that could take days. But when I walked a few yards into the first trail, it stopped seeming so impossible. Unbroken waist-high oak sprouts between the tracks said no car had been up there lately. Simple. All I had to do was check the trails a car *could* have gone up. Find the large needle in the small haystack, if there was a needle.

Several times I hiked far along a trail in the cold steady rain before finding a shack with an old rattletrap parked beside it, but for the most part it only took a short walk before I'd mark a trail off the list. Most of the mountain people had no cars, and wagons made their own distinctive track. Some trails led to rocks or stumps no late-model car could straddle, and in others locust sprouts and saplings grew thick where the big-wheeled wagons once hauled out saw logs. But it still took time to check them, and I got cold and wet in spite of my slicker, and the morning became late afternoon. I nourished a growing conviction that I was chasing the wild goose. And *hoped* I was.

I almost passed it up when I finally found it. The trail went up alongside the gully, which was half full of swift muddy water now, and after a hundred yards through the densely timbered draw I came up against a thick stand of locust sprouts. I started to give it up, but decided to scout around and a hundred feet farther along I found where the trail began on the far side of the ditch. It had simply swung down into the watercourse, and the water hid the car tracks.

I was carrying the rifle, as a sort of cheap and unreliable insurance policy and I kept going, slipping in the muddy track. I went a mile before I saw the log house through the dripping, black-wet trees. I stopped then and managed to get a cigarette lighted, and I leaned against a tree wondering what to do next. All I wanted to do was make sure, and go back and dump it in Ira Wilson's lap. I wanted evidence—not trouble. *How will I be sure?* I wondered. But the knowing was the only easy part about it, after all.

THE two-room cabin sat on a shelf under the ridge. Thirty yards beyond was the car, Honey's car, before a cellar built into the ridge facing down the draw. I remembered her saying: "Mama wants to use the car Sunday night."

I turned, half inclined to go back to town. But I couldn't be certain it *was* Honey's car. So I went on, keeping the trees and brush between me and the house. There were no windows on the side facing me. The door was closed, and the steady drumming of the rain drowned out any noise I might have made in the brush. When I was forty feet from the house I stopped behind a huge oak tree and listened.

There were no sounds, except the drumming and dripping of rain, and the gurgle of muddy water in the gully. Deciding to get nearer the house, I stepped from behind the tree. Then suddenly the cellar door opened and a man stepped out, carrying a shotgun.

His wet blond hair was plastered to his skull, and his tough baby-face was badly in need of a shave, but it was Jud, all right. He was wearing pants too large for him, and a ragged shirt he must have stolen from a junk dealer, but it was Jud. He saw me immediately and dropped into a crouch, with the gun coming up to cover me menacingly. His eyes scouted the brush as he began to back up toward the car.

"Hello, Jud," I said. He was about forty yards away, and I had to raise my voice a little. "Hello, Jud," I said, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. I hadn't moved since I recognized him. All my good intentions were down the drain. *Old Jud,* I thought.

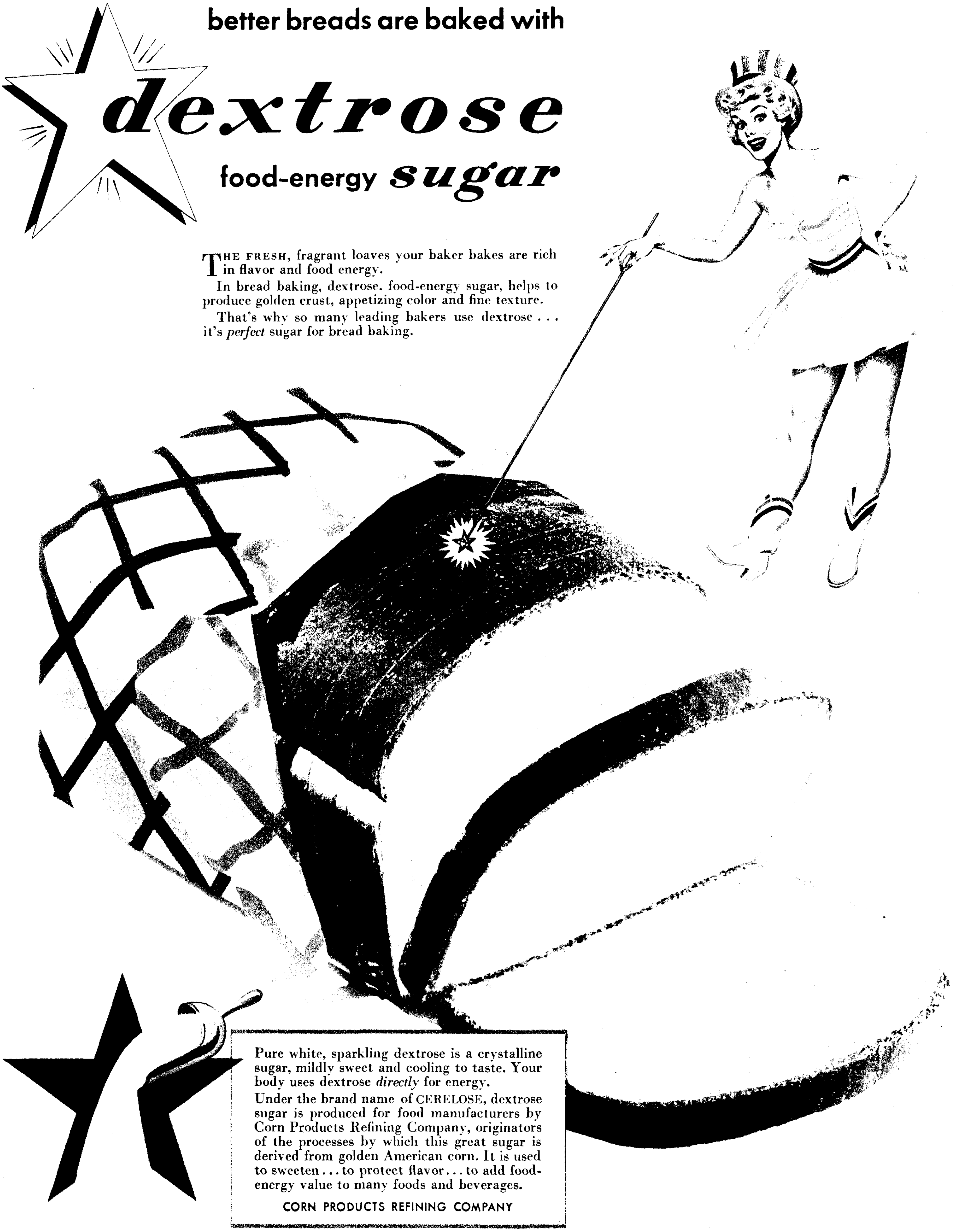
He knew me then. He straightened slowly and stopped backing toward the car, but he was still wary. "George," he said. "You alone?"

"I'm alone," I said.

He stared at me for a long moment, and then he grinned. It was the same old grin, cocky, a trifle sarcastic maybe, with his eyes almost shut. "This is a hell of a day to be *hunting squirrels, George,*" he said.

You understand, he hadn't changed. From forty yards away, he didn't seem to have changed a bit, and seeing him again, unchanged, all the past came back and I had a crazy feeling this was a game and in a minute we'd be laughing together about it. I knew it wasn't any good then, my being there.

The rain slacked off, and there was no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sound in the growing dusk but the dripping and the low murmur of water in the gully. I felt a long way from such things as laws and men who broke the laws. As kids, Jud and Charley and I had broken minor little laws together. Jud killed a man, but I'd killed more than one.

"I hear you're a big law officer, pal," Jud said. He had a pipe line into town, of course. Honey kept him informed on things in town.

"Not very big," I said. "Not much of an officer, Jud."

His grin was very disarming. "You on business, pal?"

I wasn't on business. Suddenly I knew I wasn't on law business. I thought: *I can't do it.* One fast lunge would have put me behind a tree and safety. But that would have been a declaration of war, an opening of hostilities, and I didn't want a war with Jud. I was *neutral.* He hadn't done anything to me. He'd broken a law or two, he lived all wrong, he'd killed a man accidentally.

LET him do his answering to God, not me. I couldn't rat on him, any more than I could rat on Charley. My mind was operating on two levels, in a way. I was thinking if I turned and ran fast, zigzagging, I could get away all right; but at the same time I knew it wouldn't be that way. I couldn't turn him over to the law, any more than he could shoot me.

"Jud, I haven't seen you," I said. "I don't know a thing. I'm going back to town, and in a couple days I'll be going back to sunny California. Good luck, kid."

He lowered his shotgun then, grinning. "So long, sucker," he said.

I grinned back at him. The cellar door opened, and Jud made a gesture with his blond head, and another man, dark of complexion—a stranger to me—stepped out. Jud kept grinning at me, the gun lowered. *You're running again,* I thought. But that was all right, too. Back in town it was easy to say: Whose side are you on? Nothing is ever as easy as it seems, when you're right smack up against it. There was a man in Clover who wanted to buy my farm, and a girl who wanted to go to California. At that moment I hoped that Jud would always get away safely.

So I grinned at him, feeling the old warmth inside me, and he gave me his old, friendly, cocky grin, and I turned around and started back down the draw under the dripping trees.

Then he shot me in the back. I took three steps and something hit me between the shoulder blades—something hot as burning coals. I heard the roar of the shotgun. I felt the wet leaf mold heaving up under me, and as I fell with my back suddenly on fire, I thought: *Jud shot me!* But the government had spent a lot of money training my reflexes, and even as I fell, I was rolling. I knew I had to move, and I rolled behind the nearest tree, twisting around. The shotgun blasted again, and I caught a brief glimpse of Jud's twisted, hating face.

I lay in the wet leaves behind the tree until my lungs sucked air again, seeing the other man move away from the cellar door and start wide, trying to flank me. As I got on my feet behind the thick trunk of the oak tree, the rain started again. I brought up the rifle which I still held, not thinking now, and began pumping it fast at the dark man.

He stopped and lifted his shotgun. I snapped a quick shot at him and the bullet caught him in the face. He dropped his gun and sprawled on the ground, holding his face in his hands, and I thought he was out of it.

Another charge of shot ripped into the oak, spraying around me, and I shoved the rifle around the wet black trunk, ready to fire. But Jud was behind the car, just his shotgun and his blond head showing; he kept firing rapidly, the pellets ripping splinters from the oak and raining bark over the wet leaves.

With the renewal of rain, the dusk seemed to drop swiftly, like a wet gray blanket, and I thought: In a few minutes it'll be dark enough to get the hell out of here. I was sick and stunned by what had happened, by Jud's treachery, his sly betrayal. But I was in it now, and I had to play it that way.

That house made me nervous. There had been three men in the café robbery; I knew where only two of them were, and I was worried about that silent house. I could feel the blood flowing hot and sticky down my back under the slicker and hoped the slicker had taken most of the impact. I began easing around the oak to keep it partly between me and the far corner of the house, not worrying about the man on the ground because I still thought he was out of it. But he wasn't. He had retrieved his shotgun, and he fired awkwardly from his prone position, and the charge hammered my left leg from under me.

As I fell against the wet rough trunk of the tree, grabbing at it to stay upright, I saw his face, the jaw hanging grotesquely and the blood pouring from his mouth. I steadied myself and took careful aim, seeing him trying to pump the gun. My bullet got him somewhere in the right arm. And then I flopped suddenly in the wet leaves, because my right leg alone wasn't able to support me, and the wet fire on my back was running warm and sticky down inside my clothes. I was getting very sick. Sick and dizzy and scared. I was plenty scared.

I heard the back door of the house open, but I couldn't help that. I watched an old man run to the guy on the ground and bend over him, trying to lift him. The wounded man cursed savagely with his shattered mouth, and the old man took the shotgun and scuttled on to the cellar and inside. *That's the three of them,* I thought.

MY LEGS wouldn't work. *If I'm going, I'd better go soon,* I thought. But I couldn't even get up out of the wet leaves, and I stared numbly at the dark spreading carpet of my own blood. I thought: *I'll bleed to death.* But then I thought: *I won't have to bleed to death. Jud's only waiting until it gets dark.*

I refilled the magazine of the rifle and got a cigarette out and managed to light it in the rain. *They'll come around the house,* I thought. *They'll get behind me if they can.* I smoked, and it got darker, and I didn't know there was anything dangerous about feeling so comfortable until the cigarette fell out of my limp fingers. After that I worried about passing out and tried not to.

This was different from Iwo Jima. On Iwo I'd been more or less expecting it. Not here. This was a big old hairy surprise. The rug under me kept getting bigger, its edges slowly spreading out over the wet leaves. *Be analgesic, Hor-jay,* I thought. It was darker, all the time it was darker, and the man on the ground was a dark shape crawling toward the car. *That's Harvey,* I thought, remembering the newspaper story Sarah had showed me days ago. A man named Harvey Morris had been Jud's accomplice in the jail break. I slumped forward craning my neck around the tree, not comprehending why Harvey Morris was crawling toward the car in the growing darkness. Who was the old man, I wondered dully.

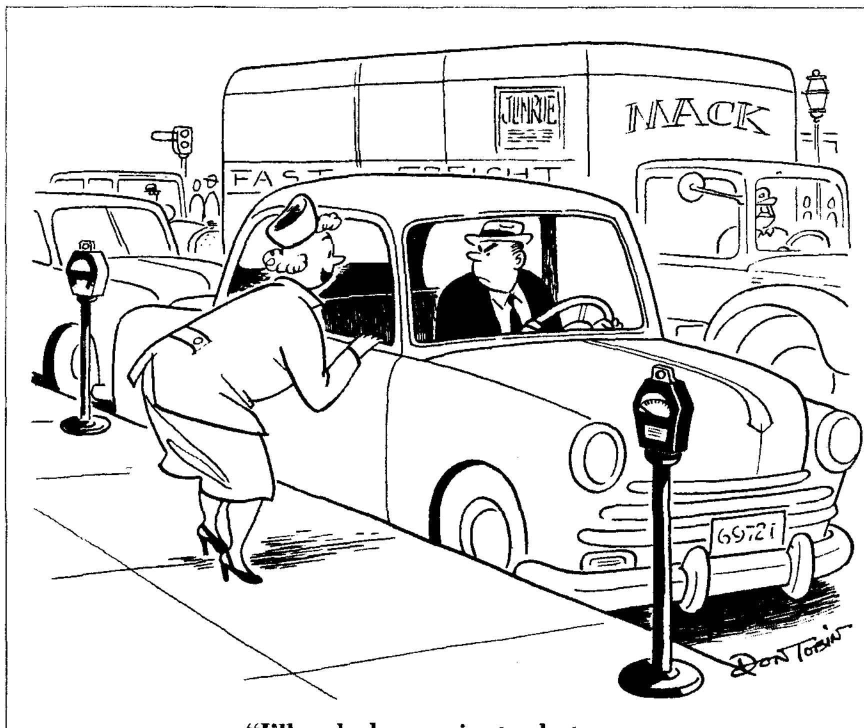
A SHOTGUN roared through the rain, splattering the leaves under my face and driving me to cover. I closed my eyes and leaned against the cold, wet, rough bark and tried to keep awake. *Be alert, Hor-jay.* Then I opened my eyes, and a blinding, liquid light was everywhere, and after much thought I understood that the brilliance all around me was coming from the car's headlights. Jud had turned on the lights, and I was a sitting duck.

I don't know how long it was before I started trying to shoot the lights out, but I finally started trying. I would shoot, and duck behind the tree and pump another shell into the chamber and shoot and duck and repeat the whole thing again and again—and nothing happened to the lights. I didn't know where in that shimmering curtain of brilliance to aim. The hammer must have clicked three or four times before I realized the gun was empty. It took me longer to realize that I couldn't find the rest of my shells. I had dropped them somewhere in the leaves, and I couldn't find them. I was helpless now.

My mind still worked well enough to tell me what that meant. I wasn't resigned to dying, but I thought it was all pretty much arranged. And when the gun roared behind me, I shut my eyes and slumped against the tree, mouth open and twisted to shape the pain. But it didn't come. The gun roared again behind me and to the side, and again, and then the blinding light was gone and everything was darkness, and dripping rain.

It hadn't been either a shotgun or a .22 rifle. It sounded more like a thirty-thirty rifle, and it only confused me to discover that the gun wasn't actually shooting at me at all. There was a long puzzling silence when nothing at all happened in the darkness. The bark gouged my face, and I stared at the pallor of dead leaves around the dark base of the tree, and after a while the strange gun roared again behind me and somebody in front of me yelled hoarsely. It sounded like the old man, not Jud.

I don't know when or how I knew that it was Charley there behind the tree with me, his hand moving gently over me. He was



COLLIER'S "I'll only be a minute, but you can always put in more nickels" DON TOBIN trying to find out how bad I was hurt, but he didn't say a word. And then he was gone, very quietly, and presently there were more shots up behind the house, and a choking cough, and then just the rain. . . .

A long time later I sensed that Charley was the one lifting me up and I thought: *Charley will get me out of here. He did it before.*

I came to in town for a few seconds; it was like being half awake, and I heard his voice. "I got the same type blood, Doc," he said. The next time I came to I was in bed and Sarah was asleep in a chair beside the bed, and one or both of us smelled offensively medicinal. I went back to sleep, feeling pretty bad about Sarah. There was something pretty lousy I had to tell her.

It was then I got a little delirious and imagined I was talking to my father—or, rather, he was talking to me. He wasn't the unshaven, red-eyed man I remembered for ten years. He was the picture in his room—a younger man, and his eyes weren't bitter or bloodshot. His eyes were asking me to get what he was saying straight. *I know I made it hard for you, son, but that's all over with now. I got the farm on its feet. I did it for you, George, so when you come back from the war . . .* The eyes seemed to grow sad, right there. *It's your eighty acres of the world with a fence around it, son.*

I woke up again and my face was wet, and Sarah was holding my hand tight and her gray eyes were wide and full of the pain I felt. Doc Golding was there, too, and he stuck a needle in my arm, and I had to go through the business with my father all over again.

Only this time he was an old man with sad eyes and he needed a shave, and he was wearing those old steel-rimmed glasses and holding a stub of pencil in his callused fingers. *I got a bad heart, son,* he said. *I ain't got long to live, and I know you're not coming back—not while I'm alive. But I got the farm in good shape, it's clear and it's yours. A man has to belong somewhere, son. You can't run away from things, like you run away from me. You got to build your own place in the world. You got to make your own security, and hold up your end.*

"I know it," I said. "I know it, now, Dad."

It was all in the letters. Most of it written, some of it only implied. But it was all in the letters. *I hope someday you'll be able to think kindly of me, son. I never aimed to be a bad father. I'm trying to make it up to you now the only way I know how.* And then he said: *I been mighty proud of you, son.* His tired old eyes were even sadder, and wistful. *I wish you could of been proud of me.*

"I am," I said. "My God, I *am* proud of you, Dad."

THE strange woman said it was Wednesday morning. I was hungry and sore, the bandages were stiff and tight, and I was lying on my stomach. She helped me turn over, she put pillows behind me so I was half sitting up, and she asked me if I wanted anything. Sure, I said. A cigarette. Coffee. Something to eat. Good, she said. Here's a cigarette. Just stay quiet, she said. I felt like I'd been through the wringer, but I was all right. I felt like I'd had a terrible nightmare, but I was awake now, and it was all right. I smoked the cigarette, and it tasted fine. The nurse brought me some coffee.

"Is this a hospital?" I said. It didn't look

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Physician, University of Pennsylvania	Heartburn is not caused by excess stomach acidity, and bicarbonate is practically useless as a remedy.
Psychologist, University of California	Chronic thumb sucking is more often found in children in happy than in unhappy homes.
Educator, Federal Commission of Education	Persons in their forties can learn just as fast as they could in their teens.
Engineer, Westinghouse Electric Corporation	Lightning does not blast the tree it strikes—it creates heat which turns the wood moisture to steam, which causes the explosion.
Anthropologist, Berkeley Museum of Anthropology	Only one per cent of the full-blooded Indians in the Western Hemisphere live in the United States.
Researcher, United Press Association	The Bottomless Pit of the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico is seven hundred feet deep.
Athletic Coach, University of Pittsburgh	The students with the biggest chest expansion are not the athletes, but the band members who play wind instruments.
Registrar-General, Scotland	The commonest name in Scotland is not MacDonald, but Smith.
Biologist, University of California	Death Valley is full of life—it harbors twenty-six species of mammals.

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like a hospital room. Too chintzy, or something.

"No," she said. "I'm on special duty. It's a private home."

"Whose private home?" I said, and then I saw Sarah and Charley standing in the doorway.

Charley came on in the room, but Sarah held back. She looked beautiful and anxious. She'd make some man a wonderful wife, I thought. Some California man, maybe.

"How you feel, Sarge?" Charley wanted to know. His face was as hard and expressionless as granite.

"I feel pretty good," I said. He looked at me and his eyes were troubled and hurt, way back deep somewhere. "What is it, boy?" I said.

"Sarge," he said. "Who did it? Who shot you in the back?"

"Jud," I said. "Our old friend Jud shot me in the back."

HIS face lost its hard tightness then, and his eyes changed, too. "All right," he said. "Then that's all right, Sarge."

I didn't get it, and he saw that I didn't. He lighted a cigarette and stared at it somberly for a while, and then he said very quietly, "I killed him."

"Charley, he wasn't the Jud we knew," I said. I felt like crying. "Charley," I said, choking a little. "He wasn't the old Jud any more."

"No," he said. "I guess the old Jud died a long time ago." His black, gloomy gaze began to prowl around the room, and he smoked the cigarette. Then he looked at me and shrugged a little. "You were wrong, Sarge," he said. "We did have to choose up sides, after all."

I started to tell him that *he* didn't have to, but I knew suddenly that he had, that we always have to. Look what happened to me when I tried to stay in the middle—I got shot in the back. In the middle is a bad place to be. It's directly in the line of fire.

And I got a sort of thought, then. Maybe it's a pretty good thought. No man is entirely a product of the society he lives in, or on the edge of. Every man is mostly a product of himself, what he makes of himself. A man has a lot of personal choice in the matter, actually. Maybe there was room in the world for Charley and me. We still had something to build with. Jud had used up all of his alternatives long before he came back to Clover and Hungry Mountain. He threw away all the rulebooks. He was a finished product a long time ago.

"Charley," I said. "Did you know he was up there?"

He shook his head. "You got me to wondering," he said. "I didn't know—but when I heard all the shooting, I guessed it would be Jud. I remembered about the swamp rabbits running in circles, like you said." He crushed his cigarette out in an ash tray and looked at me. "Sarge, I told them to send the reward money to the family of that guy, the one Jud killed in the Texas holdup." He wasn't asking if it was okay with me. He understood how I felt about it without asking.

I finished my coffee. "What about the woman?" I said. "Honey?"

"They picked her up in Osage Springs," Charley said. "They got a cousin of Jud's, too, for helping shelter a criminal or something." Suddenly he grinned. "That woman and her father, the old man, they hauled Jud and the other guy up here from El Paso in her trunk compartment. I'll bet that was some ride."

I thought: So that's who the old man was—Honey's father.

"She sent that post card from Juárez," I said. "Didn't she?"

He nodded, and his eyes went around the room restlessly, and he kept thinking about things. Presently he grinned at me again. "Those shotguns of mine, Sarge—I bought 'em with my G.I. insurance dividend. I didn't steal them." He got up, still grinning, and punched my shoulder with his fist, lightly. "Say, how does it feel to have your back full of number six birdshot?"

"Lousy," I said. "But better than what they served on Iwo."

He was still grinning. "Get well, Sarge," he said, and he turned and went out of the room.

I was still trying to swallow the dry hard lump in my throat when Sarah came through the door, hesitantly.

"Hello, George," she said. It sounded like a question.

"Hello, Sarah," I said. She came on toward the bed, and I grinned at her and said, "I forgot to ask Charley how he got me out from behind that beautiful big fat oak tree, Sarah."

She stood there with her hands behind her, looking anxious and very unsure of herself and very solemn. "He went up there in the mayor's car," she said. "He carried you out to the road and brought you back to town—to Doc Golding's office."

Her eyes began to swim a little. "He was so terrible and wonderful, George. He gave you blood, and he—he cursed something awful, and said if you died . . .".

Her voice faltered and quit on her, and she looked—hell, I don't know how she looked. She looked hurt; she looked very lovely and very concerned and angry for me—as though she felt the whole thing had been a dirty way to treat a guy. She was right about that, too.

I felt the same way about it. But I wasn't thinking about Jud, who was all rotten inside and who was dead now. I was thinking about Sarah, and feeling a big aching sense of loss.

"That's twice now," I said. "Remind me to carry him piggyback some time." She looked puzzled. "Iwo Jima," I said. "He got me back to the beach and onto an LCI when I was shot up on Iwo. So now I owe him for two rides." I was trying to keep it light, and she wasn't helping. She acted like a little girl visiting the sickroom of a distant relative.

"There are people waiting to see you," she said timidly.

"Who?" I said, and she said, "Oh, Bob Woodruff, and the mayor, and Daddy, of course. And the sheriff will be back sometime today with the papers for you to sign." She stopped and looked out the window, and looked back at me, anxiously. "Are you—are you all right, George?"

"I'm fine," I said. "Anybody else want to see me?"

She twisted her fingers together. "A man to see about the farm."

I WANTED lots of people—I wanted people to swarm over me. I wanted to postpone what I had to say to Sarah. "Open the gate," I said, and she gave me a troubled glance and started to leave, and I said, "No—wait, Sarah!" Because I'd been running away again, and I didn't intend ever to run away again. "Come here, baby," I said. She came back and stood by the bed.

"The sheriff found your War Bonds," she said breathlessly. "Up there, when he was cleaning up the mess. It was Jud's girl friend who took them—she admitted it."

"Stop racing your motor, honey," I said, and was sorry I'd used the word *honey* on Sarah. *Get it over with*, I thought, and I felt sick because she was what I wanted in a woman. Oh, maybe a little older. Maybe I needed a woman who had been around a little more than Sarah, and who could chop wood and milk a cow. But Sarah had the eyes and the face and the lips and the beautiful and slender young body I'd always thought I wanted my woman to have, if I ever had a woman. She was what I wanted, all right, but I wasn't what she wanted. Not any more, I wasn't. And I hated like hell to have to tell her.

"The man who wants to see me about the farm," I said. She nodded, staring at the pillow a foot from my face. "Send him away," I said. "I'm not selling the farm, Sarah."

She kept staring at the pillow, and after a while I said, "I'm staying in Clover, Sarah. I'm not going back to California."

"So what?" she said.

"So nothing," I said. "So that's it. So

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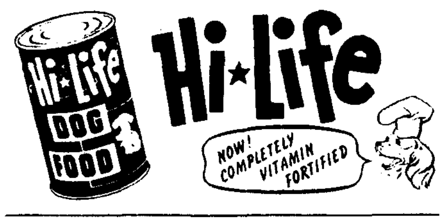

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everything is different now, but we don't have to talk it any deader than it already is."

She looked at me and her eyes grew large, and then they narrowed and began to glint ominously. "I see what you mean," she said. "I just wanted to marry you so I'd get a free trip to California."

"I didn't say that," I told her.

"That's what you *meant!*" she said fiercely. "But I don't care if I never *see* California—how do you like that? I don't even *want* to go to California, darn you!"

"My mistake," I said. "Where *do* you want to go?"

SARAH glared at me. "Wherever you go," she said in a furious voice. "Any damned place under God's sun, George Alford. Does a woman ever have a choice, or ask it? I just want to be with *you*, you jerk!"

I had to get it straight. "Even here, even on the farm, baby?"

"This is my home," she said. "My friends are here. My folks are here. Maybe it's kind of exciting and romantic to *think* about tearing around all over creation with a footloose man, but I bet a nickel it wouldn't be very much fun, if you had to *do* it."

"It wouldn't," I said. "It would be lousy, baby." She must have seen how I felt. It must have been plain in my eyes for her to see. I wasn't trying to keep it a secret. "It would be a hell of a way to live, baby," I said.

"You idiot!" she said, coming to me then. "You big fool!" she said against my neck. "Sure I was sick of Clover before you came back. Sure I was restless and bored and nursing a grudge against the world. There wasn't anything especially *good* about Clover, until you came home. There wasn't anybody here for me, and everybody needs somebody to—to be in love with, and to—to—"

"Hush, baby," I said. "You talk too much."

"I know it," she said. "We both talk too much."

So we quit talking so damned much. . . .

I made a down payment on a tractor with my War Bonds, and it's chugging along in the bottom, laying by the corn crop my father planted. My partner, Charley, is doing the driving. This fall we're going to shove that corn down a lot of hungry hogs, and if everything works out all right we plan to build some fishing cabins along our strip of the Osage River, and spray hell out of the ticks, and lure tourists into the valley.

We've got the other farmers enlisting left and right in a program to build, and use, dipping vats. Seems like old Charley and I have some influence around here now, although he's still a Cherokee and I'm no longer marshal. They've got an old guy wearing the badge now, but Clover doesn't really need a marshal. It's a law-abiding town, a fine little growing concern of a town.

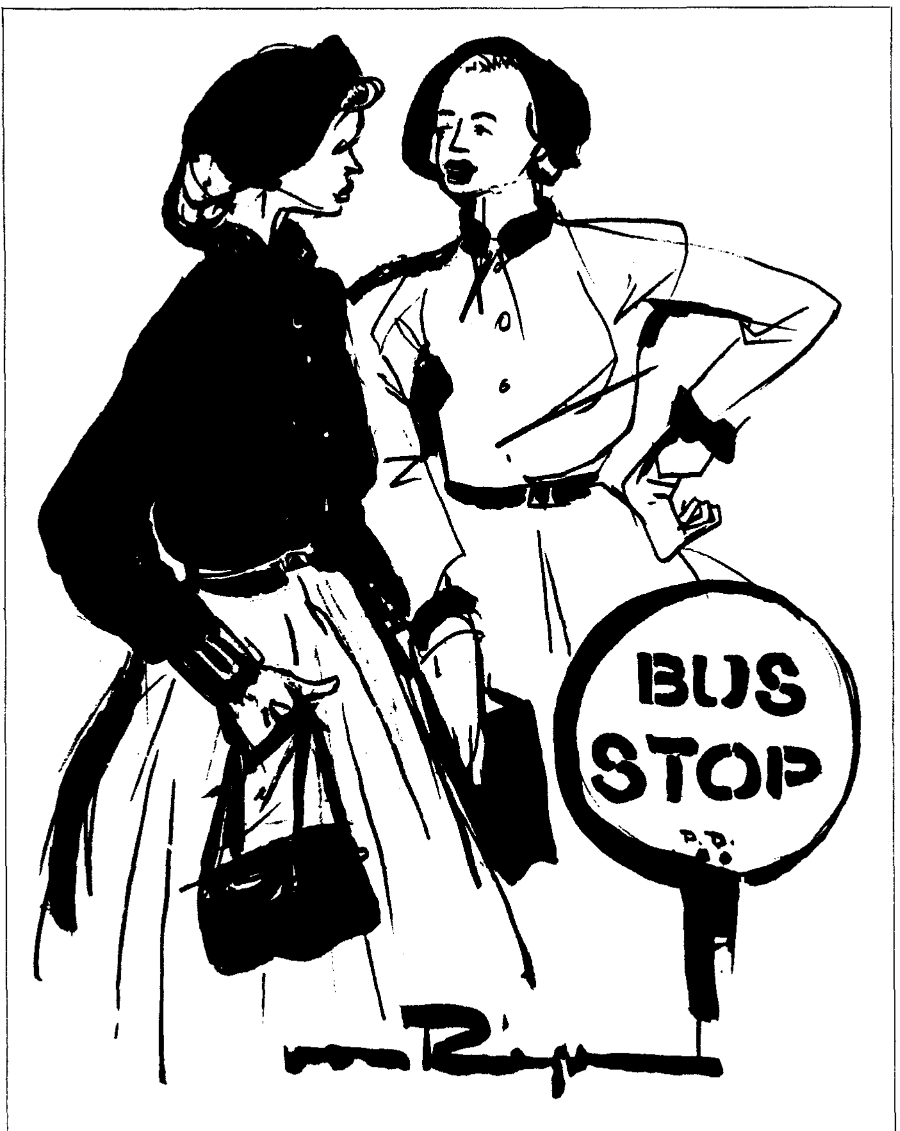
And if everything else works out okay, I'm going to turn things over to Charley in late August and take Sarah to California to pick up the rest of my War Bonds in L.A. I'm going to keep her out there until late in September, maybe, and she'll like it fine. But I'll bet that she'll get homesick for an Oklahoma Indian summer and want to come back. Okies *always* get homesick in autumn, and Sarah is about the ever-lovingest little Okie you ever saw.

AND, speaking of Indian summers . . . the other day while we were running our trotlines, Charley grinned self-consciously and said, "You know Mike Tenkiller? Lives across the river from Hanging Bluffs?"

"Yeah," I said. "She's about eighteen and real good-looking, and her name is Ellen Marie, and I wish you luck. What about Mike? He's only her father."

Did you know Indians can blush? I never did before.

THE END



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

which distribute everything from timber hoists to caskets, and he is an expert in building design whose experience goes all the way back to the stately Agricultural Palace at the Lewis and Clark centennial of 1905. Furthermore, MacNaughton has undertaken to organize the campaign in the Northwest to push for Congressional adoption of the Hoover Commission recommendations.

"E. B. MacNaughton is by long odds the most influential man in Oregon," says Raymond M. Kell, attorney for the potent state grange, who several times has tried to persuade MacNaughton to file for U.S. senator.

MacNaughton is a man of substantial wealth, yet he lives on a shaded Portland street of unpretentious frame homes. Despite the dignity of his many responsibilities, he often startles people with his lack of stuffiness. He has been overheard at Reed College commenting favorably on the bare legs of the young woman who teaches modern dance. And at an Oregonian party, when a pretty female staff member asked for bald heads on which she could sketch caricatures, the publisher was the first to volunteer his shiny noggin.

MacNaughton is justly famous for doing the unexpected. Although a lifelong Republican, he wrote President Truman a letter which was instrumental in putting on the federal bench a forty-three-year-old Portland labor lawyer whom many of MacNaughton's fellow Republicans were determinedly opposing.

"Mr. Mac, what kind of a Republican are you, anyway?" asked one of his associates in the G.O.P.

"I'm a Republican with a move on," answered the affluent banker in the polka-dot bow tie and tortoise-shell glasses.

The Crusade Wasn't Stopped

Some of his bank's substantial depositors were severely jolted when MacNaughton flatly refused to call off his pastor, Rev. Richard Steiner, from a militant anti-vice crusade which was disturbing the owners of dilapidated but profitable hovels along "skid road."

When MacNaughton became president of Reed College he boosted the meager salaries of the faculty, increased tuition fees and hiked the wages of student janitors and waitresses from 60 to 70 cents an hour. This was just the opposite of the battening-down program which some of the school's more cautious donors had hoped for from a banker.

Around the state MacNaughton is familiarly known as "Mr. Mac." The nickname has certain affectionate connotations in Oregon, but this has not always been the case. In many essentials, MacNaughton's curiously mercurial career parallels that of the state in which he cuts so wide a swath.

For a generation he was known as the man who liquidated tottering banks and loan companies. The vagaries of the lumber industry, on which Oregon's economy has been based, made this a frequent chore. People contended MacNaughton could drive a stern bargain with an arctic blizzard. "He showed as much mercy as a stalking panther," reminisced one ousted executive. The head of the First National Bank of Portland came to be considered the hard core of Oregon obstinacy, and Oregon has long been reputed the West's most standpat state.

But since 1940 a profound change has crept over this frontier commonwealth. With vacant meadows and vast uplands which can be made productive by irrigation, Oregon has beckoned temptingly to migrants. The population of the state is up a prodigious 59 per cent since 1940, exceeding by 5 per cent even the proportionate gain of its booming neighbor, California. Some 647,000 newcomers have settled in Oregon during the past 10 years, more than in the entire first century after white men brought the flag down the Columbia River. The bulk of these new citizens are in the younger age brackets. The state is stirring, and so is its most controversial citizen.

Amid the tensions of World War II, when Japanese-American residents of the seacoast were being hurried back behind the mountains, MacNaughton abruptly spoke out against "hysteria which will make us commit injustices we later will regret." This was an unpopular cause, but MacNaughton rallied churches and civic organizations to the aid of the harassed nisei.

No Longer a Backwoods State

"I guess I was learning things, as the world crowded in upon us along our cloistered rim of the continent," MacNaughton now recollects. "All of a sudden Oregon was full of new people and new problems. I saw that methods and ideas suitable for a slow-moving backwoods economy would never do for an expanding civilization, which was rapidly being industrialized through the tapping of cheap hydroelectric power." Projects such as Bonneville Dam fascinate MacNaughton, and the blue shield of the American Society of Civil Engineers always gleams on his vest.

The Northwest, where not a skillet of aluminum had been manufactured before the war, had become by 1945 the site of almost half the national production. Henry J. Kaiser had moved trainloads of men across the continent to staff his Columbia River shipyards. MacNaughton warned clients of his bank, who did not know a union button when they saw one, that they soon would have to sit down at the bargaining table with labor. Many open-shop employers were skeptical, but MacNaughton helped promote a local labor-management committee which has won high praise.

MacNaughton also blossomed forth about this time as the campaign finance chairman for a militant young member of the War Labor Board who aspired to represent Oregon in the U.S. Senate. Wayne L. Morse's support of trade-unions disturbed many of the state's rich men, but MacNaughton said, "Here's a fellow who's going places and he's got twentieth-century ideas. You had better make a contribution to his campaign."

After Morse began his maverick career in the Senate, he stated that MacNaughton had never exacted a promise or pledge in return for this backing. "He said he just wanted me to be a first-class senator," Morse explained.

In spite of MacNaughton's persistent drive for money, the campaign ended in arrears. The deficit finally was erased by MacNaughton and a fellow banker, Edward C. Sammons. They obtained post-election donations in Oregon while Morse did his part by speaking at banquets around the country for fees ranging from $250 to $500 an appearance. He sent the checks directly to MacNaughton to apply on the deficit. But the experience disillusioned MacNaughton with active participation in politics. "It's not a game for a fellow who believes in balanced budgets, either public or private ones," he says.

The banker spares himself in none of his assignments. Indeed, many of his associates, men who had not yet been born when MacNaughton graduated as a structural engineer from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, find it difficult to keep up with his hard-driving pace.

His first faculty meeting at Reed was typical. MacNaughton took over the college presidency from Dr. Peter Odegard, forty-nine, who had gone to the University of California as head of the political science department. The meeting was scheduled for four o'clock but Reed's learned faculty, abundantly stocked with Rhodes scholars and Phi Beta Kappas, was accustomed to strolling in as the mood dictated. Sharply at four MacNaughton pulled out his watch like the conductor of a fast express.

"Let's get started," he said to the four professors in their seats.

By the time the bulk of the faculty had arrived, the business of the afternoon was well under way. Ever since, a full quorum has been present at the stroke of four.

MacNaughton leaves his office door open constantly, and from the corridor he can be seen wrestling with the skimpy budget or trying to argue endowments out of his wealthy friends. In fact, on the day of his arrival MacNaughton considered ripping out all the partitions so president, registrar and dean would sit desk to desk behind a rail like the officials of a bank. MacNaughton did not move into the president's rambling residence, but converted it instead into a men's dormitory. "Official mansions aren't democratic," he explained.

Reed is famous for rigid academic standards. Despite its modest size and remote location, it has recently numbered among its students the son of a Harvard dean, the son of one of the editors of the Chicago Tribune and the granddaughters of Franklin D. Roosevelt and "Fighting Bob" La Follette. Sistie Boettiger met her handsome husband on the campus and now lives within sight of Reed, where her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, is a frequent visitor.

One of the pleasanter duties of a college president: MacNaughton visits a dancing class on the Reed campus. "The prettier, the better," he says

MacNaughton's assistants are amused by the fact that on the same day he suggested the providing of extra courses in religion he also scrawled his hearty approval of a promotional brochure which included, extraordinary for prim Reed, photographs of pretty coeds, some of them in bathing suits.

"Why not?" he countered. "All assets are not marked with dollar signs."

MacNaughton carried this basic idea a step further. He had extensive articles written on worthy but needy students. He added appealing pictures, then put the biographies in his brief case. He wandered through the exclusive Arlington Club, buttonholing bankers, utility magnates and coupon clippers. "Here are some young people I'm selling into slavery," he said. "Take your choice of a man or woman, tall or short, blond or brunet. You keep in college the one you buy on the auction block." The result was a generous accrual to the Reed scholarship fund.

However, MacNaughton shook his head emphatically when one donor, pulling out a checkbook, suggested that Reed go in for fraternities and big-time varsity athletics. "I'm running a college, not a stadium," said MacNaughton. "If there's any exercise, the students should get it and not a lot of hired hands."

As president of the Oregonian Publishing Company, MacNaughton displays a bruinlike curiosity. He sits at the copy desk, looks over linotypers' shoulders, peers at the latest batch of "cheesecake" from Hollywood, wagers on the World Series with sports writers and office boys. Last Christmas Eve, with a Sunday edition still to get out, the paper's studious assistant managing editor and only Nieman Foundation fellow, Edward M. Miller, ordered: "No liquor on the premises."

The command automatically went by the boards when the president of the publishing company strode to the city desk, plunked down a package of bottled-in-bond bourbon and said, "For the boys!"

Swinging the Economy Ax

MacNaughton was brought in as head of the Oregonian in 1948 when the board of directors feared the paper had overextended its resources in constructing a lavish new building. In the interest of economy he took executives off the swank top floor and rented it out to the Corps of Army Engineers. He pruned expenses, made the staff substitute trolley tokens for taxi vouchers, and he asked, "Is this trip necessary?" when reporters wanted to travel 500 miles to see a wayfaring Oregon politician or athletic team in action.

But MacNaughton protested, "I'm just a banker," when editorial matters came to his desk.

In spite of the exhilaration of newspaper publishing, MacNaughton maintains that his job at Reed College is his greatest love. "If I had my life to live over again," he says, "I would work with young people. Education ranks tops in my book. Good schools and colleges are the hope of civilization."

Several reasons probably account for this preference. One is his marriage six years ago to regal-looking, white-haired Cheryl Scholz, widow of a bygone president of Reed. The first Mrs. MacNaughton had died in 1942, after 35 years of happy marriage which produced a daughter and two sons, both champion golfers. The present Mrs. MacNaughton, "Mrs. Mac," as she is called, is one of the few women ever to be

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the wife of two men who headed the same educational institution. A former dean of women at Reed and now a member of the State Board of Higher Education, she keeps their home full of young people.

Another reason may exist for MacNaughton's awe of education. He was brought up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, just outside the Harvard Yard. His father died in 1883, when Ernest was three years old, and the widowed mother worked as a compositor for the Harvard Press. "To me Harvard loomed like the manor castle to some feudal peasant," MacNaughton now recollects. "It was omnipresent in my mind and vision all the time."

The boy helped his mother by delivering the Boston Transcript along historic Brattle Street. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., was one of his customers. Ernest also peddled splinters of wood to tourists. These he labeled as chips off "the original spreading chestnut tree." He remembers, with some embarrassment, that he must have sold a whole grove of such splinters before he was finished. The illustrious Cambridge past was useful in another way. He guided sight-seers around Mount Auburn Cemetery, where Lowell and Whittier and their contemporaries are buried. MacNaughton's bargain was "35 graves for 35 cents."

With the money thus earned, he was able to enroll at M.I.T. He waited on table and shoveled snow to keep himself in school. In 1902 he acquired his degree, and a year later traveled West in a Northern Pacific day coach. This was done on the advice of an uncle in North Dakota, who had heard Seattle was the place to get rich. MacNaughton, twenty-three, descended from the train with less than a dollar in his pocket.

He immediately acquired a distaste for post-Klondike Seattle, which was full of the lucky and the luckless alike from the Yukon diggings. "It was a little too wild for me," he says. MacNaughton left his watch with a pawnbroker on Yesler Way in exchange for $8, and journeyed 190 miles southward to Portland. This placid city, the first on the Coast to encourage polo, golf and afternoon tea with scones, seemed more agreeable to a man from Boston.

* * *

After helping to design the Agricultural Palace for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, MacNaughton gradually worked into property management. At one time he was Portland's leading realtor. He bought into the First National Bank for $200,000 in 1932. MacNaughton was criticized for promoting branch banking as the First National reached into Oregon's backwoods communities and annexed local banks to its empire. When he let the late Amadeo P. Giannini, the California banking colossus, acquire control of the First National, and MacNaughton stayed on in charge of the bank, he laid himself open to further criticism.

"Oregon has been mainly reliant on timber and agricultural land," MacNaughton pointed out to his critics. "A crop failure or forest depletion in one locality might bust a bank and ruin the depositors, if the bank were completely on its own. A strong system could absorb this crack at one or two points and continue solvent. I don't think bigness is necessarily bad. In my opinion Giannini stabilized banking in Oregon."

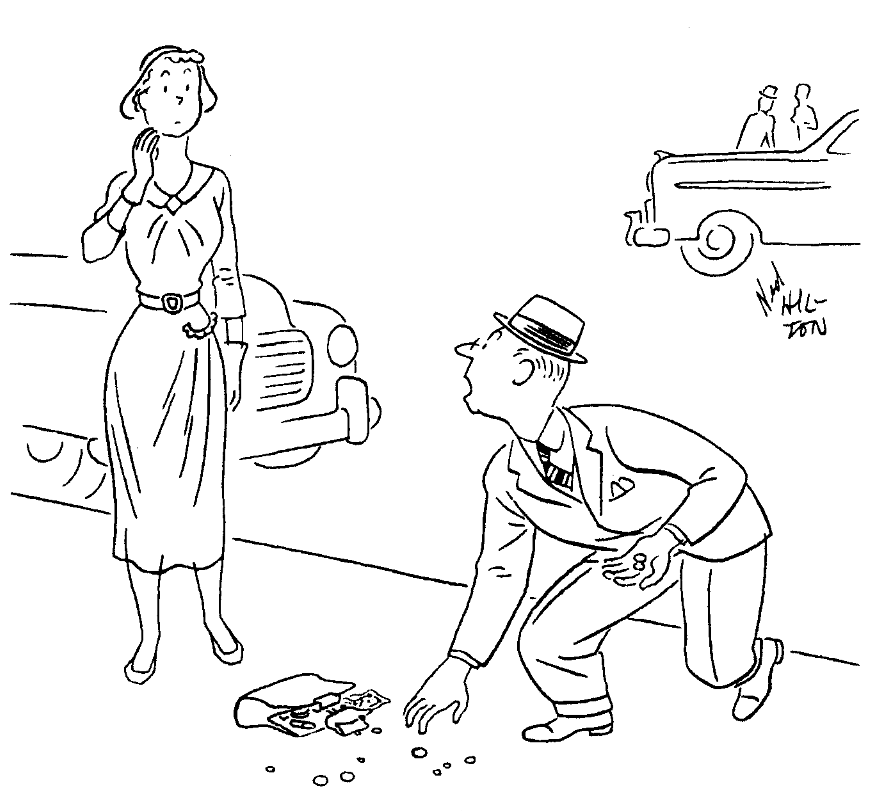
Prefers CVA to Bureaucracy

Some of this philosophy enters into his stand as one of the few business leaders in the Northwest who has approved President Truman's recommendations for a Columbia Valley Authority; and he believes a dozen competing government agencies cannot do an adequate job of developing the Columbia River. "We need one responsible outfit," he contends, "with power to put the river to work, from the headwaters to the sea."

MacNaughton seems to be reversing the usual pattern of life. As he gets older, he picks up jobs which younger men have sloughed off. Not long ago he became president of Blue Cross in Oregon. He budgeted enough time to move into the president's chair of the Remedial Loan Association, a nonprofit group of financiers who advance money at 4 and 5 per cent to particularly needy families which might otherwise have to pay small-loan rates as high as 36 per cent a year. And, because the Negro population of Portland has multiplied seven times, MacNaughton worked hard for passage in Oregon of the region's first Fair Employment Practices Act.

"Mac, have you discovered the fountain of youth?" a friend asked him recently.

"Unfortunately no," replied the banker-publisher-educator who, in his late sixties, has found time for the responsibilities of a dozen other jobs. "But I'm discovering what goes on in the world." THE END



"I sometimes wonder how you women ever manage to control over eighty per cent of the money in this country"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

you understand?" She'd increased the speed of her words until she was out of breath. She'd also increased the frequency of her glances through the window.

Jose acted dumb. "The clerk—how does he know these envelopes they are for me?"

She said impatiently, "Your name will be on them. What is your name?"

"Jose Aragon."

She'd never heard of him. He was right; she was from outside. "Your name will be on both envelopes."

He had to force information now, in order to get out from under. "But where is it I go?" he persisted in his newly adopted dialect. "I got no car. I cannot—"

"Juárez, of course."

He began edging. "No, Miss. The police, they are very careful—"

"You're not smuggling anything," she snapped. "I've paid the duty. It's just that—be at the desk at six," she said hastily and walked away fast.

HE DIDN'T get it; there wasn't a soul in sight. She must have developed a sixth sense against interruption. For he could still hear the receding heels when out of the door came one of the lobby loungers. Certainly not anyone to get excited about; just an ordinary middle-aged guy with jowls and a reddened face that began to get redder the minute he hit the outdoor heat. A guy with a paunch, a sagging seersucker suit and a sweat-stained Panama. A guy who could have been Kansas or Illinois or any Midwestern spot between.

He went on by without glancing twice at Jose. He walked in the same direction as the girl but in no hurry. Jose waited until he'd passed and then he himself entered the hotel and walked toward the desk.

Lou Chenoweth saw him coming and her round pretty face, squared with a curly gray bob, bobbed at him. "Where have you been?"

"Has Beach been around?"

"No," Lou replied. "But he's been calling for an hour."

"For an hour I've been standing in front of your gracious hostelry," Jose said with a ferocious scowl, "waiting for that lame-brained cousin of mine."

"He ran into Adam—" Lou wasn't aware of it, but her voice made the name special.

"Oh-oh," Jose interjected softly.

"—and they're having a beer at the Blue Label. They want you to join them."

"Look, *chiquita*." Jose leaned over the counter and gave her his best smile. "Do I resemble a man who wants to go out again into that devastating heat for a beer when I can have the same served me in the shower of one of your finest air-cooled rooms?"

Lou's chin set. "Now you look, Jo Aragon—you know just as well as I do that I wrote you and Beach two weeks ago that with the summer tours I couldn't put you up unless you reserved in advance."

"But, *carita*—"

"The name is Lou."

"Darling Lou, I am on my knees," Jose said.

He knew she loved him and she loved Beach. The Aragon kids, they were still grimy little kids to Lou. In a minute she'd offer him her guest room because he was too well-bred to ask for it. Spanish well-bred, which meant you did not ask a favor of one too ill-bred to offer it.

She said, "You'd put me out of my own room for your own pleasure. You've always caused me trouble. You and Beach, both of you. The only peace I've ever had was when you two were overseas." She tinkled the desk bell. A boy with a dark, impenetrable face ambled over to answer. "Pablo, take Mr. Aragon up to my apartment." She handed the key to the boy. "And get him two cold beers." She pushed the register to Jose.

He signed for himself and for Beach. "Darling Lou, will you call Beach and tell him we're here and to bring the bags over at once?"

"Why don't you call him?"

"Because I'm lazy," he grinned. "And because I'm not speaking to him. Or his beer-guzzling companion. When did Adam get in?"

She shook her head. "Don't know. I haven't seen him. He hasn't a reservation either." But he'd get one, Jose knew. She'd throw out the governor of Texas or the Aragon boys for her precious Adam. And the big lug didn't know it. Another thing, what was Adam doing in El Paso? He wasn't due back from Mexico for another month.

Jose turned to follow Pablo. Then he swung quickly back again. "Lou!"

"What now?" she pretended exasperation.

"Who's the blonde staying here?"

"Do you think I can tell you the name of all the guests? The blonde! Dozens of blondes."

He used gestures to describe her. "The tall, beautiful brown-blonde?" His face took on a mimicry of the girl's, that Anglo-Saxon sure-of-itself expression.

Lou's eyebrows beetled at him. "You spot them, don't you, Don Juan? She calls herself Dulcinda Farrar."

"Where's she from? Is she with her husband or her papa or, may I be forgiven the thought, a boy friend?"

"Jose," said Lou firmly, "I give you shelter. I even give you beer. But you'll darn' well have to do your romancing without my help. Now get out of here before I change my mind and send you packing."

He departed. One thing he knew. Dulcinda wasn't a recent arrival; Lou hadn't had to refer to the register for her name. And she wasn't with a husband or Papa or boy friend or Lou would have said so.

The kid, Pablo, was hanging around the elevator, waiting with the mestizo patience which negated time. Jose came up to him and flipped the key from his hand. "You rustle the beer, *chico*, and I'll go up. I know the way. I'm thirsty." He stepped into the elevator and told the boy who looked like Pablo's twin, "Six." They began the quick ascent. The Chenoweth was modern and efficient; Lou saw to that.

He could have told Lou about his derring-do with Dulcinda Farrar. They'd have had a big laugh over it. But deliberately, he'd kept quiet. Perhaps instinctively; that warning red light of instinct derived from experience. For the way the girl had kept peering around, the way she'd talked, fast and quiet, wasn't the way of an American girl on the noonday street of an American town. It was the sort of thing he'd run into in Germany—first behind the lines, and later in occupation—and in certain other border states. He hadn't said anything to Lou because this might be more than a simple case of hiring a Mexican loafer to smuggle something over the border.

"Six," the elevator boy said.

"Thanks, chum." Jose smiled.

GOING along the corridor to the front, he used the key to enter Lou's place. She had a nice-sized sitting room; some good, brilliantly splashed Mexican paintings and rugs; some good American furniture covered in dusty white upholstery. She also had two bedrooms, her own and one for her guests.

He pocketed the key, left the door ajar for Pablo, and headed for the familiar guest room. He stripped fast, letting his clothes drop to the floor. He couldn't insult the sun-yellow chairs or bedspreads with their stink. He hoped Beach would rush the bags over. And Adam with them. He hadn't seen Adam for months.

He started the shower blending. He didn't want the girl to turn out to be anything but a sweet kid trying to bring across more perfume than she could use. He'd had enough international experience ever to want to return to such complications. Automatically

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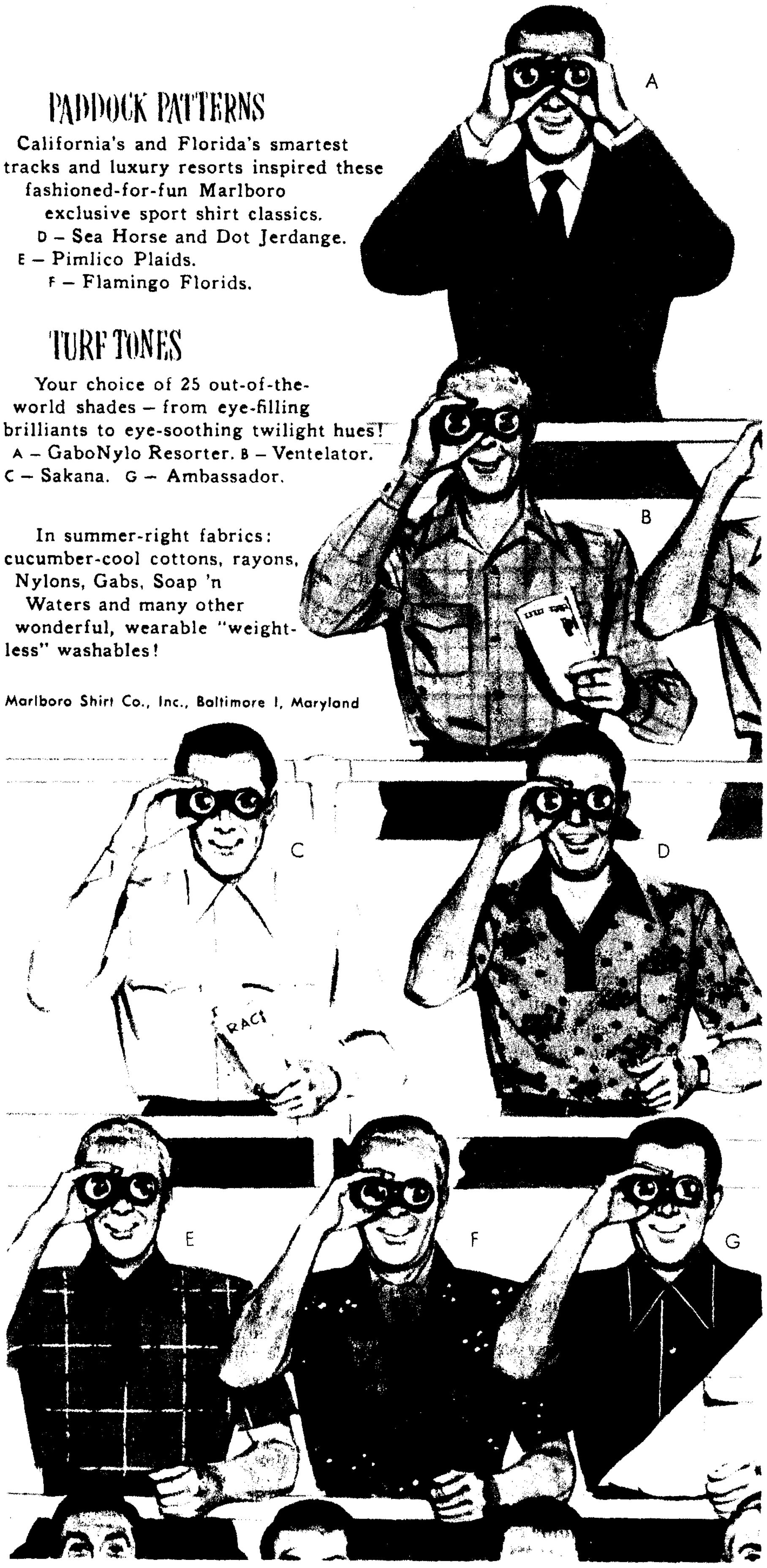

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he picked up his dungarees and emptied the pockets. And not so automatically, he dropped his wallet and loose change and keys into the top bureau drawer, closed it. He left a quarter on the scarf for the boy.

He walked into the shower, leaving the bathroom door open so he could listen for Pablo. You couldn't actually hear with water pouring over your head, drizzling into your ears. You had to count on recognizing an intrusion without hearing it. And he did. Because he'd had to develop that supersensory quality or he wouldn't be here today waiting for his *cerveza*.

He stuck his head out from the shower curtain and yelled, "Put it on the bureau." He couldn't see the boy but he heard the murmured response, "Awright."

IT WASN'T right. It wasn't Pablo's voice, and it wasn't the word the boy would have spoken. Jose grabbed a towel to wrap around him as he dripped fast to the door. No, it wasn't Pablo. It was an ordinary man in a wrinkled seersucker suit, a man who might have just finished dropping Jose's dirty dungarees back to the floor. The man wasn't frightened when he saw Jose, but he began backing toward the door. "Guess I'm in the wrong pew," he said.

"Yeah." Jose looked him over thoroughly. "This is Miss Chenoweth's apartment." He punched it. "It's her hotel, too." You couldn't mistake Lou's apartment for any other room in the hotel. You'd stop in the sitting room and know your error.

The man didn't bat an eye. "Mistakes will happen." He'd backed into the doorway by now. And behind him, Jose saw the blue smock of Pablo. When he saw that Jose was gazing beyond his shoulder, a quiver of apprehension went over the man's face. He swung around and it could have been the narrow doorway that swung his hand toward his armpit. At any rate the hand dropped immediately.

"Here's a boy for you," the man said. "Sorry I interrupted." He noticed the two beers; he'd notice details. Maybe he thought Jose had a friend in the shower.

Jose waited until he heard the man go out and close the door. Then he said to Pablo, "Bring the tray in here. On the bureau." Pablo moved with slow deliberation. "The quarter's for you. I'll sign for the beers."

"Miss Chenoweth, she sign for this."

"On the house? Dream girl." The water was still roaring down in the shower. No one outside could hear what he asked. "Who was that guy?"

"He is your friend?"

"I never laid eyes on him before." This wasn't exactly accurate. But the idea was. "Said he got into the wrong room."

"Your door, she was open. It is a mistake."

"Are there any rooms in the hotel that look like Miss Chenoweth's?"

Pablo understood. "They are not."

"That's right."

But Pablo didn't know who the man was—no use keeping him here any longer.

"Be sure you pull the door tight when you leave." Jose tilted a bottle to his lips. But he didn't return to the shower until the door slammed after the boy. Mistakes will happen, the seersucker suit had said. But the mistake was that Jose had caught him in the room. Mr. Seersucker hadn't made a mistake; he'd come for a purpose. There was only one reason for him to come: because Jose had been talking to the girl and the man knew it. Between the girl and the man there was something. And that something wasn't accidental.

Well, the guy had made one big mistake. Jose was determined now to pick up that envelope labeled Jose Aragon at six sharp. And not out of idle curiosity. He resented a stranger pawing through his things.

When he finished his shower, he rubbed himself damp-dry, and took a clean towel for a wrap-around. He jerked open the bureau drawer; no, the prowler hadn't got there before he was interrupted. Jose's stuff was just the way he'd tossed it in.

He went into the living room and picked up the phone. He was dry enough to stretch out in the easy chair. The desk answered.

"Miss Chenoweth still there?"

She came on after a moment.

"Lou, what about Beach?"

"He's coming."

"When? I'm trapped here stark naked."

"Beach said he'd be over pretty soon. He was surprised you'd decided to stay all night. Said you wanted to get back to Santa Fe. I didn't tell him about the blonde; thought you'd like to surprise him."

Jose said patiently, "Look, my little dove, give me the number and I'll call Beach myself. And, Lou, how about sending up a salad, shrimp, a lot of them, and some more beer? And also, Lou, *gracias*, but this tab I'll sign. You're not giving a party."

"It'll be on your bill." She gave him the requested number.

He said, "Thanks. If the blonde asks for me, send her up."

Lou made a noise and rang off. He waited a moment and repeated the number Lou had given. It took a bit of ringing before a voice shouted, "Hello!"

"Is Beach Aragon still there?"

"Hold it, I'll see." He could hear the man yell, "Beach Aragon here?" and then the voice returned, "Just left."

Jose didn't believe a word of it. "Let me talk to Adam."

"Wait a minute." The voice changed to Adam's warm bass, "Hello, Lou."

"This isn't Lou. It's Jo."

"Why don't you get over here?" Adam rumbled. "We've been waiting for you."

"Look, I can't get over. Incidentally, welcome home and all the trimmings. Let me talk to Beach. I know he's there."

"Bright boy," Adam jeered gently.

He held on until Beach drawled, "What gives?"

"Listen, Beach, Lou is letting us stay with her tonight."

"She told me."

"Okay. She also told you to bring the bags over, didn't she? I'm sitting here in a bath towel waiting. I can't join you and Adam because I haven't anything to wear but those stinking things I took off and I'm damn' sure not going to put them back on. Come on, be a pal. Besides Lou might like to see the old Adam, no?"

"Will do," Beach agreed. A touch of romance could usually bring him around. The blonde would have brought him faster, but the blonde was a business proposition—Jose's business.

Jose paddled into Lou's room and surveyed the robe situation. There was a terrycloth which wasn't fancy. It was short in the skirt and the sleeves, tight in the shoulders, but in a pinch it would cover him. He carried it back to the living room where it would be handy. A knock on the door made him start.

He called out, "Who is it?"

"The lunch."

The accent was right. He put on the robe, feeling all arms and legs, and opened the door an inch. It was the lunch all right, brought by another twin of Pablo's in another sloppy blue smock. "On the table." The boy struggled the tray to the low carved table. Jose remembered that he wasn't wearing pockets with pants. He went into the bedroom, found a quarter and brought it back to the boy.

The boy took the quarter and pocketed it. "Pablo he say Tosteen."

Jose didn't get it. "What's that?"

The boy repeated the exact words. "Pablo he say Tosteen."

He knew who Pablo was. Tosteen had no significance. And then it did. "*Mister* Tosteen?" What other message had Pablo to send but the name of a man?

This boy shrugged. "He say Tosteen."

"Okay." The hunch must be right. "What's your name, fellow?"

"Jaime."

"Jaime, you say to Pablo, *mil gracias*."

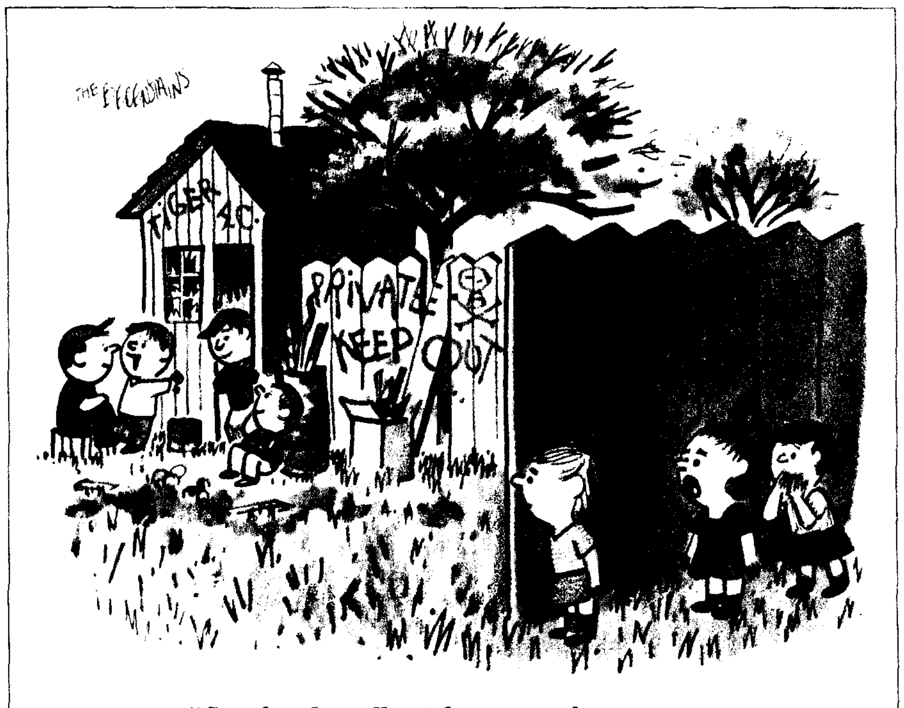
"I will say it." The boy left.

So Pablo had found out the guy's name. Because of a quarter tip? Uh-uh. Because it was Aragon against Tosteen; the gringo didn't have a chance. Jose peeled off the skimpy robe—the towel was more comfortable—then removed the white tablecloth from the tray. The shrimp salad was a special, not what you'd get if you ordered it on the menu in the coffeeshop. The rye bread was cold and firm. And the bottle of beer had five brothers. He started eating.

YOU could hear Beach and Adam from the time they got off the elevator. Their laughter cross-boomed against the corridor walls. He held the door open for them. "High time. Look at me!"

"You ain't so pretty," Adam allowed. Laughter rolled over his face, opened his mouth, shook his big frame. Adam was the biggest man that had walked the earth since Paul Bunyan. The biggest man who'd ever walked the Rio Grande Valley. Jose was only an inch under six feet himself; beside Adam he stood like a schoolboy. So did Beach's full six feet.

Jaime was like a toy. He trailed after them, carrying the three bags. His polished black eyes ignored Jose's loincloth. Beach and Adam were loaded, both arms, with enormous paper sacks. More beer. Beach tipped Jaime and pushed the door to a loud



"Go ahead, walk right up to them and say, 'The American Legion has a ladies' auxiliary, the Elks have a ladies' auxiliary, the Moose has' . . ."

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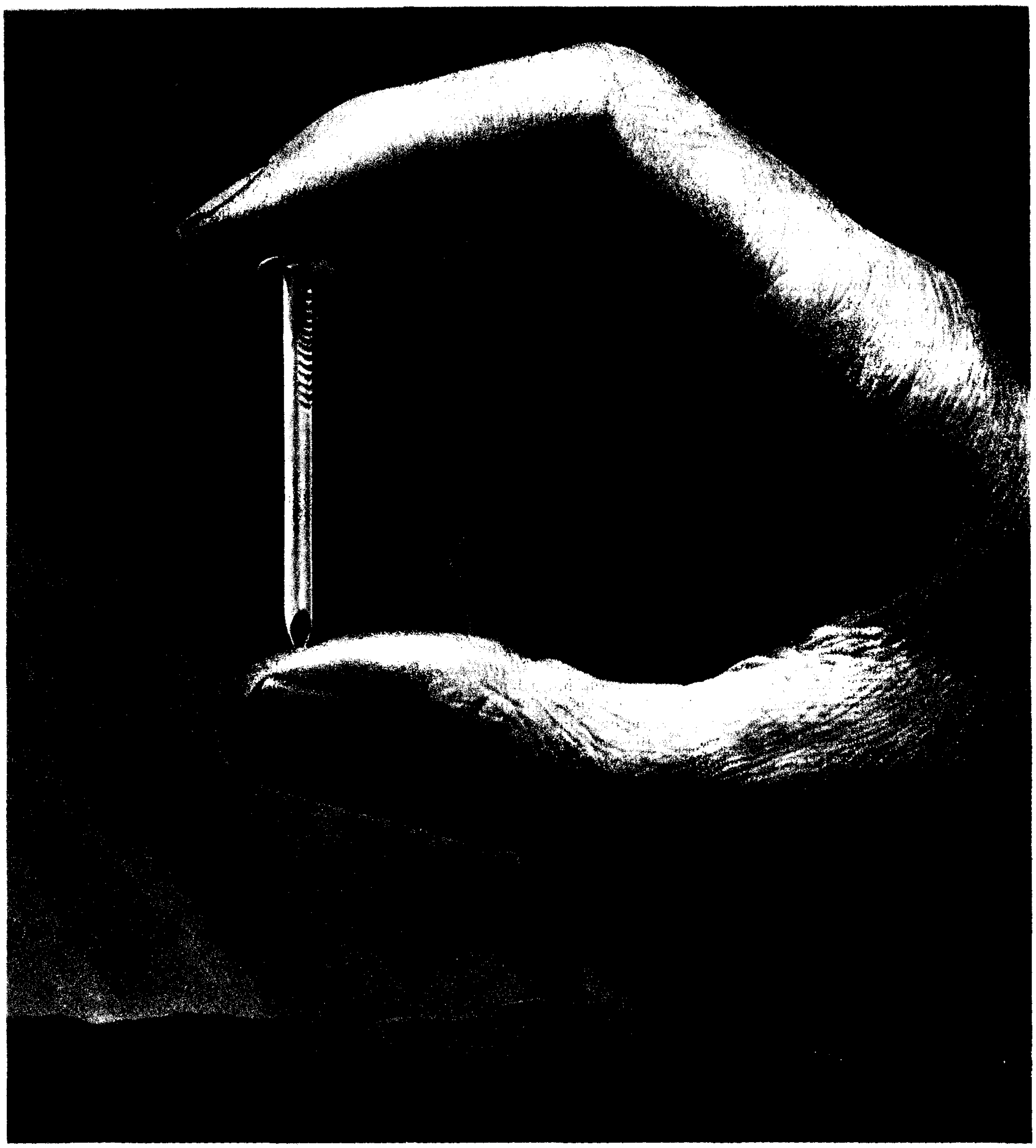

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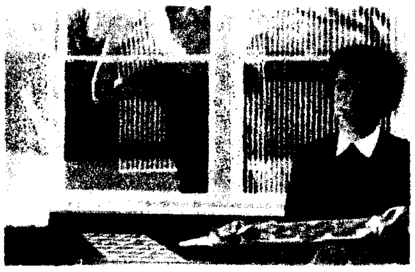

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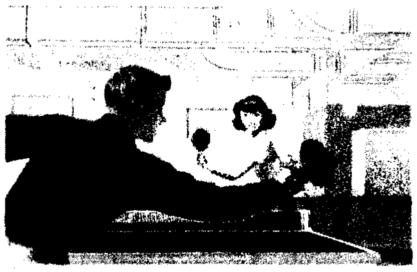

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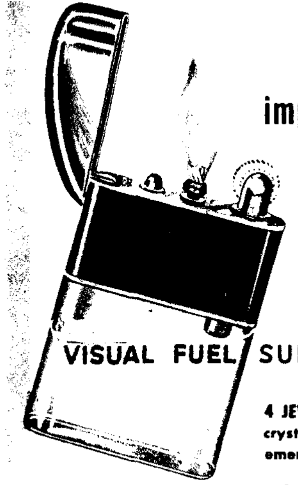
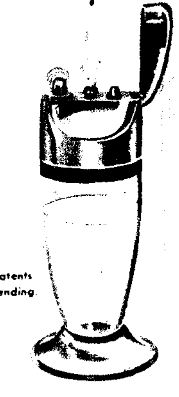




shut. Adam was already at the shrimp bowl.

"Get out of there," Jose warned.

Adam swallowed the shrimp he'd filched and licked his fingers. He was a sight for sore eyes, pleasantly beery, dirty and sweaty and wonderfully normal.

"You didn't lose any weight on your tour," Jose remarked pointedly.

"What are you talking about? I lost fifteen pounds. So help me, I tip the scales at only two hundred and thirty this minute—full of beer though I be. Want proof?"

"I'll take your word," Jose said hastily. "You don't want to break Lou's scales. Sit yourself down—away from my lunch—and I'll see what I can do for your emaciation." He lifted the phone. "Send up two more big shrimp salads. This is Jose Aragon." He cradled it, tucked the towel more safely about him as he returned to the couch and resumed eating.

"When did you get in?" he asked Adam.

"S'morning," Adam said.

"How was the trip?"

"Oh, pretty good. Mexico City's always good."

ADAM had come to the Rio Grande Valley in the thirties. But he wasn't like most of the refugees from the East, well-heeled, looking for a place to sit out the coming holocaust. A guy that big couldn't be satisfied twiddling his thumbs at parties. He'd started trading in less than a year. The war had skipped him—a lot of too-big fellows had something wrong. Adam Adamson, trader, was about the smartest importer in the state by now. Jose loved him like a brother. Everybody loved him.

Adam rubbed his big hand over his stubbled chin. "Got a razor, Jo? If I'm going to eat in Lou's apartment, I got to be fancier than this."

"Help yourself."

Beach stretched. "You shave, Adam, I'll shower. Put the beer on ice, Jo. What made you change your mind?"

"What do you mean change my mind?" Jose said.

"You were hell-bent to get back to Santa Fe tonight."

"I wasn't hell-bent. Just undecided."

"Ah, you men of leisure," Adam said. "I'm leaving tonight. I've got to be in Santa Fe in the morning. Shipment coming in."

Jose stretched out on the bed which had the least junk on it. "Stay for dinner anyhow. We'll go across the bridge. To Herrera's." It wasn't that he wanted Adam's bulk behind him on his junket. It was the fun the big guy put into any gathering.

"Sure, I'll stay for dinner. What about lunch first?"

"It'll be along." Jose put on clean shorts, while the others showered and shaved.

Jose unpacked his white linen suit. Not the sort of thing you carried to a ranch for the cattle, but he'd had El Paso in mind when they started out. And there were always parties in El Paso if you wanted them. The suit needed pressing; he'd send it out when lunch showed up.

It was Jaime who brought the lunch. And with great pleasure, a message. "Pablo say it is *Mister* Tosteen."

Jose was gravely courteous. *"Mil gracias* to Pablo and to you, Jaime." Closing the door on the boy, he yelled, "Chow," and side-stepped the stampede. . . .

Lou joined them around five. They hadn't been bothered by the remains of lunch and the empty bottles until they saw through her eyes.

"P-uu." She picked up the phone. "Send up a boy, Clark."

One big stride took Beach to the table. He began gathering the remains and hiding them under the white napery. "Honey," he said in that sweet voice which got them whether they were seven or seventy, "we're awful sorry we made such a mess." He gave her the sweet smile which melted them like maple sugar. "And you so good to us." He was six foot, yellow-haired and blue-eyed; he had the face of an angelic child and he was a brat. He was the only Aragon who resembled the old Spain side of the family, seven generations back. But he was wasting the charm on Lou. There was nobody for Lou but Adam, that's the way it had been for twelve or fourteen years now. If Adam weren't so damn' in love with Mexico, maybe he'd see what he was missing. For a warm guy, he was a cold fish.

"We're going to dinner at Herrera's," Jose said. "Join us, Lou?"

"I can't, Jose. There's a banquet of the dear old Rose Club and I have to be around. You boys may each bring me a jug of rum, white. I have to give a party sometime this fall, a pay-back one, and I'm stocking up."

There was no delay on a boy when Miss Chenoweth requested. The discreet rap was Pablo this trip. He shouldered the tray but he delayed his return to the door. Jose realized the little fellow was trying to attract his attention. He sidled over to him.

"That Jaime—he tell you what I say?" Pablo asked.

Jose lowered his own voice to match Pablo's. "He did."

"He is so dumb that Jaime, I do not know if he tell you right."

Jose said, "He did. Thanks."

Pablo continued to stand there, gazing into Jose's face with his polished eyes. The others were all peeling their ears. Jose stepped in closer.

"That Mister Tosteen he want to know what is your name."

Jose kept his face without expression. "He asked you?"

"He ask it of me and Jaime and Garcia, who runs the elevator."

"And you told him what?"

"We do not know." With the weight of the tray on his shoulders, he still managed to give the impression of a shrug. Somewhere behind the graven face lurked a smile. "Even that dumb Jaime, he understand he does not know."

"See you later, Pablo." *"Mil gracias."*

"Es nada."

He leaned himself against the closed door. Now he had to face the gang. They were waiting all right, ready to jump him.

Adam jumped first. "Now what's that all about?"

"It couldn't be a blonde?" Lou queried dryly.

"A blonde?" Beach sparkled.

"You mean he hasn't told you about her?"

Adam growled, "Not one lousy word."

"So that's why we're staying all night in El Paso," said Beach softly.

"Slow up," Jose advised. How much to tell them, and in that instant, he resolved to tell them nothing. If this was a shady deal, he wasn't going to have them involved in it.

"What's with the blonde?" Beach demanded.

Jose reclined in a chair. "She is so beautiful," he said. "She is like the morning star caught in the leaves of a tall aspen." The more he said of her, the more they would believe there was nothing to this but Jose trying to pick up another dame. "She is a knockout, a dream a man dreams around a lonely campfire when the cows are bawling. The tawdry rhymes of a juke-box love song become honest because the heart yearns for her beauty—"

Adam grunted. Insultingly.

"Who is she?" Beach demanded. "Where can I find her?"

"One, I don't know. Two, lay off—she's a lady. I've never met her. All I did was ask Lou who she was because she caught my eye."

"Lou?" Beach queried.

"What difference does it make to you, love?" Lou asked lazily. "Jose saw her first."

"I have no loyalty."

"All of you hombres ought to get married. You'd stop thinking girls were trees or cows bawling; and you'd know they were women." Lou didn't look at Adam.

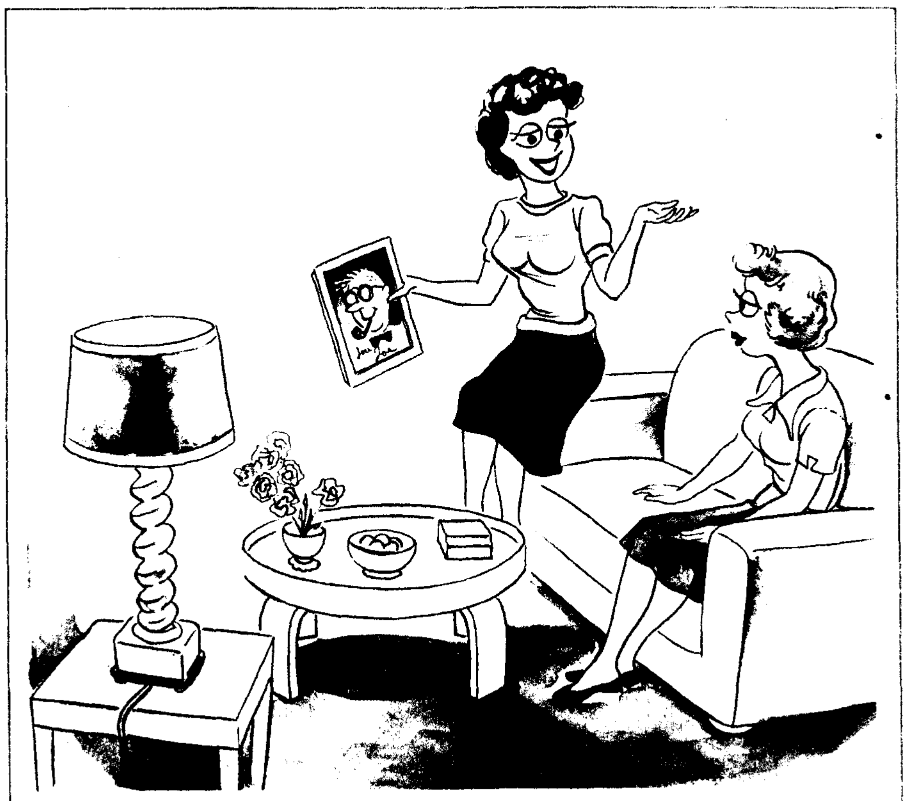
Adam said, "If I ever meet one who can cook better than I do, I'll remember what you said. Until then I'll be a no-good like the Aragon boys, ogling blondes."

It was all nice and normal, just like old times. Just as if Jose's blonde were an ordinary doll, not one mixed up with an inquisitive man in a seersucker suit.

WHEN Jose refused to trust his pristine white linen to Adam's truck, Adam said, "All right. We'll take Lou's car. But if you guys aren't ready to come back after dinner, you'll have to ride the trolley. I'm not going to hang around Juárez all night."

That would have been funny—because Adam was always the one who delayed the crowd; he knew everyone from Chihuahua to Mesa Verde. But nothing was funny now. Nothing was funny because of a slip of paper in an envelope. On the paper was penned a name, Señor Praxiteles; an address, Calle de la Burrita. The envelope was in Jose's white pocket, where his right hand could brush casually against it. On the front of the envelope was his name, Jose Aragon.

He'd never met Praxiteles, Señor el Greco, but he'd heard enough to recognize the old man if they met in the dark. And he didn't want to meet him in the dark. He didn't want to go on with this. He was retired from violence; he was a part-time



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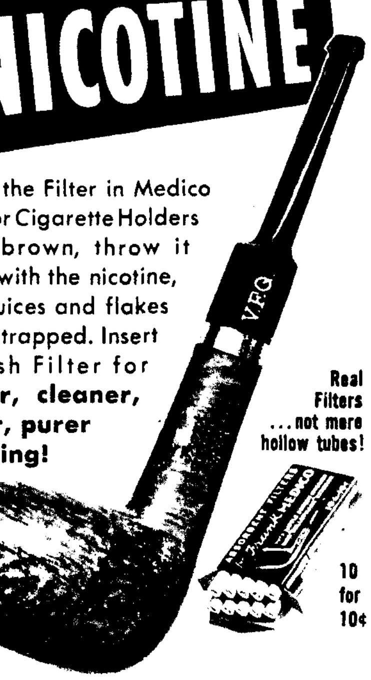

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peaceful ranchero of Socorro County and the rest of the time a gay caballero of the royal city of Santa Fe.

He didn't believe that the name Jose Aragon would have a special pertinence for Señor el Greco. But he couldn't be sure. Because the web in which Praxiteles sat like an evil black spider had tendrils on every border all over the world. You could never be sure how much the wily spiders knew about those who had tried to sweep out their murky corners. And during the war, Jose had many times encountered the agents of Señor Praxiteles.

The moment he opened the envelope and read the name of the man, Jose knew that he'd been right to put a guard on his tongue. This was not something in which he could involve Adam, tired out from three months' trading through Mexico. Much less could he mention it to Beach who'd be determined to flail in with his usual daring. Beach had been spoiling for a ruckus since they'd taken his fighter planes away from him. And there was Jose, thinking of it as violent. It wasn't going to be. But an early idea he'd had to send Pablo to fetch the package died fast when he read that name. This job was his, he'd let himself in for it.

It was true that he didn't *have* to do anything about it. He could simply ignore the whole thing. Or he could leave a little note for the young lady, explaining the comedy of errors. A note which might lead to some violence on her part but no knife in the back. And certainly and inevitably would lead to the acquaintance which he'd had in mind from the start. He had no intention of pulling out. Not since learning that Señor Praxiteles was involved.

One small advantage was his. The man in the seersucker suit was curious about the girl's activities. Curious enough to invade the apartment of the hostess of the Chenoweth Hotel, although conceivably, Tosteen might not have known it was her apartment. Curious enough to care about a poor Mexican to whom the blond girl might have spoken on the street—to go further, to seek the name of the Mexican. But the man didn't know that the girl had sent a message to that fellow. Thanks to Pablo and his anxiety to protect Jose, he hadn't had to pick up the envelope himself. Pablo brought it up with the linen suit and with the information, "A lady leave this at the desk for you." Pablo was keeping his black eyes open and his ears pricked.

THE suit arrived just before six, the envelope had just been handed over by the lady. "I tell Mister Clark I will bring it to you. The lady she is gone. She say give it to you at the desk but Mister Clark he say I should bring it to you." If anyone was watching to see who picked up the envelope, he would be disappointed. There would be no significance attached to Clark handing Pablo an envelope to deliver.

The only one who could possibly connect Jose Aragon with the blond girl would be the seersucker man. He might have been able to get the name from sources other than the three closemouthed boys. Not from Clark, though, should he breeze up to ask who was in Lou Chenoweth's room. Clark had worshiped Lou for too long to allow anyone to question her business. Jose did not believe that Tosteen knew the Mexican was actually Jose y Maria Angelico Aragon y Vaca, a don by right of inheritance. And he was quite certain that the man would not connect the slim, elegant, white-linened Jose Aragon with either the sweaty Mexican of the noon street or the dripping guy behind a bath towel in Lou's room. Not at first sight. The three were three different men.

Adam drove. He turned into the wide street leading to the bridge, a dark street bisected with trolley tracks, flanked by dark warehouses, shabby with unclean hotels before the lights of the bridge approached. They parked on the American side out of custom and the wisdom of experience. Adam picked the best-lighted lot, not that it was too good. It was a small one, set between two scabrous buildings, littered with dirty blown papers and melon rinds, peach pits, corncobs sucked dry. Adam locked the car and put the keys in his own pocket. "Don't forget, kids. After dinner, we head right back to El Paso."

They crossed the street, headed toward the bridge. Jose focused all his nerve centers on possible danger. Beach led across the narrow bridge walk to the customs gate; Jose managed to be next, with Adam as rear guard. Caution over valor. Below was the sluggish murky trickle of the Rio Grande, protected by mid-high, dark, cindery banks.

AND then they were at the double barrier. On this side uniformed officials, matter-of-fact, recognizing the look of men such as Adam and Beach and Jose, fellows out for an evening's fun. Inspection was perfunctory. With it there may have been an unspoken cynical hope that the three would make no trouble for official United States while across the border. The uniforms on the other side of the barrier were quieter and even less concerned. They mumbled their few words, that was all. North American business was the lifeblood of Juárez. Their hope would be more pious, that no international incident come of the *norteamericanos*, so often bad-mannered and always uncivilized drinkers.

The crossing of the barrier was always quiet, as if it were set up to offer contrast to the blare of color and sound and smell that smote you as you stepped off the bridge. No matter how many times you crossed the bridge, it was the same. The quickening of the pulse to meet the lively *latino* tempo. The watering of the mouth at the spice of garlic and roasting ears of chestnuts and chile scenting the air. The scent covered the less enticing odors of unwashed flesh, cheap powder and paint, and beer and whisky and rum and gin and tequila and pulque and other temptations of turista palates.

The toes danced to the American music, played badly, pouring from café loud-speakers, and to the dainty pluck of strings, played well, by the dirty fingers of strolling *músicos*. It was always bad and always good; the odor of evil ever-present beneath the heady perfume. It wasn't Mexico; it was border. And borders were always venal because they catered to venality.

The turistas looked exactly what they were: Midwesterners, Texans and New Mexicans, passing through El Paso on their summer vacations, staying overnight for a whirl at Juárez. Middle-aged couples for the most part, strolling the few blocks of border Juárez. Only the bold walked the length of Avenida Juárez and found their way to the Mercado. The turistas did not feel exactly safe surrounded by strange faces and a strange tongue. They pushed together near the reassurance of the bridge.

A scattering of young couples from El Paso promenaded more boldly, with less interest in the shops, with no undercurrent of strangeness to bother them. They came here often, as in another town they'd go to the lake or the dance hall for an evening out. And the natives tended their shops and tended their sidewalk stalls; the former with the dignity of *ricos*, the latter with noisy chant to lure the tourist dollars. Only in this way could they too have fine shops *mañana*. This was border Juárez, turista Juárez, ignorant of the pleasant city of homes and families that lay away from the river; ignorant of the perversions of the cribs that were a hidden sore in the darkness beyond; ignorant of the twisted byways where men could buy any furtive evil, even ugly death, for dollars. One of these back streets would be La Calle de la Burrita.

Jose managed to retain the center position as they ambled up the Avenida. Beach's heels were light; his nose twitched to the delectable Mexican smells. "We needn't eat yet, need we?" He didn't want to leave the embrace of color and lights and movement.

"Yeah, we eat first," Adam decreed.

Beach coaxed, "Jo, my intimate one, my own *primo hermano*, you will decide."

Jose was watching eyes as he walked

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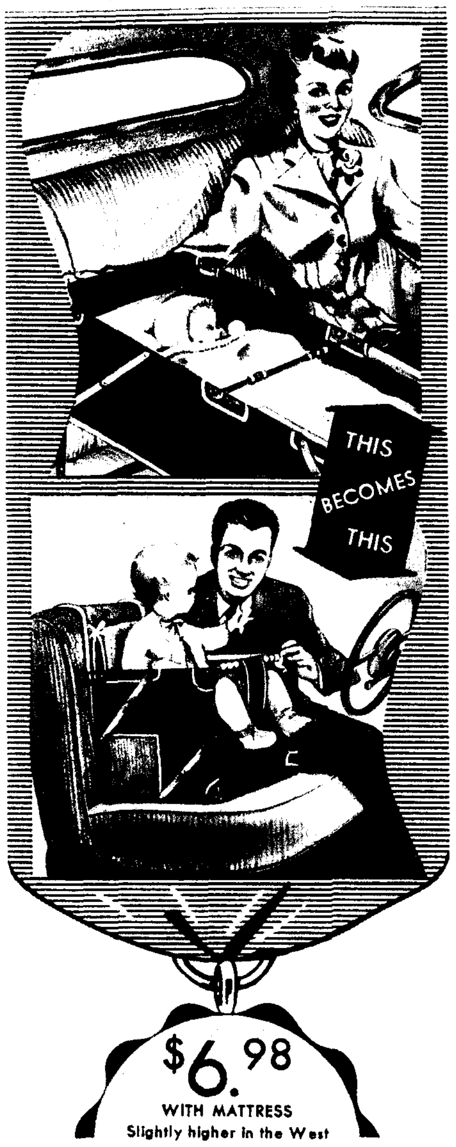

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along. Not Mexican eyes alone, more especially the eyes of turistas, the innocent-appearing turistas—those who resembled the man in the seersucker suit and the other men who sat in the Chenoweth lobby. He had to think what Beach had said before he answered. "Let's eat." Once they got Adam into the señora's he'd simmer down. And a big leisurely dinner would somewhere along the way afford an opportunity for Jose to slip out to the Street of the Little Female Burro.

BEFORE Beach could object further, Jose winked at him. "Adam and I are hungry. I can smell that *gallina mole*. After dinner, we'll make the rounds." Quickly he diverted Adam. "We've got to get the rum for Lou, don't we? We won't stay long."

They turned off the avenue at the second block. The side street, Calle Herrera, was brief as all the side streets which wandered off the avenue. It was also a dead end. But it was not perilous. Señora Herrera had a magnificent sign in red and green and orange lights hung crookedly over her gate, spelling out *Café Herrera*. When she'd first started to cook for discriminating tourists, a small, carved, wooden plaque had been the only guidepost.

The walls of her garden stood flush to the street. A door in the wall opened, with a jangling bell, into a patio lighted with pink paper lanterns. There were wicker chairs in which to recline. A tiny splashing fountain was ringed with geraniums in yellow lard cans. Great wooden tubs of oleanders decorated the whole with lacy shadows. The patio was traditional; the café had been the Herrera *casa* before the border was given over to American aliens and their money. Across the flagstones were the amber windows of the café. Through them came the hum of satisfied diners, good food smells, the strum of Mexican music.

The señora was older but there was no gray in her ebony braids; she might have been plumper but she was more the brisk, efficient businesswoman than ever. She and Adam were familiar friends, business brought him so often to the border. But without any prodding she recalled the Aragon boys who hadn't been here for so many years. She accepted their compliments as renewal of friendship. "Your table, it is waiting for you. Señorita Chenoweth telephoned to say you were coming here."

There was nothing wrong with the table except that it wasn't backed by a wall. You learned in the business Jose had been in that it was wise to have a wall behind you. He circled the neighboring tables with his eyes before seating himself. There was no sign of Tosteen or of Dulcinda Farrar.

Jose insisted upon ordering highballs all around; they hadn't had a stiff drink all day. He'd have to put a couple under Adam's belt to have time to make his side trip. He also insisted upon ordering a dinner of some size and great perfection. That would please Adam and Beach, and keep them occupied. Jose's stomach was too nervous to take in half what he was ordering. He hadn't expected it to be this way and he tried to tell himself. *This is nonsense. A simple little favor for a sweet blonde.* But the abracadabra failed to take. He had too much knowledge of the evil which seeped like dirty mist through the city.

The señora's café was as good as he'd remembered, the flower murals as exciting, the girls as pretty—they'd be Herrera granddaughters, not daughters, now. The only thing wrong was the feel of an envelope in his right-hand pocket.

The time to go was after the enchiladas and before the chicken *mole*. There was a wait in service. His leaving was made easy. Adam had gone to another table to talk to friends. Beach had his eye on a dame who might be with her father unless it was her husband. Jose sauntered toward the cigarette trays by the outer door. He was unobserved; he had only to open the door and walk out. Yet he lingered, held by unreasonable fears. He half determined to return to the table and tell the others he was stepping out on a bit of business. Then, if he weren't back soon enough, they'd come looking for him.

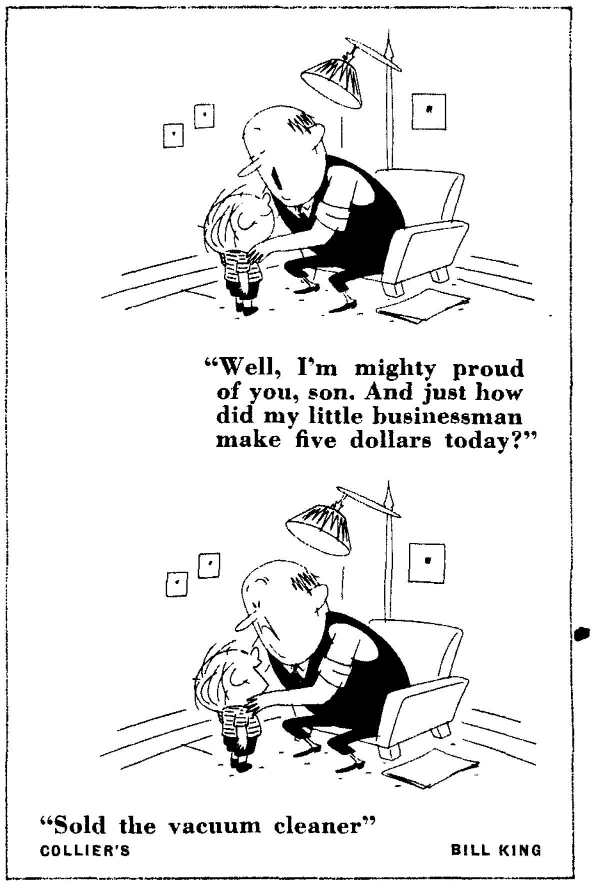
He was deterred only because he knew Beach would be sure it was a rendezvous with the blonde and insist on sharing. Jose's hand had curved on the latch, when behind his shoulder a question was asked in heavy accent: "You wish to buy the cigarette?"

If he hadn't been jumpy, he wouldn't have darted around at her. He'd have realized it was a girl speaking quite harmlessly. But he'd walked past the cigarette trays; it was evident that he wasn't waiting to buy cigarettes, but was a man bent on leaving the café. And he was jumpy.

She was so small she could have bumped her forehead against the top button of his jacket. He had thought that all the Herrera granddaughters who flirted their bright full peasant skirts from table to table, were indistinguishable one from the other. He had captured in his mind their round pretty faces and round fringed eyes of chocolate brown, their shining hair which rippled like clean black water below their shoulders.

THIS one was a maverick. Her face was small and square, her lozenge eyes black as stones. Her hair was straight and stiff, banged above her straight black brows, hanging behind her ears, chopped off halfway down her back. Her ears were small and square like her face; thin Mexican silver earrings pierced them, a tiny silver heart dangling from each ring. She was thin, as undeveloped as a child. She was the youngest of the girls here. She wasn't a Herrera.

It could have been that the señora had given the cigarettes into her care; it could have been that she thought he was stepping out to buy some on the Avenida, being neglected here. But she didn't move over to the tray to supply him; she stood there in front of him, silent, like a field servant brought to the house in the days of the great rancheros.



"Well, I'm mighty proud of you, son. And just how did my little businessman make five dollars today?"

"Sold the vacuum cleaner"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

He shook his head, giving her a pleasant smile for reassurance. "No, small one, I have pockets full of cigarettes." He turned back to the door but she moved more softly and more quickly than he, and again she stood in front of him, blocking his path.

"You do not go," she said. "Your dinner, it is ready."

She hadn't asked if he were going; she had *said* he wasn't going. Her interception wasn't accidental. Again his eyes swiftly circled the room. But there wasn't anyone paying attention to him. Beach and Adam were still occupied; Beach by now had moved over to the table of the girl with the husband or father or rich *patrón*. Beach was getting along swell. Adam was having a drink with his friends.

Jose returned his attention to the girl. She hadn't budged. There was no more expression to her face than to the face of an Aztec carved in stone. Somehow she knew about him, and although it was incomprehensible, knew what he was about. Whether she belonged to the seersucker man or to Dulcinda Farrar or to Praxiteles or to someone unknown didn't bother him particularly. But it bothered him that she was wasting his time, and he hadn't much time to pull this stunt.

He leaned closer to her and invented. "There is a beautiful lady I must see for a moment, and alone." Romance should be the best appeal to a thin, young girl who so far could have known nothing but dreams.

He couldn't tell whether she believed him. But if she was in on the other business, her knowledge would be slight. She was too young to be trusted as a conspirator; she wouldn't be told why she was to detain him. It was up to him to sow doubts that he was the man she had been asked to watch for, this *caballero* with love—not intrigue—in his heart.

He spoke rapidly. "If my friends inquire, I will be back so soon. They must wait for me. You understand, they must wait for me. But say nothing unless they inquire or unless they would go. He moved her gently aside, his hand on her thin shoulder, a shoulder deeper brown than that of the other girls here. She was not of Spanish roots as were the others; hers were more ancient in this country. What was Spanish in her would have been by right of conquest a brief three centuries ago.

In no way did she give indication that she accepted what he said. She had been bred by countless ancestors to wear the stone mask. Her face, including the polished black eyes, was blank.

He stopped thinking about her as soon as he stepped into the pink glow of the patio. The oleanders patterned the flagstones, the lanterns quivered in the motionless heat of the night, but he shied at no shadows. There was no one visible in the patio and he crossed it swiftly and silently. As he reached the gate, he remembered the jangling its movement set up. He could have scaled the rough adobe wall, but there was no necessity for such antics. He was permitted to come and go from the café as he desired; he was an American tourist who visited Juárez as did any tourist, to glimpse a foreign land.

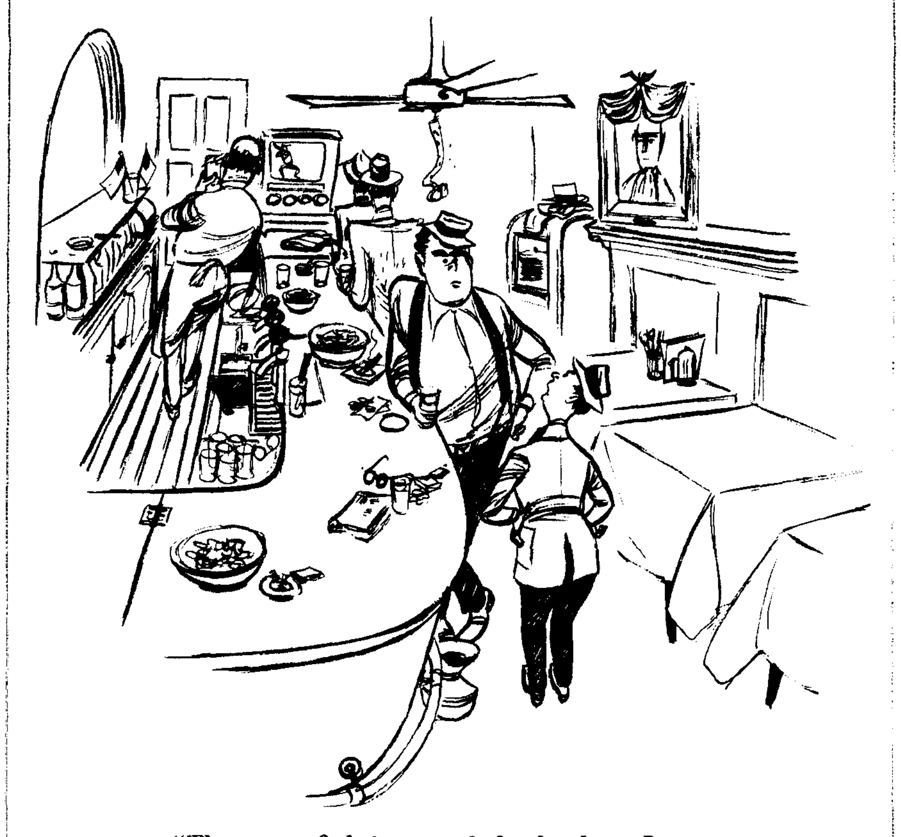
THE Mexican police were very careful that the North Americans should be safe here. The men of business of Juárez would permit no incident which might upset the flow of dollars. As an *Americano*, Jose was as safe as on the streets of any village, safer than on the streets of some cities.

The only actual danger he faced was that of being overtaken by his cousin. Adam wouldn't follow, not surrounded by that good food. As yet the café door had not reopened; Beach hadn't missed him. He had this much head start. He needed more. Therefore, he eased the gate ajar, the bells merely tinkling, and he slid quickly through the small aperture into the pool of red and green and orange light.

The narrow street would have slept in darkness but for the sign. On either side of the road the walled houses—old houses, once fine homes of fine families of Juárez—were an unbroken shadow. Jose stepped out of the colored light and turned toward the Avenida. There were no walks: Calle Herrera was laid with uneven bricks. The street itself was scarcely wider than the pavement in front of the Chenoweth where he'd stood at noon minding his own business.

If he had any mistaken idea that it was the tilt of the walls which narrowed the street, it was dispelled when the egress to the avenue suddenly closed—in a simple fashion. A man stepped into the entrance from the avenue, blotting out the brightness beyond. The man could have been a tourist, standing there to get his bearings or to rest his feet. Gazing out at the kaleidoscope of Avenida Juárez. He wasn't. He was a big man in a seersucker suit.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Those are fighting words back where I come from. Fortunately I'm not there!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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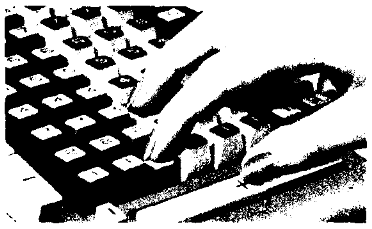

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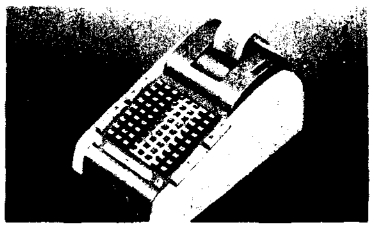

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Salvage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

It works best on certain schizophrenic types. It does not help psychotics suffering from cerebral arteriosclerosis. It helps some manic depressives and involutional psychotics. When patients who did not respond to histamine alone had electric shock treatments added to their therapy, many who had not been helped by histamine did respond; some did not. One great advantage in histamine therapy is that while patients come out of electric shock convulsions in a state of great confusion and suffer temporary memory defects, those responding to histamine do not.

Among those who have encouraged the Sackler-Van Ophuijsen work is Dr. Frederick MacCurdy, former Commissioner of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene. To carry on their work the Sackler-Van Ophuijsen group has been assigned a large building, to be called the Creedmoor Institute for Psychobiologic Studies, on the Creedmoor State Hospital grounds, where the medical men will specialize in clinical research in histamine, steroid and insulin therapy.

The most successful use of histamine has been in the treatment of schizophrenics who have so long been regarded as virtually incurable. Typical of those who have been helped by histamine is the twenty-three-year-old woman described in the opening paragraph, a catatonic schizophrenic. Here is her story, based on actual case records, interviews, recordings of fantasies and hallucinations and medical research.

We shall call her Marion Enders; besides her name other identifying details have been fictionized. Doctors warn that everyone, to some extent, has at some time suffered some of the symptoms of the schizophrenic and that you should not, upon reading such material as follows, either identify yourself with the patient or attempt to diagnose any personality difficulties of your friends or children.

Marion Enders was born to a well-known couple residing in a well-to-do New York suburb. They already had two boys and were especially delighted over the birth of a daughter. Both parents had college educations and her father had inherited a small but solidly established business. She developed rapidly as a baby, talking and walking at an earlier age than other children in the neighborhood. "She's a perfect baby," her mother was fond of saying.

A Child Unmoved by Death

When Marion was four years old, her paternal grandmother, to whom she was especially attached, died. Her mother, comforting her husband during his grief, noticed that Marion was not upset by the death. When it came time for her to go to school, she took the necessary separation from her home and mother quite easily and her mother was proud of the fact that she did not cry when left in the strange schoolroom, as other children did. She made a few friends in the class almost immediately and seemed to enjoy school. She was sensitive, especially if her father or brothers yelled at her, but not easily upset. Her worst trait was "stubbornness," which her mother often said showed she was "just like her father."

Occasionally she had a temper tantrum or a fit of stubbornness, but on the whole she was a quiet, extremely well-behaved child. When she was eleven, her mother noticed that, unlike her boisterous brothers who were active members of groups outside the home, Marion spent most of her time alone. She had no particular girl friends or confidante.

The following year, when other girls in her class began flirting with boys and dressing to attract their attention, Marion did not. Instead of primping, she grew sloppy. In school a teacher complained that Marion did not pay attention to the work. She daydreamed and dawdled over her meals, seldom brushed her hair, and was likely to come out with odd and startling bits of information at the dinner table, items she had picked up during her incessant reading. She frequently overslept and was late for school.

One of her teachers, noticing that Marion did not mix with other pupils, never joining in group play, called Marion's mother and suggested she seek psychiatric help.

"Crackpot Teachers" Blamed

Alarmed and needlessly feeling guilty, her mother took up the problem with her husband that night. He pooh-poohed the warning, vehemently denouncing "those crackpot teachers." He said, "All she is suffering from is plain ole growin' pains." But he was disturbed when he discovered Marion talking to herself and noticed that she sometimes had difficulty in recognizing him. He said nothing to her mother, though, about his secret worries. Thus passed what doctors later said was an ideal time for psychiatric diagnosis and treatment. When Marion was fifteen, her menses finally began. In the following months she seemed to undergo distinct change for the better. Her school marks improved and she regained her position on the honor roll. Neat and clean, she spent hours brushing her hair before a mirror. But she continued her aloof detachment from group activities and took no interest in boys; her brother took her to her junior and senior proms. Under her picture in her high-school yearbook, the inscription read: "The girl we'd like to get to know."

After high school she took a brief course at a secretarial school, refusing—out of "stubbornness," her family said—to go to college. At the secretarial school she won top honors and immediately after graduation she got a job as a secretary in a branch plant of a nationally known company. Pretty, well-dressed, efficient, she was advanced rapidly by hard-working executives who found that she was discreet, could be given major responsibilities and handle ticklish problems with tact. She did not mix with the other girls, and won the reputation for being mature beyond her years.

During her early days at the office her family found her bright and cheerful. But once she had reached the top, she became noticeably more irritable. Her brothers were away at college and because she often worked late, she had little to do with her parents. Almost her only pleasure was going to the movies alone. One young man phoned her occasionally. When her mother commented on this, Marion snapped that he meant nothing to her. The next time he called she refused to see him.

She was often critical of her father because he sometimes prowled about the house in his underwear. "You look so disgusting," she said. She also criticized his habit of taking his shoes off downstairs. On one occasion she complained that he had been smoking his pipe in her room. He had not, but nothing would convince her of that. She spent more and more of her time alone, and when her father once jokingly said something about her getting married she flew from the table and afterward always insisted on eating alone. To her mother she complained that the girls in the office talked about her and were jealous of her job as secretary to the boss.

At about this time, Marion's irritability began to carry over into her working hours. She would snap at the other girls when they questioned her about the office work. When one of the girls got married, she churlishly refused an invitation to her shower. She began to show up late for work. She complained to her boss that the other girls were spreading wild stories about her.

Gradually she displayed less interest in being neat. She dawdled at her work and would make errors. In typing a letter one day she wrote, "I do wish —" leaving out a most important "not." Her boss caught the mistake and reprimanded her. She snapped back angrily, denying the error, shouting he didn't know what he was talking about, and then burst into tears. Afterward he noticed that she often sat daydreaming at her typewriter and that she seemed sad.

Sometimes she would enter his office and sit down, saying he had rung for her. When he said he hadn't, she seemed bewildered. One week end her boss was to go on an important trip, for which she was to prepare a number of briefs. She completely forgot them and he was forced to go without them. A week later she did not show up for work.

Meanwhile at home she had developed insomnia, often going the entire night without sleep. During one of these sieges of insomnia she took up the making of colored pictures, using a lipstick at first and then an old childhood paintbox. She left her room in a mess and often went unwashed.

"But he *was* pretty nice about my wanting another raise—asked if I'd like to have the whole factory"

COLLIER'S MORT WALKER

Her paintings, which absorbed more and more of her attention, were bizarre night scenes, heavy with blacks and purples, picturing tombstones and skeletons and other symbols of death.

One morning she went downstairs all dressed up and told her mother, "I'm ready to go to Aunt Mabel's."

Her mother said, "But Marion, Aunt Mabel has been dead for six years."

A Sudden Outburst of Anger

"You just told me to get ready to go to Aunt Mabel's," she cried in a rage. When her mother denied it, Marion hurled her purse at her, ran upstairs and locked herself in her room. She refused to come out despite her mother's entreaties. That evening, when her father returned, they persuaded Marion to open her door. When they entered the messy room, Marion threw herself on the bed, complaining of pains in the abdomen. They called the family physician. He was busy with another case and could not see the girl immediately. Because of the parents' fear that Marion had appendicitis, he suggested they take her to a general hospital.

At the hospital she became hysterical in the examination room, began to scream and to fight with the doctors and nurses. One of the doctors, after taking her blood count and observing her lack of fever or any other appendicitis symptoms, questioned the mother about Marion's general behavior. He recommended that she be removed to a psychiatric hospital, gave her a stiff sedative and had her placed in restraint in case she awoke and started fighting again.

Her parents were stunned. They could not accept the doctor's recommendation. They believed she was "just upset." But after their family doctor had concurred with the hospital doctor, they agreed to her transfer to a psychiatric hospital. When they visited her there she made mistakes in recognition, talked in a low monotone, seemed dazed and would break off sentences in the middle. Usually the sentences made no sense.

When her parents next visited her, she attacked them physically, badly clawing her mother. Left alone, she was quiet, unseeing. In the wardroom she would stand by herself and if anyone approached her, she would move off into the corner, sometimes crouching. She would hold her arms rigidly in an unnatural position for hours.

Absurd Answers to Questions

Though unresponsive much of the time, she would sometimes answer questions with absurdities. Once asked her name by the doctor, she said, "See, he's looking into my eyes, he is falling in love with me." Then she sighed sadly. "I am dead. My ears are clogged up, I have no blood. My face is gone, my legs are dead. I have no blood."

Occasionally she would respond to her name, but she was usually unco-operative and sometimes resisted the nurses. "I have no name," she once said. "Call me mice, cat, dog. I have no husband. I'm all alone in this world. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all invited to my funeral. I am dying because my blood is poison and everyone is crying over me, looking at the mess and the way it is made."

But mainly, her responses to questions were incoherent mumbles.

When the doctors first recommended electric convulsive therapy, the father said no. After the assault episode, however, he agreed to it. During the next three weeks she received a course of electric shock treatments and showed signs of improvement. She was able to visit quietly with her family and was more co-operative. She took some interest in her personal hygiene. But she refused to take any occupational therapy, had difficulty in remembering anything about coming to the hospital, and begged constantly for permission to go home.

When her family visited her, she would endlessly entreat them to take her home. They were overjoyed by the progress she had made.

After a while she was allowed to go home. She lived quietly and occupied herself with small tasks about the house. The family was very happy to have her home and when she broke off sentences or looked around bewildered, they waited patiently for her to resume. However, after three months, she became markedly more confused and absent-minded. Her insomnia returned. One night her mother, hearing her moving about, got up and went to her room. She found Marion sitting on her bed with a strange, dreamy look on her face. When her mother asked how she felt, she smiled beatifically and said, "Last night I married God."

Her parents returned her to the hospital the next day. During the trip she frequently grimaced grotesquely, and addressed her father and mother by strange names. As they approached the hospital she became mute. When the doctors saw her she was in a kind of stupor. Then, during her examination, she became so violent that she had to be placed in restraint. Her father, still worried about electric shock treatments, asked if there were any other form of therapy which would help her. Told of histamine injections but warned that they were purely experimental, he asked that they be tried on Marion.

The next day Marion had a glazed, unseeing look in her eyes. She did not respond

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to questioning. Nor was there any response during her first histamine injection.

A histamine injection causes swift dilation of the vessels of the brain and skin of the upper body. All the patient feels is a metallic taste in the mouth and a flushing of the face and neck, followed occasionally by a mild headache or nasal congestion. It also greatly increases the amount of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Before the injection the patients are checked for allergies, ulcers and hardening of the arteries. The only physical observations made during the injections are those of pulse, blood pressure and breathing.

A small initial dosage of histamine is gradually increased until the top amount that can be tolerated is found. The Sacklers and Van Ophuijsen have found that psychotics can take large amounts of histamine while psychoneurotics can take very little of it. The patient is given two injections a day, the second following the disappearance of symptoms created by the first shot.

For three days, during each of which she received two histamine injections, Marion remained mute, moving her arms in an unnatural fashion. On the third day her face lost its stupefied look and showed anger. A second later she laughed. Asked why, she said, "I don't know. The peppermint cup. I don't know. I don't like anything."

The following day, during the injections, she said, "To hell with him. Keep away from me." She started singing, "And not for just an hour, not for just a month," and then said, "I'll kill these, you too. Revenge will be sweet. Whoever comes, I chose death. You'll never get a word out of me, and if you do, you'll wish you didn't. Whisky, poisons why. She's a rat. I hope she dies on the ocean. I drowned in the ocean. I am ready for the casket. She stinks on ice, oatmeal, potatoes. I have chosen death. That will make an end of it. On account of one or two dollars. Black hair, black eyes and tweezers, coffee with milk, oatmeal, potatoes, hamburgers and snakes. Death is nearer than you think. I don't believe in anything, I don't believe in oatmeal. Get out of my life. I'll kill you the first chance I get. Teeth or tongue, an eye for an eye and a toothless time. Don't look at me in that tone. Comb, shoes, one sheet, one mattress and never will you say simple puss to me. Rather death. That's what I invented and a harmonica to kill you in your face and cake. I was only a mouth, teeth and tongue."

This response, typical of the schizophrenic in that little of it made sense, was nonetheless a step ahead. The following day her appetite increased. She also looked more alert and called out suddenly, "Please, doctor, may I have a glass of water?" Then a silly expression returned, but disappeared when she was asked who she was. "Marion," she replied. Asked where she was, she said, "Hospital." She knew the month and year. Asked why she was in the hospital, she said, "Because I came here."

She Heard the Voice of God

For three days after that she was mute and unco-operative, never responding, but following injections of histamine on the tenth day, she appeared restless, somewhat co-operative. She answered questions but was easily distracted by outside noises. Asked if she heard voices, she said, "Yes, I did—a long time ago."

Whose voices? "God's voice—I was Mary and Joseph."

Man's voice or woman's? "A baby's voice."

What did it say? "I don't know. It kind of stared."

See a vision? "Yes—in the sky." She then broke into a silly laugh.

Why laugh? "Because I kiss you, I don't know."

Any vision today? "No."

When did you see a vision? "A long time ago."

Can you save the world? "I thought so."

Do you think so now? "Yes," in a very faint voice.

After that session she was more responsive and more co-operative, her contact with reality steadily improving. She no longer had to be spoon-fed, but took care of herself and helped around the ward. She begged for a key so she could come and go as she pleased. She wanted to be trusted.

During the next injection period she described the physical effects of the histamine. "My heart is beating faster. I feel like I'm blushing, very warm and funny." She smiled absently, saying, "It seems very strange," and then covered her eyes. Asked why she covered her eyes, she replied, "I'm not sure. I don't know why. It's not funny. I wonder what I'll be like tomorrow."

The following day she reported. "My pulse seems to be going faster than yesterday. Warm from the waist up." After a while she complained of a slight headache and the flush became intensified, but she said, "I feel as if I have more control over what I will say and do. I don't think I shall cover my eyes any more." Asked if she wanted to cover her eyes, she said, "Now? —no." A few minutes later she bantered with the doctor. "It's so ridiculous," she said. "Look," and she mocked her old habit of covering her eyes. "It's ridiculous. People's souls become so scientific."

Aware of Her Returning Ego

During the next injection period she said she felt warmer than ever. Asked what she was thinking of, she said, "I think my ego is returning. I thought it had withered away. I thought it had gone forever. Sometimes I thought I might turn into a babbling child the next minute." When she smiled, she was asked why. "I was thinking of a mountain I once went to. We had a picnic on it and you could see the entire valley for miles." She also reported an improvement in her ability to concentrate. "I can take care of things better, and generally I feel less depressed and more at ease. Things don't look as bleak."

In the days that followed she improved steadily. One day she volunteered what she meant by being depressed—being completely withdrawn and not caring, not doing anything, feeling dead. "There is something," she said, "more secure about being depressed than about not being depressed. I am afraid of not being depressed."

Shortly after this, she was allowed to go home but the histamine injections were continued on an outpatient basis. She now took care of her room at home and was more friendly with the family. She got a part-time job and began going to evening art classes. At times she would report sudden seizures of anxiety. "Things are sometimes very frightening in every way," she said. "I can't be specific. But it always happens when there are people around. I become very restless. I had to leave art class last night. I couldn't concentrate." But her "depression" continued to diminish and her family noticed that she now spoke more directly and expressed herself more forcibly.

She reported last month that she can concentrate much better, is looking for a full-time job. She has become quite friendly with a group of fellow art students, sometimes eats supper with them before class.

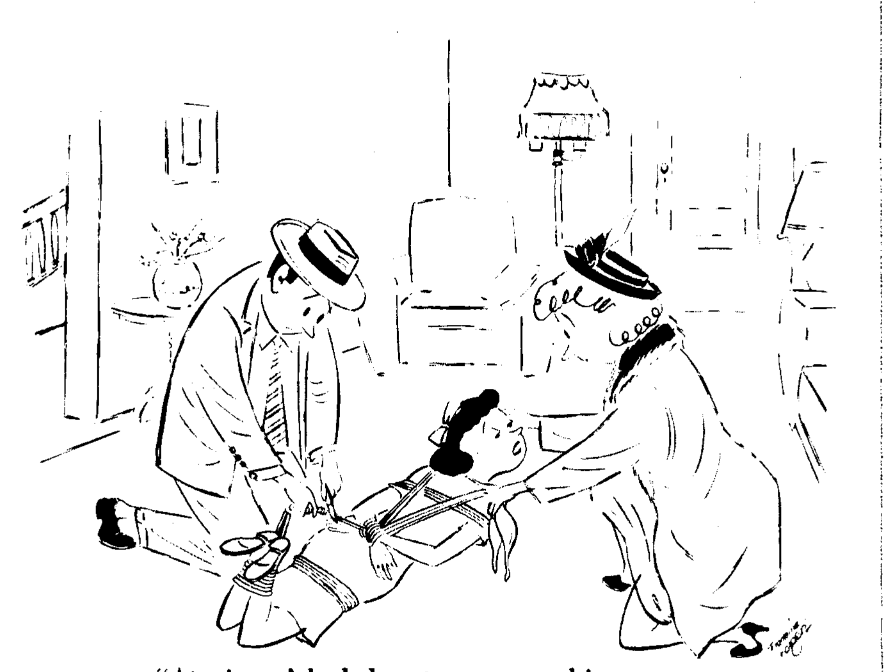
Dancing—and a Young Man

Her family reports she is much easier to live with. She went with some members of her art class to a folk-dancing center one night and learned to square-dance. She now goes dancing once a week and at the dance one night she met a young man from the gas company who took a special interest in her. Though she still has a tendency to look away from strangers upon meeting them, she thinks she can overcome that. She says she is learning to laugh at herself and "get into the spirit of things." She now invites her parents to her room and on her father's birthday she bought him a pipe.

She continues to receive an occasional series of histamine injections. Although she now seems to be making a very good adjustment to the real world, this does not mean histamine has completely cured Marion of her schizophrenia. She can, however, look forward to leading a happier and more nearly normal life. She will need histamine in much the same way that the diabetic needs insulin. Had her symptoms been recognized earlier, her stay in the hospital would have been shorter and her recovery more nearly complete. The treatment will help prevent further psychotic "scarring" of brain tissue, but it cannot undo damage already done.

The recovery of Marion through histamine therapy holds new hope for thousands of victims of mental disorders and their families. Histamine promises to become one of our most valuable weapons in checking mental disease. Because it is cheap and easily administered it can cut our vast outlay for mental institutions, many of whose patients could be treated on an outpatient basis.

Apart from the help it can give long-suffering patients, its great importance to psychiatry lies in the discovery that histamine is one of the keys to the long-locked, secret, physical causes of mental disease. But its miracles, as in Marion's case, depend on early diagnosis and treatment. THE END



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My Baseball Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

remember him telling in later years of what life then was like in that country. Indians still were numerous and unfriendly. There were prairie fires and hordes of grasshoppers that covered the land and destroyed the crops. He fought them all—Indians, fires and grasshoppers—but at last he gave up and sold out to his brother Charles, and we started off in a covered wagon again, this time for Iowa—my father, my mother, my brother William and now another brother, Charles Oscar, who had been born on our Nebraska prairie home.

Father Retires from Farming

That winter we stayed near Council Bluffs, and in the spring settled on a farm about ten miles outside of Des Moines. There we remained for three years more before my father's health became so poor that he could not stand the hard physical work of farming any longer. He gave it up for good, and with an older brother, James, moved into Des Moines and went into the transfer, grain and feed business. It was in Des Moines that I grew into young manhood and formed my first attachments for sports.

Another brother, George Harvey, was born in Des Moines, making four boys in our family, and as we reached school age we went to the Third Ward school. We played ball and I formed a liking for boxing. As far back as I can remember, I was always pretty good with my fists.

I was sixteen years old and in my second year in high school when my father's health broke down completely, and as the oldest of the boys I had to quit school and go to work. From then on until I retired from the Yankees, I never stopped working or was out of work.

My first job was on a newspaper, as a mailing clerk for the Des Moines Daily News. A couple of months later I was made city circulator. They gave me the title instead of a raise, and I was placed in charge of all the newsboys who delivered and sold the papers around the city.

Though I have touched practically every phase of baseball, I was never a professional player. I loved baseball and I followed the heroes of the day—Cap Anson of Chicago; Dan Brouthers, one of Detroit's "Big Four"—Dan was the first baseman and Hardy Richardson covered second (Jack Rowe at short and Deacon Jim White at third were the others); Charlie Comiskey, the Old Roman, who later joined Ban Johnson in founding the American League; Hoss Radbourne, the famous pitcher of the Providence Grays; and impish Arlie Latham, who played third base with Comiskey's St. Louis club of the American Association, then a big league.

I fancied myself a pitcher and played with a local pickup team. We had a pretty good game going one Sunday afternoon and I was pitching steadily when, along about the fifth inning, my arm began to hurt. At the same time a cold rain began to fall, but as we were winning I kept right on pitching and finished the game. However, that night my arm and shoulder were sore and swollen and never were any good for throwing a ball hard after that. My pitching career was over and I never tried to be a player again.

But if I couldn't be a player, I certainly could be a manager, and I soon promoted a town team of my own, the Elms, and became manager and business manager. Looking back now, I can see that was the beginning of my executive career.

In 1889, Horace Boies was the Democratic candidate for governor of Iowa, and his supporters started a newspaper in Des Moines, the Blade, to combat the Register, which was the Republican morning paper. Boies was elected—the first Democratic governor since 1854—and I remember the excitement because, in addition to this Democratic victory, with Boies's election, prohibition was wiped out in Iowa. That had been the big issue of the race. The Blade immediately assumed a new prestige with Boies's election, and as part of the new prosperity I was recruited to handle the mailing department.

The jubilation at the Blade, and whatever future I might have had there, was ended quickly when the building caught fire and burned to the ground shortly after I went to work. But I got a job on the Leader, an established Democratic paper, and worked there until I was twenty-two years old. I began as mailing clerk and later became circulation manager and advertising manager. At one time I pinch-hit for the city editor, but no matter what job I held on the Leader I always reported the news of the ball games and the theaters. I didn't get paid extra for it, but I liked to do it.

I have been lucky in my life in discovering many great ball players, or possibly I have been fortunate in getting a crack at them first. At any rate, I made my first important discovery in Fred Clarke while I was with the Leader.

Fred later became one of the great outfielders of the National League while playing with Louisville and Pittsburgh, as well as managing both clubs. I hired Clarke as a carrier boy for the Leader because he could run like the wind and was tireless—as he later demonstrated in the big league—but I also wanted to use him on a second ball club I had organized, the Stars. I had a couple of other good ballplayers in Herman McFarland and Duckey Holmes, who went on to become professional ballplayers, but Clarke was far and away the best.

Indeed, it wasn't long before Clarke, my brother George and a fellow named George Cope went off for a tryout with a club in the Nebraska State League.

Clarke made good and was purchased soon after by the Louisville team. My brother and Cope came home. Clarke has been my friend all these years, and today, retired from baseball though still interested in it, he is happy raising mules on his Little Pirate Ranch in Winfield, Kansas.

Horse-Drawn Ball Teams

I never lacked ambition and energy, but the force that eventually took me away from Des Moines and into the big outside world did not, I must say, come from within myself. I was advertising manager of the Leader at $30 a week and not thinking much beyond that. I had not traveled—only to such towns as Indianola, Winterset and Newton, where I used to take my ball club in a horse-drawn carryall for games on holidays and Sundays. My brothers George and Charles worked for the United States Express Company, but my brother Frank had lively ideas as to what might be accomplished through supersalesmanship. He uprooted me.

Frank was sales agent for a cigar manufacturer. Working around Des Moines and surrounding territory, he had come across two men named Henry and Hyde who made a cleaning soap. Their product was known as H. & H. soap, and it was pretty wonderful, to hear Frank tell about it. It would clean anything. As it turned out, it cleaned us. But Henry and Hyde sold Frank on it, and by the time he got through talking he had sold me, too. State rights to this wonderful soap were available and we decided to take over Pennsylvania. We figured Pittsburgh was a place that scrubbed up a lot. We had $500 between us. Our parents loaned us the whole family bank roll of $3,000 and we contracted to buy a freight carload of soap a month.

When we arrived in Pittsburgh I was impressed with the sight of the big industrial city. It was the biggest place in which I had ever been up to that time. I liked the

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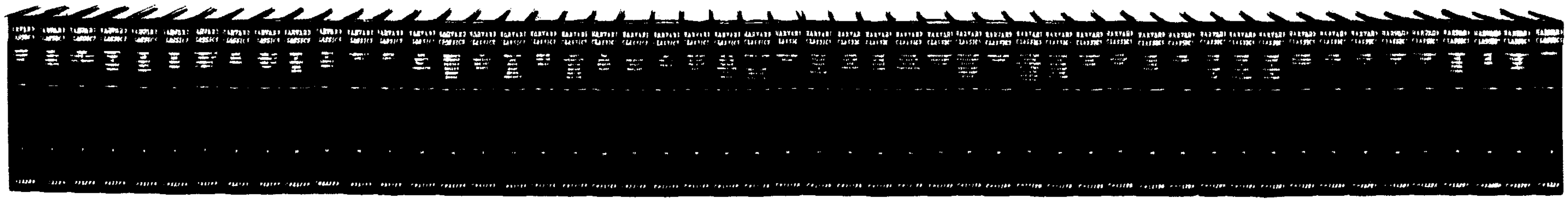

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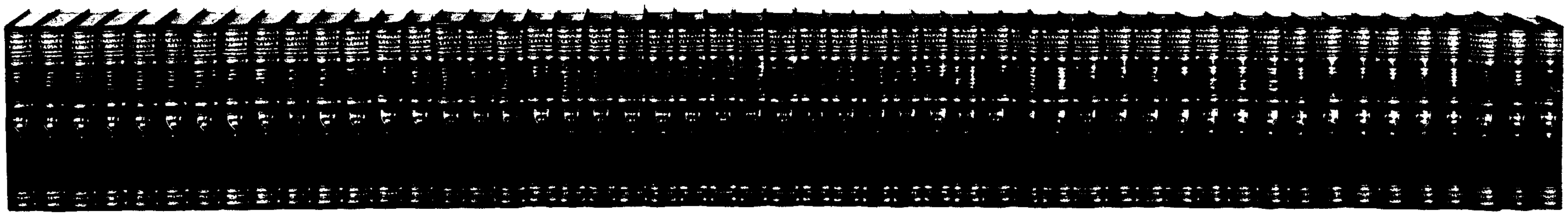

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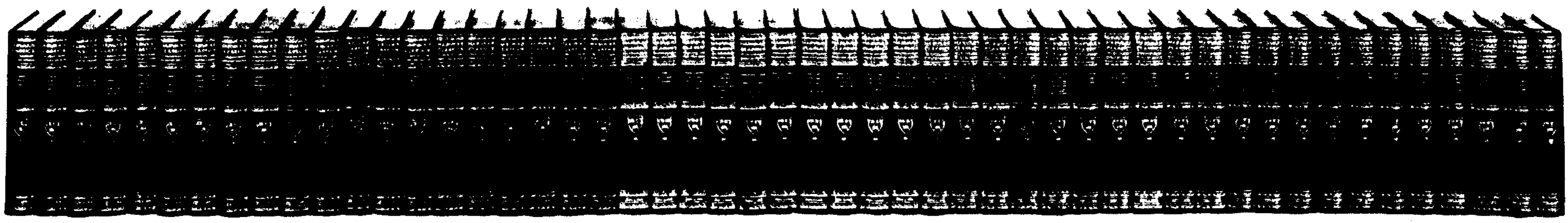

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big city and the idea of being a big-city guy, and I visioned making a fortune with our wonderful soap.

But if Pittsburgh wanted to be cleaned up, it wanted to do it with something other than our product. We went to the Taylor Hotel, later called the Staley, to live and spent the first couple of days exploring the city and deciding on where we would set up our business. Finally we settled on a stall in the public market across the river in Allegheny.

Frank and I had samples of soiled rugs and cloth and began to scrub the spots out of them with our wonderful soap, but no one seemed interested. We offered to go into homes to demonstrate, and called on factories and shopkeepers. But we couldn't sell any, and after four months we were broke and had four carloads of soap. And furthermore, we were out of business.

Soap Magnate in a New Role

No longer the big soap magnate, Frank showed his adaptability and made a quick adjustment from guest to employee at the Staley, getting a job there as night clerk. He announced that he was going home just as soon as he could get enough money together. I said I wouldn't go home until I had as much money as I had come away with, and I didn't go back for seven years. Then I returned for the funerals of my brothers Charles and George, who died within a month of each other from typhoid fever.

While Frank clerked at the Staley, I tried to make some money selling advertising space on hotel registers and in theater lobbies. Then I tried my hand at selling self-measuring oil pumps to country stores in the oil and coal regions. I barely got by. When Frank finally got enough to go back to Des Moines, I moved right into the Staley behind him and became day clerk and assistant manager.

The Staley was on Penn Avenue near Sixth Street and was a sporting and theatrical hotel. It was opposite the stage entrance of the Bijou Theater, and the lesser members of the shows that played the Bijou stayed there. The stars put up at the Schlosser, a better hotel, which adjoined us, and among others who also lived at the Schlosser was Harry M. Stevens, founder of the famous catering firm which today has the food and drink concessions at many of the big-league ball parks, including the Yankee Stadium, and all the Eastern race tracks. Stevens was selling score cards, sandwiches and peanuts at the Pittsburgh ball park, and also controlled the advertising in the theater programs.

John A. Staley and his partner, George Fleming, a druggist, owned the hotel and they would bet on anything. They once bet a fellow he couldn't eat a quail a day for 30 days, and after 20 days the poor fellow quit. He couldn't look another quail in the beak. There was all kinds of money bet on that contest.

When James J. Corbett beat John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight championship in September, 1892, we had a ticker set up in the back dining room and Staley and Fleming lost their shirts on Sullivan.

They also used to bet on the trotting races which were held at Homewood Park. Occasionally a race would be undecided and go over to the next day, and during the arguments around the hotel at night I saw as much as $10,000 wagered on the outcome of the deciding heat.

Working in this atmosphere, I got to know many of the sporting, theatrical and newspaper people in Pittsburgh, among them Al Buckenberger, then manager of the Pirates, and Charley Powers, sports editor of the Pittsburgh Leader. I got to be a bit of a sport myself, and raised a mustache, a fine big soup strainer, according to the style of the day, and wore a high-button cutaway suit and kid gloves. I used to take in the ball games at Exposition Park and went to all the prize fights.

Incidentally, it was while I was working at the Staley that I almost boxed Jim Corbett. There have been some in the past who said I did. But I didn't. I almost did.

Corbett came into town in a show called Gentleman Jack, in which his manager, William A. Brady, had him touring the country. After each performance Jim would box a three-round exhibition with someone they had procured from the city in which they were playing—usually the town champ.

Billy Delaney, Corbett's trainer, was with him, and on this occasion the fellow who was to box Corbett got sick. They tried to get a couple of other fellows, but failed, and someone told them about a husky lad at the Staley who was a pretty good fighter. Delaney came to see me.

"I've been told you're a pretty good fighter," Delaney said. "How would you like to make $150?"

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Boxing Jim Corbett," he said.

That stopped me. I didn't want to box Jim Corbett, and I certainly didn't want to box him on the stage of the Bijou in front of all my friends. Delaney tried to talk me into it, because he had pretty much exhausted all his eligibles and was getting desperate, and I tried just as hard to talk him out of it. He had only one possible candidate left, Con Tobin, a former fighter, who was jailer at the county jail.

"You try to get Tobin," I said, "and if you can't get him I'll go on." I was thinking a little bit about the $150 by this time.

Tobin agreed to box Corbett and I was out of it.

One day in 1893, Harry Stevens came into the Staley and offered me a partnership in his concession business. Stevens was a remarkable man. He was born in London and had come to this country when he was in his twenties with his wife, daughter and two sons. He settled in Niles, Ohio, where he got work in the steel mills as an iron puddler. When the steel mills were shut down by a strike, Stevens went out and sold books.

Harry was a born salesman, with an irresistible personality and wit, who made lasting friends wherever he went. Selling his books, he worked his way to Columbus. There, he made friends with Governor Foraker—subsequently naming one of two other sons born in this country Joseph Benson after that Ohio executive. And he also met Conrad Born and Ralph Lazarus, owners of the Columbus baseball club. One day on a visit to the Columbus ball park, finding the available score card inadequate in supplying all the information he wanted, he suggested to the owners that he could turn out a better one. He was so convincing they readily agreed, and he not only got the score card concession then, but had it for five years after.

He also acquired the score card concession in Toledo, and then went east in '91 to get similar rights from the Boston club, then champions of the American Association. He had had all the privileges at the Pittsburgh park from the same time and, hawking the score cards himself in his inimitable way, the effervescent and irrepressible Stevens already was becoming a well-known and popular figure, known throughout the baseball world as "Score Card Harry." In addition to having the concessions at the Pittsburgh ball park, he also had the program privileges at several of the Pittsburgh theaters, among them the Bijou, Duquesne and New Grand. He was a man well on his way and moving forward by leaps and bounds in a business which ultimately was to earn him millions.

I was flattered that Stevens should offer me a partnership and I jumped at the chance.

The summer of '94 was a joy. I was at the ball park every day looking after our concession business, and I began to feel the Pirates were my team. I got to know the Pittsburgh players, Jake Beckley, the first baseman; George Van Haltren, the center fielder; Lou Bierbauer, the second baseman; Red Ehret, Mark Baldwin and Bill "Adonis" Terry, who were pitchers; and Frank Killen, a really great left-hander, who had won 35 games the year before. It was then that I also began my lifelong friendship with Connie Mack, who, along with Doggie Miller, did the catching for the Pirates. Mack was to succeed Buckenberger as manager before the season ended. I was happily up to my ears in baseball.

Three Men and a Franchise

Thus when, in the fall of '94, George L. Moreland, a Pittsburgh sports writer, organized the Inter-State League, and offered me the Wheeling, West Virginia, franchise, I eagerly accepted. Buckenberger and Stevens became my partners, each of us putting up $100, and with this, supplemented by the sale of season tickets to our friends in Pittsburgh, we were able to purchase the franchise.

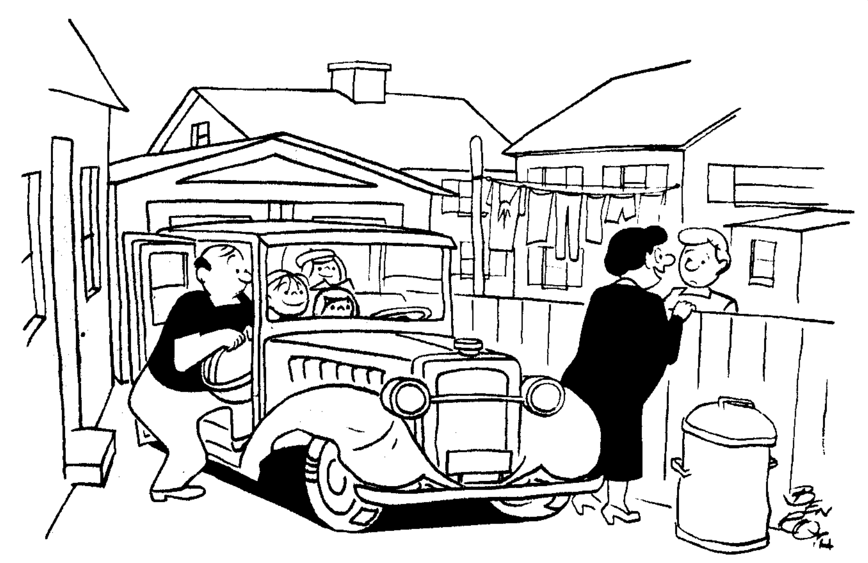
But I still needed a ball club and, what was more important, a ball park.

I got help in getting a ball park from Buck Windsor, the sports editor of the Register in Wheeling, and from Will Irwin, a druggist who had managed a semipro team there. They introduced me to Harry Schmulbach, a brewer, a fine man with a full beard, who had a farm on Wheeling Island in the Ohio River, just before the bridge to Martins Ferry.

Schmulbach at one time had thought of turning his farm into a picnic grounds, but the sale of beer or liquor on the island never had been allowed. When I was introduced to Schmulbach he said:

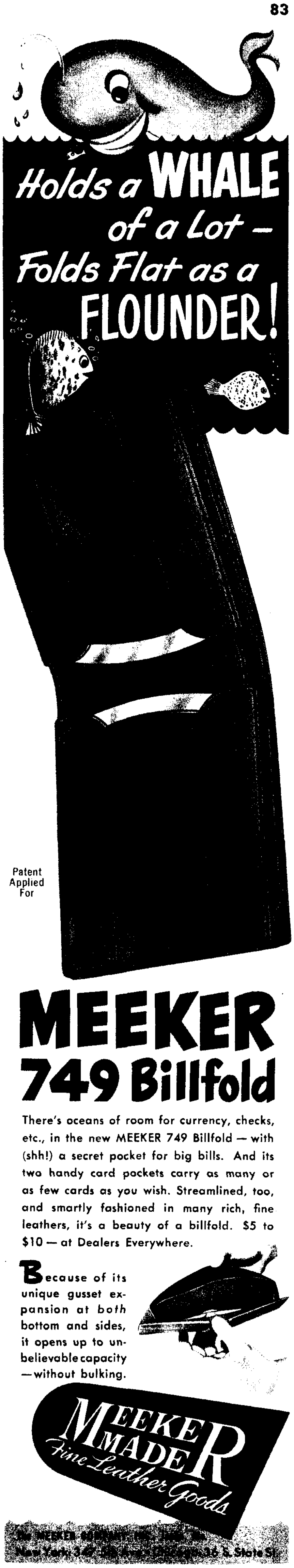
"Young man, if you can get the city council to give you a six-month license to sell beer on the island, I will build you a ball park."

I went before the city council, got a license to sell beer, and Schmulbach built us the park. It cost $5,000, and I super-



"No particular spot. We usually have the picnic at the first place we get a flat!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH



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vised the grading myself. I hired Bill White, who had played third base for the Cincinnati Red Stockings, as my manager, and then set about getting a ball club together. The Pittsburgh area was rich in ball players and I was able to get a team together over the winter without too much trouble. Among those I signed up was Zane Grey. Zane was a pretty good outfielder and got as far as the Washington club in the National League, when he found a more profitable outlet for his talents and quit to become a nationally famous writer of Western stories. I also got Harry Staley, a pitcher who had played for the Pirates.

The League Blew up in July

We had a pretty good ball club and got off on top and stayed there. But the league was unstable. It began to falter before the season was half over and White quit. I took over as manager and commuted between Pittsburgh and Wheeling until the league blew up altogether in July, with my club in first place.

Charley Powers, the sports editor of the Pittsburgh Leader, had formed a league himself that year, the Iron & Oil League, of which he was president, secretary and treasurer. He urged me to take a franchise in his circuit, and I moved my Wheeling team into the Iron & Oil League, finishing out the season there and winding up on top again. Thus, I won two pennants in my first year in baseball.

It might be well here to give a picture of baseball as it was at the time. The National League, of which Nick Young was the president, had earlier had hard sledding, going through several upheavals of its own. But it was fairly stable at the time, having combined with the American Association to form a 12-club league made up of Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Louisville, Washington and St. Louis.

The minor leagues, or the "bushes," however, were something else again. They existed more with the tolerance than the support of the big league. They were organized and folded up almost as fast as they began. Players jumped contracts, and there were no regulations such as we have now in "organized baseball." The minor leagues that lasted out the season were few and far between. The situation was truly chaotic but, despite this, interest in the game was becoming greater, and more substantial men were becoming interested in it.

In the fall of 1895 the Atlantic League was formed, with Sam Crane, baseball writer for the New York Journal, as president. It was a six-club league, with teams in Newark, Hartford, Paterson, New Haven, Wilmington and New York. The New York team, called the Metropolitans, was composed of the surplus players of the New York Giants, and was put into the field by Andy Freedman. They played at the Polo Grounds when the Giants were away.

When this new league was formed I decided to seek a franchise. Harry Stevens tried to dissuade me. He had gained a foothold at the Polo Grounds, where he not only had the score card, but all other concession privileges, and he wanted me to look after the Pittsburgh end of the business while he went to New York. I said no. My experiences with the Wheeling club, rather than discouraging me, had fired me to a greater interest in baseball than before, and I could think of nothing else.

Harry Stevens was my lifelong friend and was to play a vital part in my career with the Yankees many years later, but at that time, despite his great gift of persuasion, he couldn't talk me into staying with him. We dissolved our partnership. Stevens headed for New York and millions. I turned to the Atlantic League.

At first I tried to get the Hartford club, but Billie Barnie beat me to it. Barnie, later to become manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had been manager of the Baltimore Orioles when they were still in the American Association. It was Barnie, almost forgotten now, who signed John McGraw for the Orioles from the Cedar Rapids club of the Illinois-Iowa League.

Losing out on Hartford, I got the Paterson, New Jersey, club. Rasty Wright, an old ballplayer, had 11 players signed, most of them from the exploded Inter-State and Iron & Oil Leagues. For $800 I got the 11 ballplayers and the Paterson franchise.

My partner in that enterprise was a man named Charles I. McKee. He was sportminded, as were most of the people I had come to know in Pittsburgh, and ran a lunchroom in Diamond Alley known as the Jersey Dairy Lunch.

There was a big stuffed Jersey cow out in front of it, and occasionally Harry Stevens and I had eaten there. McKee willingly went into the Paterson venture with me.

NEXT WEEK

Collier's
15c
May 27, 1950
IF POLIO STRIKES . . . Is Your Town Ready?
The Real, Untold Story: BIRTH OF THE QUINTS

Just as I had had no ball park in Wheeling, so there was not a suitable league park in Paterson. But I met Garrett A. Hobart, Paterson's leading citizen, president of the streetcar company that ran its trolleys from Newark to Paterson, and the man who in November of that year was to be elected Vice-President of the United States on the same ticket with William McKinley. Hobart thought a ball club would be a good thing for Paterson and for the trolley line. He built a park for us between Paterson and Passaic at a cost of $4,000.

Good Players on the Roster

Now we were all set. I had a ball park and I had a ball club. I had some good players, too—Emmett (Kid) Heidrick, who went on to play the outfield for the St. Louis Browns; Dick Cogan, who later pitched for the Cubs and the Giants; Bill Armour, an outfielder who became a big-league manager with Cleveland and Detroit. My second baseman was George Smith, whom I sold to Louisville and who for a short time—in 1902, just before McGraw came—managed the Giants. Bill Hayward and Sam McMackin, a pretty cute pitcher, were a couple of others.

The rest of the league shaped up equally well, and every club had some star players. Deacon Ellis was manager at Newark; Billie Barnie at Hartford; Ted Sullivan at New Haven; Denny Long at Wilmington;

John Irwin at New York, and myself at Paterson. Considering that I had only one year at Wheeling behind me, I was matching myself against some pretty wise baseball brains.

It was when I took over the Paterson club that I developed the immortal Hans Wagner, and I think my first contact with him is worth telling in detail.

It was in February, and I had gone to Pittsburgh to see my partner, McKee. We went over to Johnny Newell's café in Smithfield Street, and there ran into Shad Gwilliam, a familiar figure around the Pittsburgh sports beat, who had managed some semipro teams.

After a little small talk, Gwilliam said: "How are you fixed for players?"

"I'm all right," I said. "I've got a ball club." Then I added in a joking way, "But I can always use a few phenoms."

"Why don't you get Wagner?" Gwilliam asked. "He's not doing anything. He's down home."

I asked him which Wagner he meant. There were four Wagner brothers and they ran a poolroom in their home town of Mansfield (now Carnegie) about 20 miles out of Pittsburgh. I knew something of two of the brothers, Al and John—whom everyone called "Honus" or "Hans," which was short for the German Johannes—because they had played with Steubenville in the Inter-State League and Warren in the Iron & Oil League when I had the Wheeling club.

Al was the more finished ballplayer of the two, but he was a bit of a nonconformist and had a reputation for being hard to manage. Honus was good-natured and easygoing, though awkward and ungainly.

"Which Wagner?" I asked.

"Honus," Gwilliam said. "Al has signed with Arthur Irwin to play in Toronto."

As I said, my ball club was pretty well set, but once Gwilliam mentioned Wagner I began to think about him and I couldn't get the thought of the ungainly Dutchman out of my mind. I decided to go down to Mansfield to find him.

It was a bright and sunny day when I landed in Mansfield and asked directions to the Wagner brothers' pool parlor. It was located in a low, dingy red brick building, and when I went inside, the place was deserted except for a boy dozing in a chair with his feet up on a big, round-bellied stove in the middle of the room.

I asked for Hans Wagner.

"All the fellows are down at the railroad yards, having a throwing match," the boy said, hardly stirring himself. I set off for the yards.

When I got there I could see a group of eight or ten young men walking up the tracks toward me. I walked down to meet them, and as I got closer I could make out young Honus in the van, a derby hat on the back of his head with a chicken feather stuck in the band.

He was unmistakable, with his bowlegs, long arms and ambling, awkward gait.

The Hiring of Honus Wagner

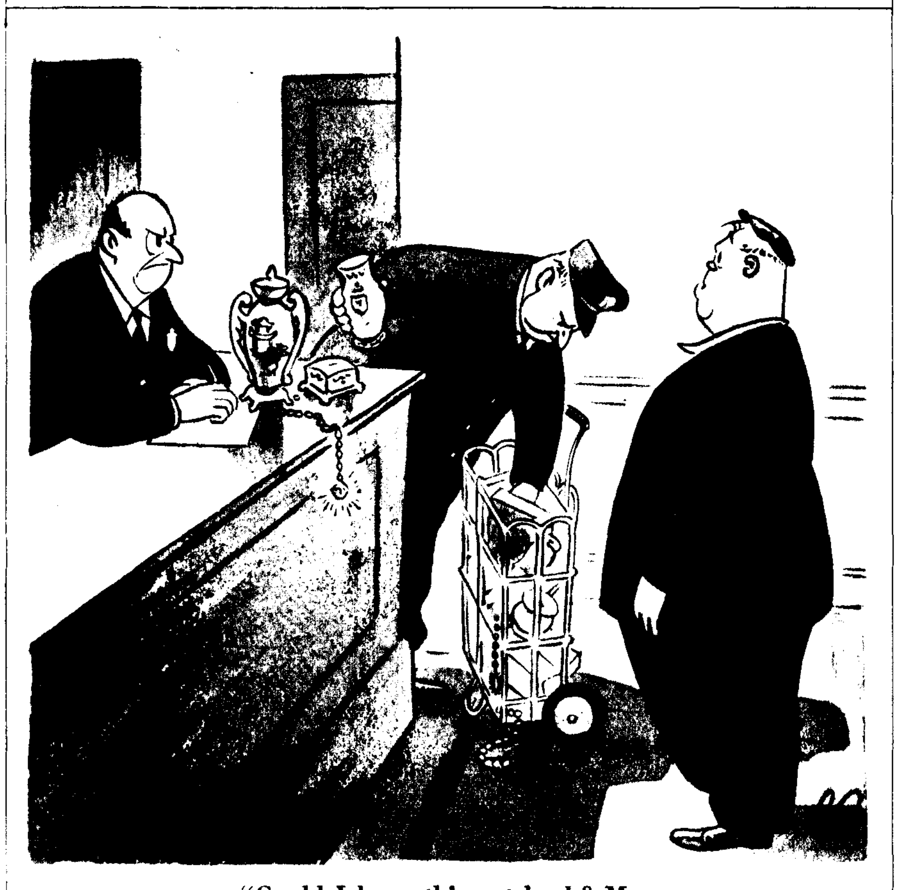
As we came up to each other, I got to the point immediately. I asked him if he wanted to play ball for me in Paterson. Wagner was diffident. He didn't know. He didn't know whether he wanted to play ball at all. As we talked he would stoop over every once in a while and pick up a lump of coal or a stone and heave it up the railroad tracks. He threw with a great sweep and almost no effort, and as I watched the rocks sail a couple of hundred feet up the track I knew I had to have this fellow on my ball club. We had a league limit of $100 a month for players, but I offered Wagner $125. He accepted and we went back to the poolroom and signed an agreement.

The day after I signed Wagner, Captain William W. Kerr, president of the Pittsburgh club, called me and said he wanted the Dutchman for the Pirates. I told Kerr he couldn't have him, but that if I ever sold Wagner he would be given first chance to buy him.

"Right now," I said, "Wagner is mine."

To attract customers to his ball park Barrow devised many stunts, among them the first night ball game. The date—July 4, 1896. Read about it in next week's issue of Collier's

BUTCH



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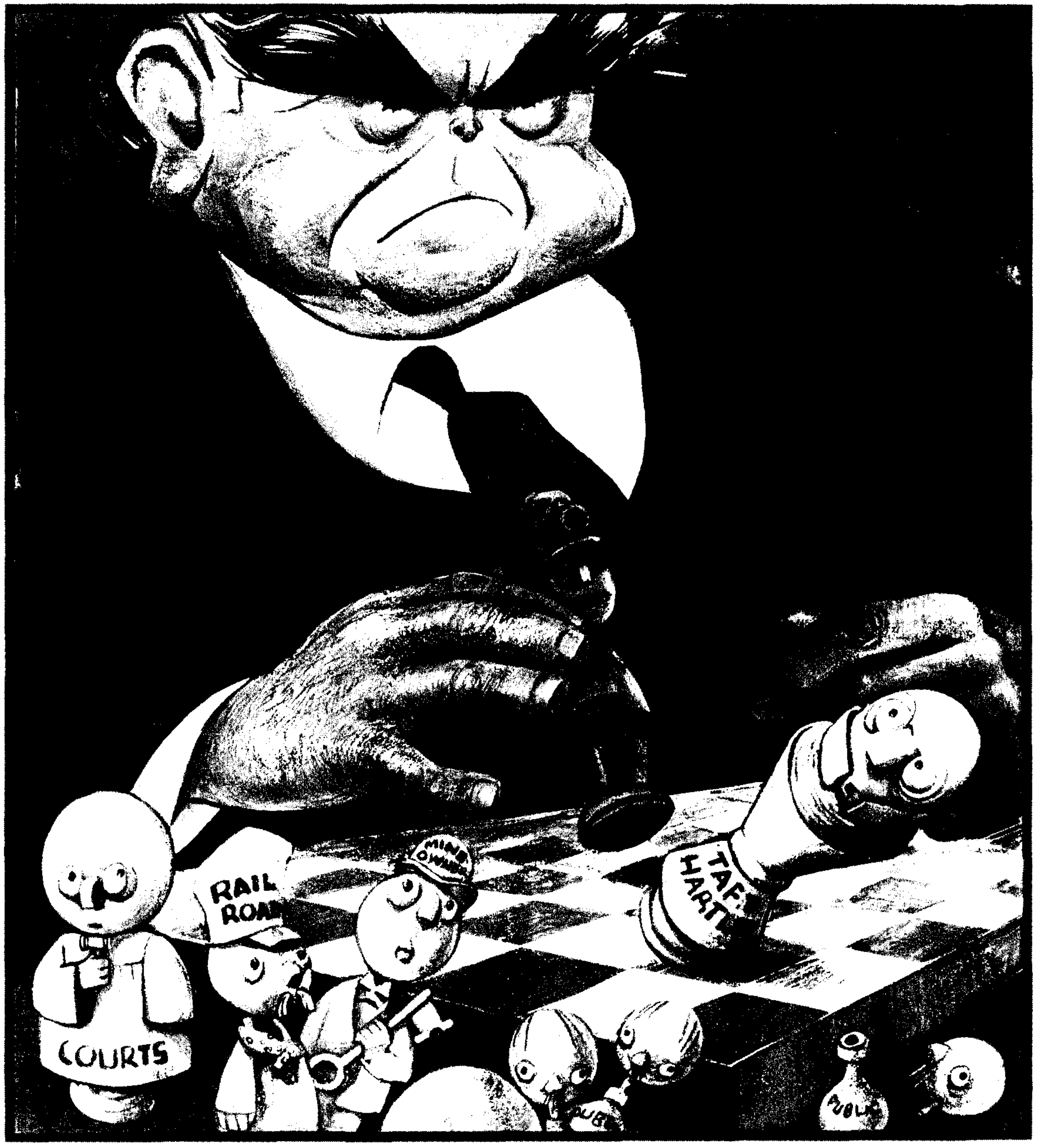


SAM BERMAN

What's to Keep John L. from Doing It Again?

ACCORDING TO journalistic tradition, this is not the time for an editorial on John L. Lewis. Such editorials are customarily written when Mr. Lewis has ordered his United Mine Workers to stay home, when hundreds of thousands of nonminers are thrown out of work by his decision, when the public and the government are in a lather of indignation at Mr. Lewis' defiance of law, order, courts, Congress and all rules of social responsibility.

It is also customary to forget Mr. Lewis between crises, like the one from which the country recently emerged. In that one Mr. Lewis indulged in almost a full year of uncertainty, contention and confusion. Now the miners are again at work. But the problem remains.

The problem is well illustrated by an incident of last November. Mr. Lewis had just begun some fruitless talks with the head government conciliator, Cyrus Ching. Reporters were pressing for a statement from the mine leader, who was playing hide-and-seek with them in taxicabs, elevators and hotel lobbies. When he finally was cornered he told the press that they were "making a hippodrome of my private business." Thus Mr. Lewis disclosed his own estimate of his power and position. To him, the government's effort to restore stability to a vital basic industry was a strictly personal matter in which the public had no right to intrude.

Perhaps it is impossible to bring normal vision to a man so blinded by egoism. But at least something must and can be done to curb his power before another crisis develops.

Mr. Lewis has not only denied miners and others the right to work. He has not only forced the country periodically to dance to his tune. He has seriously compounded the coal industry's trouble in adjusting itself to current realities. Coal no longer monopolizes the fuel market. The competition of oil and gas may have been inevitable. But the uncertainty of supply and price that Mr. Lewis has created gives coal's competitors an added advantage, and endangers the livelihood of thousands of his own union members.

Two things are needed to correct this situation. The first is legislation—legislation which will make John L. Lewis' actions subject to law without penalizing the miners.

We do not think that fair-minded Americans begrudge coal miners the substantial pay that they have gained under Mr. Lewis' leadership, for a dirty, dangerous job. We think that they can understand the miners' loyalty to him, even though they may feel, as we do, that the union paid a heavy price for its rewards when it surrendered its rights of self-regulation to a dictatorship over its members' economic life.

But we also think that the miners need protection no less than the mine operators and the public. Their right to work must be safeguarded when they choose to obey their country's courts rather than the orders of their economic lord and master. Such protection demands the immediate concern of the government.

President Truman made a gesture of government concern when, at the end of the latest coal strike, he asked Congress to set up a commission to study the basic problems of coal. We think the country needs another coal study about as much as it needs another coal strike.

An exhaustive survey of the industry's problems was made nearly 30 years ago. During the three years that the coal industry was administered under the Guffey Act, the Interior Department collected thousands of pages of statistics. Last summer a Congressional committee devoted six weeks of study to coal and coal strikes. What is needed now is action, not study. And action has been proposed in a bill introduced by Senator Robertson of Virginia.

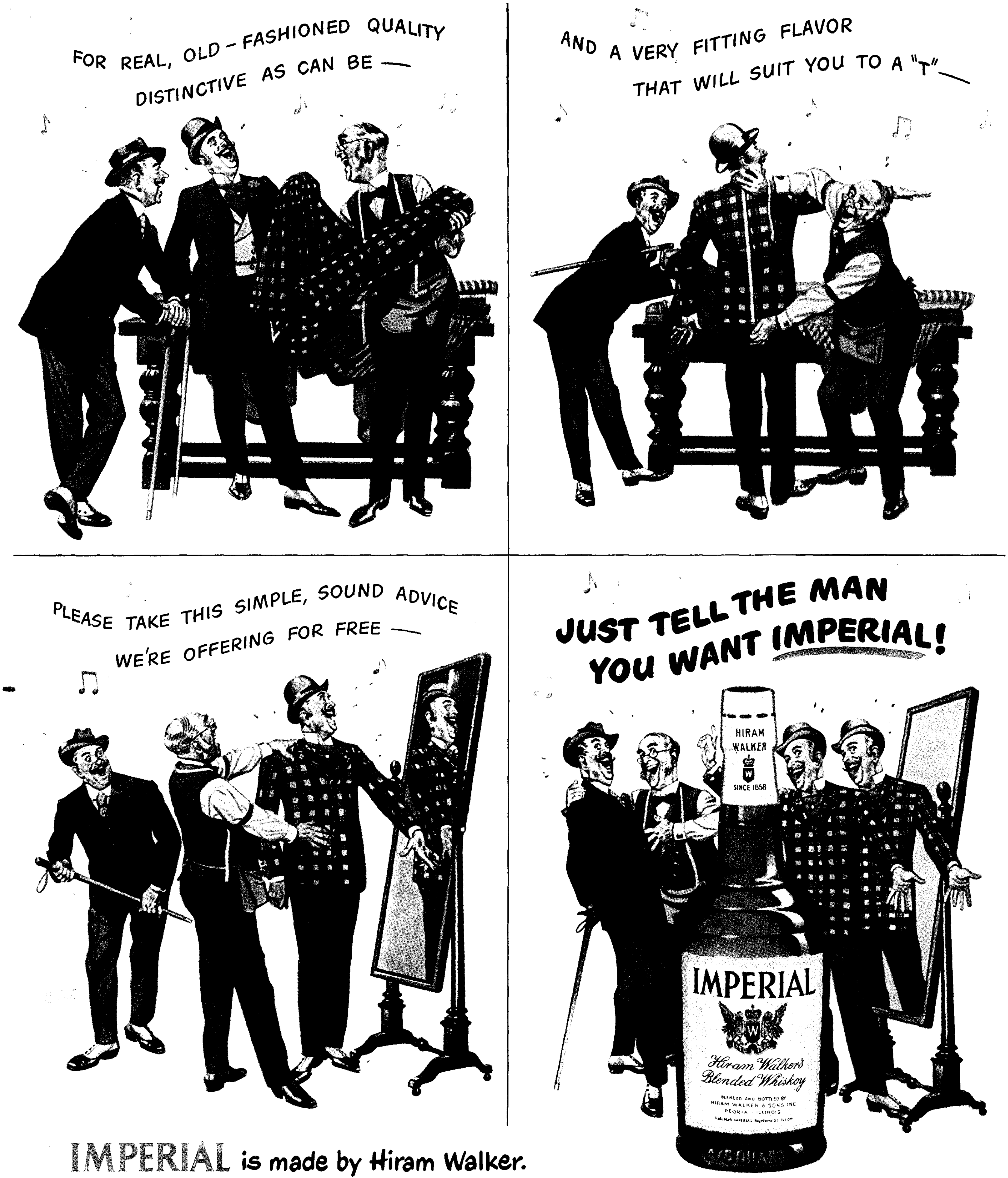
The senator would simply make the United Mine Workers and all unions subject to the Sherman and Clayton Antitrust Acts. His bill would, in effect, reverse a Supreme Court decision of 1941 which freed labor unions from virtually all legal penalties so long as the unions acted in their own interests and not in conjunction with nonlabor groups.

Senator Robertson's bill is fair and reasonable. It does not consider human labor "an article or commodity of commerce." It does not restrain other union activities. It does not ban industry-wide bargaining. It does not permit employers to seek injunctions, but reserves that right to the Department of Justice.

Collier's thinks that the Robertson bill should be enacted. But even if that is done, there must be a will to enforce it. That will was notably absent in the recent coal strike.

Mr. Truman's repugnance to the Taft-Hartley law is well known. His late and reluctant use of it did nothing to ease the crisis or speed its solution. He delayed offending the T.-H. opponents by invoking the law when it should have been invoked. He gambled that he could continue his political opposition to it without bringing on total economic paralysis. He gambled that the public would forget, before the November elections, the kicking around that it took. He knows that a powerful union official nurses hurt feelings longer than the average voter does.

But we don't think it will be easy for any politician to gamble with the Robertson bill without risking the embarrassing accusation that he is encouraging labor dictatorship for the sake of winning votes. Mr. Lewis and his peers in labor may dislike this bill, too. But at least they cannot shout "slavery" and "Fascism" at a law which prohibits both business and labor from committing the same sin. And the common penalty for offenders—treble damages to the injured party—might make Mr. Lewis think twice before applying his thumb to his nose.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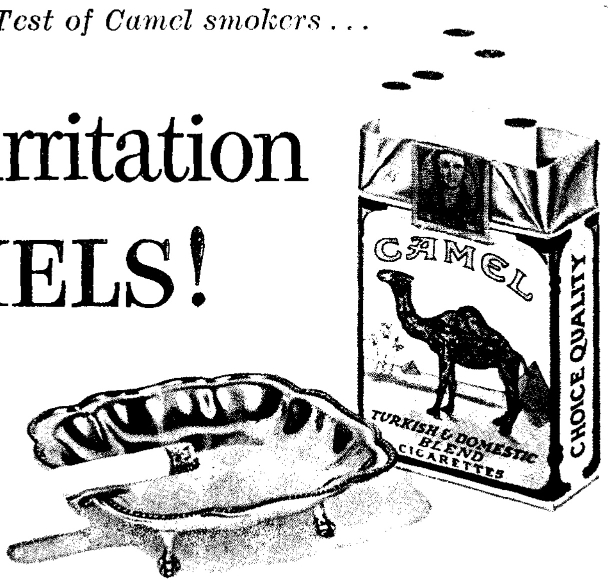

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